THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII OCTOBER, 1906 NO. 6

KHIVA FROM THE INSIDE[1]

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY LANGDON WARNER

AT about ten o'clock at night we came under the great gate of the city of Khiva. The moon, a slender sickle, hung over the highest minaret, and showed a faint glimmer on the glazed tiles; but everything else was gray in the starlight.

Set deep in the blackness were heavy doors braced with squared timbers and studded with iron spike-heads. How high they ran up aloft, I could not even guess, for all above was darkness. The overhanging portal and the mud-brick buttresses on each side shut out every bit of the straggling moonlight, which played dimly over the uncertain outlines of the wall. On each side of the broad road, in irregular masses about the gateway and for some yards back, we could see little barrel-shaped tombs, which were heaped one upon the other.

For some time before reaching the town we had been discussing how we should stay in the city, and even at this late moment Kolchov had begged me to turn back and not to try such a dangerous thing as staying in the town itself. To prove his point, he told ugly tales of Khivan treachery, and finally, when I said that it was of no use to try to dissuade me, he grew sulky, and would offer no suggestions.

As we came to a halt under the wall of unbaked brick, all the great wolf-like dogs in the neighborhood set up such a howling and barking that speech and even thought seemed impossible. Finally I reached the conclusion that I had come to see the Khan of Khiva, and I might as well say so at once. So turning to Samán, who seemed depressed at our lack of purpose, I said as dramatically as possible and in my best Turcoman:

"Go to the Khan of Khiva and tell him the American *bayair* has come."

Now, I knew that behind such a message I should have had a caravan and at least five servants, and should have sent previous warning of my approach; but that was borrowing trouble.

[1] See "Getting into Khiva," THE CENTURY for September, by the same author.

Copyright, 1906, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Cheered by my confident tone, Samán rode boldly to the gate and hammered upon it with his rifle-butt; then spying a knotted rope by his side, he stood in his stirrups and pulled at it, starting such a clashing, rusty jangle behind the gate that the dogs all stopped yelping for a single breath, and then started at it again twice as loud, which was something of a relief from the strained silence. There was no answer to the bell-ringing, and Samán hammered again, calling courteous greetings through the chink of the gates.

At last a chain fell with a clang, a bolt moved slowly back with a shriek that hushed the dogs, and the gate swung toward us, making our horses snort and plunge. Behind was blackness, till a dim figure appeared with an iron lantern and spoke hoarsely. Samán and the figure conversed together excitedly for a minute; but I could catch no word of what they said. Then Samán, turning to me, begged my leave to go, and the figure said, "Come." But this I refused to do, knowing what was required of my dignity; and I merely said:

"My servant has gone; I remain."

For a long time the dogs barked on, and Kolchov and I sat our horses in silence. At last everything was quiet, except for spasmodic howls now and then, which set the whole pack at it till our brains rocked. The gatekeeper had gone to sleep, leaving the doors ajar. The moon was setting on our right. It seemed years that we sat there, and I had time to wonder a good many things and to make and unmake many plans before Kolchov spoke.

"Let us go back and sleep at the house of the Sart, and to-morrow we can reach Petro Alexandrovsk," he said.

The very mention of that name angered me, and I answered: "No; wait." So we relapsed into silence.

After what I think was something less than two hours from the time Samán left us, we heard horsemen galloping out of the silence. As the sound came nearer, it seemed to our strained senses like a regiment of cavalry, and I confess that I drew back from the gateway and buckled the revolver from my saddle-bags on to my belt, and Kolchov loosened his saber in its scabbard.

We heard the gallop change to a trot, and the trot to a walk, and then, as the gates swung slowly open, out came five horsemen with long guns over their shoulders. They rode straight past us,

Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE GREAT GATE OF KHIVA

and then broke into a gallop, suddenly wheeling. At about ten yards from us the horses stopped short, and the men pitched off their saddles. Coming up to me, one of them, accompanied by Samán, delivered a long speech, of which I could only guess at the sense. From the few words I did catch, however, I understood that we were being made welcome; so I briefly said:

"I thank you; I will come," and rode into the black hole between the gates, followed by Kolchov and the five Turcomans.

As we clattered through the streets, I could dimly see that we were in the soon as we were within the city, but gave us over to the residents, and we were escorted by the dog of each shop till we were well out of his particular territory, and the next had come roaring out at us from the blackness.

After a time we rode out into the clear starlight again, and found ourselves moving between windowless mud walls, rounding innumerable corners, and turning countless bends. For a full mile we rode in this maze till our guides suddenly turned under an arch, and we came to a halt in a courtyard, while men with lanterns took our horses and carried our saddle-bags after us. All I

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

KHIVAN SHOPS

bazaar and that my head nearly touched the mats and rugs that roofed the narrow lane and shut out the starlight. On each side of us, as we rode, lay half-recognizable bundles of humanity sleeping on show counters in front of booths.

The dogs at the gates deserted us as remember is throwing my *boorka* over a cord bedstead in a clay-walled room, pulling off my boots, and falling at once into a dreamless sleep.

In the morning Kolchov and I found ourselves in one of a series of connecting rooms, each opening into a courtyard, where we could see mulberry-

trees and a pool. Our room was furnished with some fine rugs, a cord bedstead, and two velvet-covered chairs of Russian make. Soon a servant came with copper urns of water to pour on our hands over the little plaster basin sunk in the middle of the floor. He seemed much surprised when I made him refill five times and pour the water over me. After a breakfast of tea, a sort of blanket-bread, and delicious apricots, we were waited upon by a mouse-like little Tatar, who told us in Russian that the Khan bade us welcome, and had given orders that we should be plentifully provided with fruit. He also said that the state carriage would soon appear to take us to drive.

We thanked him profusely for this, though it was not my idea of seeing the city, and I privately vowed that it should happen but once. When the carriage of state came, the only vehicle other than the arabas of the town, it proved to be an ordinary Russian phaëton, not unlike our victorias, with bright-yellow velvet cushions. Into this we got with the Khan's emissary, and were whirled out into the crowded streets.

The ways were narrow and full of men afoot, on donkeys, and a few on horses. Through and over and past this crowd we galloped, the driver yelling, cracking his whip, and turning out for no one. I called to him to go slower, but he only looked over his shoulder and grinned till, with a slide and a jounce, we ran over an old man with a staff. With a sick feeling I jumped out and ran back, to find the old man rising from the ground in a cloud of dust, and being beaten like a carpet by his friends. I humbly begged his pardon, and found myself saying in English, "I 'm very glad you are not hurt, sir," to which he rather sullenly responded something I could not understand.

Going back, I sternly told the driver to go slower; but he insolently grinned, and started off at a terrible rate. It was not another minute before there was another whirling figure under the horses, and, looking back, I saw the crowd run toward a dust pile in the middle of the road. When I got to them and dug to their center, I found a boy of fifteen or sixteen curiously regarding his hand, which he held up in front of him. The four fingers were all out of joint at the knuckles, and standing almost at right angles back from his hand. I took him by the wrist and was able to jerk them into place, as I had seen done on the football field, and then with my handkerchief, dipped in the roadside irrigating-ditch, I did them up, finishing with his own sash and another souse of water brought in a teapot by a friend.

During this time the carriage had been waiting for me; and when I came up, I found Kolchov lolling back and smoking a cigarette. Concluding that the only way I could impress the driver with the fact that my orders were to be obeyed was to use Russian methods, I stepped up to him and asked him why he did not drive more slowly. He insolently said he thought I was a good bayair and a great man. To which I replied that I was both, and getting a bystander to hold the horses, I took him from the box by the collar and beat him with my little horn riding-cane. The grin faded from his features, and he soon was on his knees, weeping and begging for mercy.

After this our course was slower, and I could see that though Kolchov and the little Tatar did not care to go slowly, nevertheless, I had risen in their estimation as a man of importance.

The walls on each side of us were mud-brick and windowless, pierced by the irregular ends of the willow and poplar logs which served for floor joists of the second story. The people did not stare so much as I had expected, but it was plain that we caused no little excitement in some of the tea-drinking groups, which fell to arguing as soon as we had passed. I was afterward told that this was because I, and not the Russian officer with sword and gold buttons, occupied the left-hand seat of honor in the carriage.

It was beginning to seem as if the commandant at Petro Alexandrovsk had been right, and that, after all, Khiva was not so very different from the native quarter of his town, when all at once we came into the bazaar, and it came on me suddenly that this was Khiva, and the Khiva of Burnaby's book. It was the place I had been headed for since

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A STREET SCENE IN KHIVA

those far-away days of a fortnight back in Samarkand. The dim bazaar, with the mats and rugs overhead, and the nicely sprinkled road, seemed for a moment richer and more untouched than Bokhara or Stamboul. But that moment passed, and I saw the marks of progress—aniline dyes in the stuffs, cheap pocket-knives, and endless rows of little thick bottles of perfume, all "in Deutschland gemacht," showed that even if Russians did not come into town, their spirit did. The Sart traders had gone out and bought from Russian posts these shoddy things from half the world away, made in Germany and Birmingham for just such trade.

After two hours of driving through roofed bazaars and open lanes we came back to the palace for luncheon, I, for one, feeling as if I had profited little by the sight-seeing. True, they had pointed out the "Tower of Those Blessed by Allah," a ten-pin shaped minaret eighty or ninety feet high, from the top of which condemned criminals, trussed like chickens about to be cooked, are toppled. They had showed me their largest mosque, their largest *madrassah,* or college, and two or three green-scummed *haüs,* pools whence drinking- and bathing-water is dipped indiscriminately. But these were all hasty views from a moving carriage. I had hardly spoken to a native all the while, except to the little courier-man with us, who kept very busy airing his Russian to Kolchov.

After a lunch of pilau, tea, and apricots, and, out of place though it was in a Mohammedan court, some Russian claret from Samarkand, I told Kolchov that I was going for a walk after the noon rest, and he need not trouble himself to come along. He said of course I could not walk; it was obviously impossible: no Russians walked in native towns. To this there seemed to be only the obvious reply that I was not a Russian, coupled with an involuntary "Thank Heaven!"

To avoid more words, I lay down on my couch, and feigned a sleep that soon became real. After an hour's rest, I started out to explore, merely saying good-bye to Kolchov; but I had barely walked ten minutes, and was getting thoroughly and delightfully lost, when I

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

STREET CHARACTERS IN KHIVA

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

KHIVAN WOMEN

heard the crack of the whip and a rattle of wheels I knew well, and saw the Juggernaut car scattering people left and right, with my spy lolling in one corner, jauntily smoking. Very indignant, I walked swiftly up an alley too narrow for the state carriage to follow, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Kolchov toiling after me in his tight, black riding-boots, laboriously holding up his trailing saber, and sweating from every pore. For the whole afternoon I led him a hard chase, speeding ahead till I had distanced him successfully, and then sitting down with some shopkeeper and accepting his hospitable offer of green tea and bread, till the poor Russian hove in sight, when I made off for another quick walk. I could never quite shake him free, however, for there were always plenty of people to tell him which road the strangely dressed foreigner had taken. At last, toward the end of the afternoon, having had several bowls of tea, and seen, though unsatisfactorily, several lesser bazaars, finding myself unexpectedly in front of the palace gateway, I went in and called Samán to bring water for a bath.

That evening, after a dinner of mutton, tea, and candied fruit washed down by a fearful kind of sticky Russian "limonade gazeuse," I diplomatically broached a proposal to poor Kolchov, who lay with his boots off, dejectedly rolling cigarettes.

I began by saying that I should spend a week or two, and walk every day—never ride. Kolchov groaned. Then I said that I hoped he would not follow me, as the natives disliked a uniform, and I found talking with them difficult and constrained when he was present.

"Also," I added, "your feet will be worse to-morrow."

He groaned and said: "I must go with you—I am ordered to."

Of this I made a mental note: he had confessed to being a spy.

"Well," I said, "of course you must obey; but if I promise not to talk against your government, or in any way excite the natives, and to conduct myself in every way as if you were with me, would not that make some difference?"

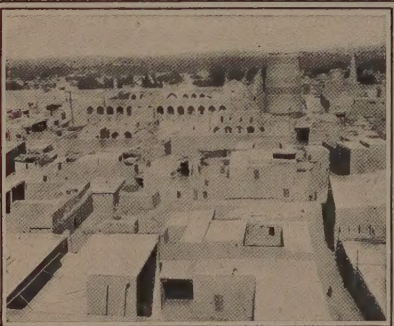
He sighed, and said he feared not.

"But if I promise not to mention it at Petro Alexandrovsk?"

This fetched him. His relief was pathetic as we shook hands on it, and he

LOOKING WEST OVER KHIVA FROM THE MINARET

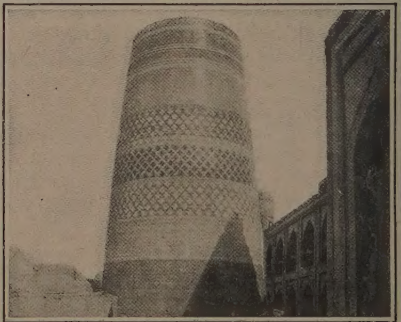
"TOWER OF THOSE BLESSED BY ALLAH," FROM WHICH CRIMINALS ARE THROWN



LOOKING SOUTH OVER KHIVA FROM THE MINARET

LOOKING EAST OVER KHIVA FROM THE MINARET

THE KHAN'S HEAD-GARDENER



DREAM TOWER OF BLUE-AND-WHITE TILES

fell back on his rugs with the prospect of a peaceful cigarette-puffing stay before him, and no more blistered feet.

I strolled out into the moonlight. The straight paths of the garden led away into silver-splashed blackness, and the mulberry-tree, as I stood beneath it, dropped a single fat berry, like a plummet into the silent pool. Suddenly above me in the hushed boughs of the tree there burst out a flood of melody. It was "the nightingale in the gardens," fluting and warbling and trilling up to heights of song, only to stop abruptly and leave my ears throbbing with its power and sweetness.

Next morning I had three hours alone in the bazaars before I had to come back for an audience with the crown-prince, which had been arranged for me by the little interpreter. During that time I wandered far off and lost myself quite hopelessly. I talked with tea-merchants, I sampled the fruit in the stalls, I bought some blue, rough-glazed, clay beads, such as the donkeys wear, and I found out how thoroughly the Russians were hated by the enthusiastic reception the natives gave me when they found that I was not one of their conquerors.

Sometimes the narrowing street would fall away suddenly on one side, and a mere track would hug the clay side of the buildings on the one hand, while on the other a stream, half-ditch, half-river, would carry the city's filth along under a double row of stunted pollard willows. In the shade of these trees little naked children played in and out of the water, and girls came down with jars and goat-skin bags to gossip as they dipped. Often these maidens were pretty and wore no veils, but if I rudely stared at them, they caught up the corners of their shawls, and holding them in their teeth, giggled at my curiosity.

From the few women of whom I could judge, I gathered that in Khiva, after eighteen or so, no remnant of beauty remains. Their figures were straight enough, from carrying burdens, but the faces were hard and gross. The girls, with their leathern packs, were often graceful and pretty, but they were as shy as gazelles, and I could get no pictures of them. Once I came suddenly round a bend on a gay, splashing group on the borders of one of the street canals. The eldest sister, stripped to the waist, and with high-kilted gown, was wading in as far as she dared, while an imp of a younger brother defied and splashed her from the middle of the shallow stream. On the banks were the lesser fry, hopping up and down and shrilly screaming encouragement to the rebellious one. At last a donkey came down the bank to drink, and the nurse-sister promptly climbed up over his loaded saddle, wriggled to his neck, reached out, caught the dancing polly-wog by one bare arm, and dragged him ashore. The donkey, having finished, backed, turned, and climbed to the dusty road above.

Once in an open square, where the dust-pall forbade sight or breath, I directed my steps toward the source of a throbbing roll that ceaselessly wove itself in with the noise of voices and the pattering of unshod feet of beasts. As I neared it, the noise became detached from the hub-bub, a distinct and individual thing, which insistently claimed attention, and made the very motes in the air dance to time. Under a willow-tree by the water-ditch that defined the square, sat a bent old man, unbelievably ragged. So torn were his many khalats that they did not seem like constructed garments at all, but strings of tatters and tags collected and hung on his fat, weak body. His head was bent on his breast, and his eyes were half-closed. On his stomach was a wooden bowl, with a skin drum-head stretched across it, and on this drum-head he beat incessantly with his knuckles and his fist. The motion was so automatic and deadly regular in its recurrent changes that it seemed almost as if he were a clockwork figure set at the edge of the busy market to record the passage of time. I flung some coppers on the brass begging-tray by his side, and went off, unconsciously adjusting my steps to his beating. He made the trivial barter and the driving of laden animals seem vapid and futile, and my bit of charity sickened me. It was as if I had happened along and patted Socrates on the back.

When it was time to go home, I had to ask my way in halting Turcoman, and was escorted to the gateway of the

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A BAZAAR IN KHIVA

palace by fully a dozen Khivans, who indignantly refused a present for their courtesy. After a wash and a shift of neckerchiefs, which was the only change my saddle-bags afforded, I strapped on my cloth-of-gold pistol holster, a present from a merchant in Merv, and mounted my horse to go the two hundred yards across the great court-yard; for the prince lived opposite, in apartments corresponding to mine. As we dismounted, I gave my revolver to Samán to keep, as he held my horse, and Kolchov and I stepped into an anteroom. After waiting here alone for a moment, we were beckoned to by a curiously dressed man, who was panoplied in a Cossack's gray ulster over the ordinary Khivan costume of a plum-colored dressing-gown called a khalat. He ushered us into a room raftered with carved beams and decorated with mural paintings of bay-trees and gaily colored arabesques. For furniture there were two Russian chairs. In front of them, on a rich carpet, sat the prince, with his tea-bowl by his side and his fingers in a big vellum-bound book. As we came up, he courteously rose and held out both hands, palms facing each other, to shake hands in Oriental fashion.

When we had arranged ourselves comfortably on the rug (I declined his offer of a chair), tea was brought in large bowls of thin white porcelain, and a tray of sugared almonds and candied fruits was set before us. Our host was a pleasant-faced man of about thirty, wearing a stringy beard and mustache. He questioned me closely about America, seeming never to have heard of it. When I attempted to describe the size of the ship I came in, he was obviously incredulous, though he had been on the steamers on the Caspian and traveled by rail into Russia. He was most tolerant of my halting Turcoman, and quick to understand what I wished to say. After half an hour's tea and talk, he held out his hand to take leave, and at the same time asked me to come the next day at the same hour.

On leaving the audience-chamber, I went again to the bazaar on foot. Over the open squares and the glaring streets there hung a pall of dust. The patient donkeys burrowed through it, the dogs sneaked below it, and I coughingly encountered it breast-high. It was a relief to turn down a dark, watered bazaar lane, with mats and rugs stretched on the poles overhead. Here the little clay shops opened out into shadowy recesses, with the mulberry-gowned proprietor squatting in each. They were little rooms, one side open to the street, and the pounded clay floor two feet or so above the ground.

Often for a hundred yards I walked in a lane of gay, fluttering silks that swayed and brushed my face as I walked; next would come a stretch of tapping, hammering stalls, bright with brass and copper. Next, perhaps, were shoes, and after them dusty caves of spices, where the dealers solemnly smoked, hung about with bunches of strange, dried herbs that gave out an acrid smell and made one catch his breath.

I wandered about, trying to find some native silk. The merchants told me that local silk had a season, like fruit or garden-stuff; for, when the worms were ready for spinning, they were all brought to the bazaar and sold. Then all the silk was spun and dyed, and what was not used in the maker's family was exposed for sale again in the form of cloth. Thus, unless I came to Khiva in the proper month, no silk could be bought except in the form of ready-made khalats. At last, however, I drank tea with a man who knew a man who had a brother who married the daughter of an old man, and this old man, it appeared, was the one person to have silk, if it were to be obtained in town.

Do not think that this information was easily or simply obtained. My host spoke it loudly into my ear, as one dealing with a deaf person, and finally, when he came to the link in the chain where the word "daughter" occurred, I was obliged to confess myself entirely at sea. He showed himself equal to the occasion by hastily sending for a small girl, who was lugged forward for me to look at. But I, thinking that she must be the owner of the coveted silk, started at once to harangue her, at

which she made one frightened dive behind her mother, and did not reappear during my stay. It was not long, however, before the merchant was able to bring home to me the fact that he was only utilizing the method of the great Froebel, by showing me his daughter to illustrate the word.

THE CROWN-PRINCE OF KHIVA

To the father-in-law of the brother of the man who knew the man who knew my host I was accordingly led by twenty eager guides, to where he sat in his little stall, lined with Russian and Bokharan silks. After some persuasion, he showed me two bolts of heavy crimson and yellow stuff, stiff and gloriously colored with native dye. I bought both, paying a tremendous price—two dollars and a half apiece.

That night our dandified little courtier and interpreter dined with us, and I asked if I might go into some of the colleges and mosques. His Mohammedanism seemed to be lukewarm, and the idea of an unbeliever defiling the holy places did not strike him as so terrible a thing as I had expected. He said he would see what could be done, first tentatively observing that if I should embrace Islam even for my few days' stay, the thing would be made much simpler. When I declined this, he said that he did not really expect that I would do it, and thought that much

could be managed without that formality. Next morning at eight o'clock he called, and suggested that I come with him before the bazaars got into full swing. Gulping down a hasty glass of tea, I got into the state carriage, which was in attendance, and we drove to one of the public squares. Getting out of the carriage, we walked some distance through back streets, and soon emerged unobtrusively on the same square again, and having thus avoided observation, walked quickly up to a little door. This, as we approached, was cautiously opened, and we slid in.

When my eyes became used to the twilight, I found that we were standing at one corner of a low hall extending into indefinite dimness, and supported by a forest of beautifully carved columns. The light came through various squares cut in the roof, and filtered away among the pillars, making distances seem immense. Far off I made out some red streamers on untrimmed poles slanting over tombs of dried mud, and knew that these were holy relics of some saint; but I was hurried along, and scarcely allowed to look. The porter who had let us in, and who wore a bunch of immense keys hung about his neck, silently led us under a hole in the wall ten feet or so above the floor, which was reached by a ladder of a single beam upon which were lashed cross-pieces at irregular intervals. He motioned me to go up, and up I climbed, diving into the hole with a crashing blow on my head as I did so; for it was only about three feet high, and the little, twisting stairs started abruptly up from it. The steps were far apart and very narrow, and my riding-boots made climbing stiff work; but I toiled on in the dark, feeling well before I stepped for any sudden gap or oubliette which might let me into the street below.

After some time, I reached a little window, just the merest slit in the wall, but giving gloriously out on bazaars and squares and groves of poplars, which from our height already began to look stunted. It was only by promise of better things above that my two guides, the interpreter and the porter, could tear me away from it. More stifling minutes of dusty, stale darkness, when another glimmer appeared above, and in a minute I stepped out into the little crown or lantern of the minaret, the slight roof of which was supported only by thin columns of brick and open on all sides.

All Khiva lay below me—mosques and minarets, streets and squares, busy and bustling, but too far down to give up a sound. And for all the bustling look of things, came only the cooing of the pigeons that nested in our tower. Straight below us was the flat roof of the mosque from the corner of which our minaret sprang, pierced with square holes that let the light into that mysterious grove of pillars. Not far off was a strange drum-shaped tower of wine-colored glazed tiles, banded with turquoise blue, and beyond it, stiff and gray, rose the "Tower of Those Blessed by Allah," the execution tower they had shown me from below. To the east, outside the city wall, I could trace the Oxus canal by its line of poplars and willows, and near the west gate was a clustered grove that my friends said hid the summer palace where the Khan then was.

The squares were filling with people, and the side streets, choked with laden donkeys and men on foot, disgorged themselves into the squares. The interpreter pointed out hundreds of hawks which wheeled over a certain quarter of the city and said that this marked from above the place of the meat bazaar, as, from the pedestrian's point of view, did the dogs that scavenged below.

With my field-glasses all the little details of life in the closed courts of the houses could be seen—women, careless of their veils, dipping water from the pools in the center or watering the little rows of sunflowers that made the gardens, children playing with doves, and men lying smoking in the shade on their cord bedsteads. Out in the streets, laden camels, forging through, brushed the deck-loads from poor little donkeys, while drivers beat their noses as they bobbed along.

After the better part of an hour, having taken pictures with my broken-down camera on the chance of preserving something of the scene, I came back into the dim mosque and out into the square where the carriage waited.

That afternoon Kolchov and I took

tea with the prince, and walked with him to see the roods. These were great cages, with bars in front, backing against the main wall of the garden. Here the hunting hawks of the Khan and his court were kept. Big solitary birds sat brooding alone in little compartments, made fast to their perches by leather thongs, and graceful little sparrow hawks were lined in bright-eyed rows snapping their beaks at us. In one cage were the barely fledged eyases, as yet untrained, quarreling, dowdy fowls, which, when the cold weather came, were to be allowed a month or so of wild life, with food regularly placed in the open for them, and afterward were to be put through the rigorous course of hooding and starvation, till they could be trusted to lure and hang and kill like their parents.

In a cage not far from the falcons and near my rooms was a tiger from the Oxus swamps. He had taken a dislike to me, and every time I passed his cage he got up and paced angrily toward me, snarling. Into the cage of this beast, at the command of the prince, a Turcoman stepped, armed with a short stick as big around as his wrist. With this stick he struck the tiger's nose as he made for him, and then, with palms out and eye fixed, he walked slowly up to the shrinking beast and stroked his face and flank. The tiger snarled and took the man's hand in his open mouth, while I held my breath and watched for the bleeding stump of an arm to fall away. But keeping that hand perfectly still, with the other he tickled the tiger's jowl and scratched his ear, till there came a yawn and a pleased snarl, and the big cat rolled over on the ground to have his belly scratched. The man then sank to his knees, always keeping his hands in motion over the glossy fur, and with his foot hooked toward him a collar attached to a chain. This he snapped around the beast's neck, and rising to his feet, laid hold of the chain and dragged him out.

This was only the second time, the prince told me, that the cage had been entered. As soon as the tiger was outside, he spied us and started for us, but came up short on his collar. If he had chosen to use his weight and strength together at any one moment, no four of us could have held his tether. But, as it was, the Turcoman found little difficulty with him. My instinct was to retreat to the top of the wall and use my field-glasses for careful inspection, but, conquering the desire, I came, as I thought, very near to him, and took his picture as I looked down the red gorge of a groaning snarl. The photograph, I felt sure, would cover the whole field of a four-by-five plate, and make a dramatic sight in America. I ought to say that when the film was developed in London, one could observe upon it a rather distinct picture of a largish wild-cat standing beside a calm keeper, who held his chain in one hand.

The prince and I walked for some time in the garden, attended only by four gentlemen, who walked behind us. He showed me the little raised daïs under a mulberry-tree by the pool where his father sat when living in that palace, and together we fed the carp that rose to our bread crumbs, and tried to attract the shy gazelle that skipped and shook on its little hoofs when the tiger snarled.

This pool in the gardens reflects to-day the life of the Oriental monarch on its unruffled surface, as "the basin of clear waters" must have done at Bagdad when Haroun the Just heard the tale of the one-eyed Calander. Huge, ancient mulberries lean over, touching tops above it. Hardly a fleck of sunlight falls upon the brown surface, hardly a breath of air ripples the edges along the greening stone. On the little daïs beside the pool, when it is the Khan's pleasure to take the air, gleam the richest rugs of Khiva and glint the silks of Samarkand. There on a cool linen bolster he reclines, evil, gross, and stupid, sipping at his syrups and regarding with vacant mind the brown of the shadowed water.

Next morning I went again to the bazaar and drank tea with several of the more wealthy merchants, one of whom gave me a silver ring with a ruby in it, and another of whom sold me one containing an immense and rather ugly rough pearl. In the afternoon, after a nap during the extreme heat, the interpreter took me into the largest madrassah, where we heard fifty or more students of all ages from fifteen to sixty at their lessons.

The college was built round a quad, with a small pool and five or six sunflowers in the middle. It was three stories high, and a gallery ran around each story, out of which opened the little doors of the student's rooms. In Samarkand I had been in a room of one of these madrassah inhabited by a scholar who was thirty-two years old, and who told me that he had studied there fourteen years, and hoped to finish in eight years more. These men seemed much the same sort. I tried to bribe a man who had been following us about to get me one of the claret-colored tiles of the minaret which sprang from one corner of the quadrangle; but he passed his fingers across his throat with an expressive grin, and would not even look at the three-ruble note I showed him, so that I felt sure it was useless.

It was this day that had been set for my audience with the Khan, so, after lunch, Kolchov and I made as elaborate toilettes as we could. My additional splendor consisted in buckling on my revolver in a holster made of cloth-of-gold and silver.

A little before five o'clock our horses were brought round, mine decked out in his silver bridle set with carnelians. Then six silk-clad jiggits appeared in the courtyard, and dismounting, salaamed before the door. Mounting, we followed them through the city and out of the west gate at a stately amble. Beyond the walls we met a stream of rich merchants and "prominent citizens" coming from the palace, all on beautiful horses the trappings of which were so much more gorgeous than my bridle that I felt insignificant. Many of these men dismounted as we came up and stroked their beards, salaaming respectfully. These I saluted in military style, rather at a loss to know how to acknowledge their courtesy with proper dignity.

Three miles outside the city we came to the walls of the summer palace, which had been pointed out to me from the minaret. After skirting them for a mile, our guard of honor turned in at a big gateway, and we followed, to find ourselves in an outer court facing a high portal, with towers of glazed tiles of red and blue. The courtyard was a seething mass of squealing stallions held by grave jiggits, dodging servants, scores of maimed beggars, airing their wounds and sores, and catching dexterously the coppers thrown them by the servants of some haughty noble who rode recklessly at the crowd. Here, too, I saw a pair of wandering holy men, one with a polished wooden begging bowl. Their costumes consisted of waistcoat-like upper garments and baggy drawers and were so curious that I asked where they came from, thinking that perhaps they were up from India; but Samán said that they came from the east, over the "Ulu Kum," the Great Sands.

Here, in the outer courtyard, Kolchov and I left our horses with jiggits, and I with some parade turned over my revolver to Samán to keep, wearing the empty cloth-of-gold holster, hoping that it might add a touch of elegance to my otherwise simple costume. Our guides then bowed us to a little door beside the great tiled wall that faced us, and we went through to another square.

The inner court that we entered was, perhaps, a hundred feet square, one side being made up of a high blank wall of blue tiles, which, from its lack of doors and windows, I knew must be the royal harem. Two gentlemen in plum-colored gowns showed us to a small, carpeted daïs of brick in one corner, and here we sat for ten minutes or so watching important-looking persons stride majestically about and go in and out of little iron-bound doors. At last a great man in an immense sheepskin drum-major's head-dress came toward us, bearing a six-foot silver rod solidly incrusted with small turquoises. He made obeisance, and said that the Khan would receive us. We followed him to an insignificant door, beside which stood a muscular official with bared arms and a silver adz. As I put my foot on the threshold, he raised the adz suddenly high over my head, at which I incontinently ducked and dodged in.

The other side of the door opened into a small court surrounded by elaborately carved, thin-waisted pillars. It was empty, except for some prostrate forms in the corner, grouped about a figure seated on a low daïs. As we approached, the kneeling group rose and walked away, and as they passed, I

saw it was the crown prince and his gentlemen, taking their leave.

The Khan— for the seated figure was he—sat on a rich carpet, in the ordinary Turcoman and Sart costume of plum-colored gown and little white, embroidered skull-cap, over which, as we came up, he hastily adjusted his high black *chalpak*. Near him lay a porcelain tea-bowl and a jeweled scimitar in a green velvet sheath, and crawling over his knees was a lean tortoise-shell cat with a tail like a fox's brush. He was a squat, toad-like old man, with an evil face covered with a grizzled beard.

When Kolchov and I approached the presence and saluted, the Khan held out a limp hand, European fashion, first to me and then to my friend. Before we could speak, up trotted our interpreter and started talking excitedly to his Majesty in the Turco-Persian hybrid language of the educated Sarts. Then turning to me he put the Khan's question:

"Why did you come to Khiva?"

"Merely to see the city," I replied.

This being translated, the Khan bowed his head and said:

"Yachshi" ("very good").

He then desired that I be asked how I liked it; to which I replied with more desire to please than strict truth:

"It is very beautiful."

Again the Khan bowed and said, "Yachshi."

Next they demanded when I was to leave, and I said, "To-morrow morning."

This time with a bow and pleased smile, his Majesty said, "Cope Yachshi" ("very good, indeed"), and extended the royal hand to signify that the audience was over.

Passing through the two outer courts, escorted by the gentleman of the turquoise rod, we came to our horses just in time to see the prince ride off on a jet-black stallion, the housings of which were of gold hung with lapis lazuli and emeralds, and some red stones that danced and sparkled in the sun, and that Samán said were rubies.

Just by the gate Samán spoke a name to me in an awe-struck whisper and pulled up his horse to make room for three beautifully gowned horsemen, followed by a troop of servants. They trotted up to us, and while our horses fought and squealed, we shook hands as ceremoniously as was possible. I found afterward that one of the three (I never knew which) was Mad Murad, the state treasurer, more feared and hated throughout the little kingdom than the Khan himself, and famous for his greed and barbarous cruelty.

On the ride home Samán begged me to stay three more days at least, saying that I could have another audience, and it would make me very glad. Kolchov, on the other hand, had been very anxious to get home, and kept promising to find me horses for the one phaëton in Petro Alexandrovsk, if I wanted to go up by the trail without waiting for the boat. This plan attracted me, since I had had no news from home for four weeks, and that was a month old when it reached me; and I was anxious to reach Baku.

(To be followed by "Near Death in the Desert" by the same author in the November number)

THE DOG POLICE OF EUROPEAN CITIES

BY WILLIAM G. FITZ-GERALD

THAT a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog, is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation—in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges, and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

In Belgium, as every visitor to Brussels, Ghent, or Bruges knows, the dog is a working animal. He may be seen pulling over the cobblestones small carts laden with milk, bread, linen, and like necessities. Many of these dogs cost more than a donkey, but they travel faster and farther in a day, are more economical to keep, and for ages have been trustworthy guardians of Flemish homes.

Monsieur E. Van Wesemael, police commissioner of Ghent, was the first to suggest trained dogs as auxiliary police. For half a century the quaint old city had been well patrolled at night, both within and without the fortifications; but six years ago an increase in the force was found imperatively necessary. One was made, but though it was costly, it did not suffice. M. Van Wesemael asked for more, but the police funds of the city were exhausted.

A DOG POLICEMAN READY FOR SERVICE. THE COAT IS USED ONLY IN CASE OF BAD WEATHER. THE DOGS ARE ALWAYS MUZZLED ON THE WAY TO THEIR STATION

Then the chief of police laid before

the burgomaster an idea he had long entertained, of employing Belgian sheep-dogs as assistants or colleagues of the night patrols. He pointed out the splendid work of the dogs at the Hospice of St. Bernard, and of those em-

MONSIEUR E. VAN WESEMAEL, CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE FOR THE CITY OF GHENT

ployed in the German army, and declared he was certain that the canine recruits would save the city tens of thousands of francs every year, besides reducing burglaries and night crimes.

M. Van Wesemael also pointed out that the mere knowledge of the dog policeman's existence would act as a deterrent. The average night patrol, tightly buttoned in uniform, is no match for the cunning of the marauder whose plans are laid. On the other hand, the conditions would be changed if the night patrol were accompanied by a fast and powerful Belgian sheep-dog whose natural sagacity had been developed by six months of scientific training. He contended that from such an "officer" the burglar could not hope to escape. Long hours of night watch would not tire the dogs after their day's rest, and their mere presence, qualities, and powers would give *morale* and confidence to their human colleagues. Knowing the Belgian working dog intimately, and appreciating the value of the animal's sense of smell, its

instinct that all was not right, and its remarkable jumping and swimming powers, M. Van Wesemael made out a good case.

His suggestion of dog police was adopted, but not without distrust of its efficiency. In March, 1899, three dogs were bought for him by the veterinary officer of the city, and their training was at once taken in hand by the police commissioner. Shortly before Christmas ten dog policemen were at work, and after a reasonable period had elapsed, a report was sent to the burgomaster. The dogs had been used in the Faubourg de Courtrai, as well as along the docks and in the wooded outlying sections of the city between Commune de Wondelgen and the Boulevard de L'Industrie. Night crimes, previously both numerous and serious in these parts, fell off two thirds, simply because the employment of dogs was enough to render doubtful certain nefarious plans.

POLICE-DOG BEING TRAINED BY A "DUMMY" CRIMINAL, SPECIALLY DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION

After ten months of trial, the most conservative members of the city council of Ghent became enthusiasts over the new police recruits, and voted more money for dogs to be used in the Faubourg de Bruges and along the smaller docks. Soon there were thirty big, powerful dog policemen on duty, and working with surprising efficiency. They would take a new man over his night beat with a zeal, a thoroughness, and a relentless, systematic ardor that would kill a lazy constable. They knew their work, and could and did correct many a man who was a stranger to the beat.

The system is now a proved success, and the veterinary surgeon of the city periodically goes out to the fairs to buy dogs. Many breeds have been tried, but the best of all is the big Belgian or French shepherd dog, the powerful and sagacious Briards and Groenendaels, with hair long or short, wiry or silky. These are unmatched the world over for their endurance, boldness, fidelity, and intuitive instinct.

Some Belgian cities—Mons, Saint-Gilles, and Schaerbeek—buy their dogs at ten and even eighteen months of age; but M. Van Wesemael prefers to buy his recruits when they are six months old and can be subjected to an exhaustive training with surer results.

The dogs are lodged in brick kennels in the gardens of the central police bureau. They are cared for and waited upon by the janitor and his wife, acting under instructions from the veterinary surgeon. The sexes are housed separately. The period of training varies from three to six months.

The new dog recruit's name is entered on the books of the central police bureau precisely as though it were a human officer, a record being made of the date of its birth, and its purchase, together with the name and address of the person who sold it to the department, the price paid, and the dog's sex. If through ill health or inefficiency the dog is discharged from the force, the reason is entered upon the book.

The animals are given every care. They have swimming baths once a week, and the kennels are disinfected regularly and are periodically whitewashed. For the first fifteen days new recruits

A SQUAD OF *AGENTS PLONGEURS* OR DIVING POLICEMEN, OF PARIS, WITH THEIR DOGS TRAINED FOR LIFE-SAVING AND POLICE SERVICE

are kept in the kennels, and are merely taught obedience. Military brevity, combined with unvarying kindliness, marks all orders. In due time certain night guards come and take out the recruits with the veteran dogs when the night bell sounds. The dog police go on duty at ten o'clock at night, and finish work at six in the morning. They never go out in the daytime, and on no account are allowed to become acquainted with the ordinary public. Twice during the day, however, they are mustered in the paddock of the bureau for an hour's exercise and fresh air.

They are fed twice a day, at seven in the morning and again at seven at night. Their fare is a kind of soup, with a little meat, some rice, and a very nutritious biscuit known as "Kneipp." Each ration weighs a little over three pounds. During the night each dog receives a large slice of bread, and so carefully are their needs and capacities studied that the animals never appear tired or spiritless on returning to the kennels after the long and often dangerous night watch.

A special room at the central police bureau is set apart for the preparation of the dogs' rations and medicines, and here, also, are kept their uniforms and outfits. When on duty, each carries a leather collar bearing a tin medal, with its name, birth, date, and the word "Police." There is also a cloak for stormy weather, which covers the body from neck to tail. It is leather-mounted and waterproof. The dogs also wear muzzles while on duty, for their whole training makes them regard the civilian as an enemy, and a muzzle is necessary for the protection of peaceable citizens. This muzzle is of a special kind. It is a tin cup, perforated for respiration, which prevents the dog from eating any food he may find in the road at night. An elastic arrangement, however, permits the unmuzzling of the animal in an instant, when the muzzle swings from the collar, ready to be replaced when the emergency has passed. Thus unmuzzled, the well-fed, trained, and powerful animal is a formidable adversary even for an armed burglar, besides being an accessory of great use to the night patrol, whether a criminal's intent is fight or flight.

The entire education of the newly arrived dogs is undertaken by the *brigadiers-contrôleurs,* or officers in author-

ity over the night patrol. When coaching the dogs, the brigadier-contrôleur is always in civil dress, and often he simulates the appearance of a tramp or suspicious character. He goes through the pantomime of assaulting the night guards, runs away, slouches along with suspicious bundles, leaps into ditches filled with deep water, scales high walls, and generally runs the whole gamut of a rascal caught in the act.

Every week the dog police are lined up in the paddock for medical inspection. They come to know this event, and, if space permitted, one might relate amusing, pathetic, and all but incredible anecdotes of the intelligence of these carefully selected and well-trained brutes. On inspection day, too, the veterinary surgeon gives practical object-lessons to the janitor and his wife in the medical care of the dogs.

When a new recruit is beginning to show aptitude under training, the night guard to whom it is assigned comes to the kennel and leads it forth when the patrols with the older dogs are assembled for duty. The men are provided with bones or scraps of meat for the newcomer, and in this way stress is laid on the lesson it is sought to teach—namely, that only men in police uniform may be trusted. All others are to be eyed with suspicion, if not with positive ferocity. Later on, the night patrol leads out the beginner, to familiarize it with every nook and corner of the beat. For one month this work goes on three or four hours a night in all weathers, the hours of duty being gradually increased to the standard eight.

If the animal is slow to understand the object-lessons, he is frequently teased and irritated by a brigadier-contrôleur. In extreme cases, a slow-witted recruit is maltreated and even kicked and beaten a little by the official actor. Simultaneously every policeman in the station caresses the dog, and gives it dainties. It is no wonder, then, that the dog at the end of his training is at once eager to obey the commands of the police, and more than eager to attack a suspicious-looking person in civil clothes.

But there is as wide diversity in the intelligence of dogs as there is in that of human beings, and tact and skill are required not to overdo the irritating and violence, lest the dog be cowed and rendered timid. Thoughtless violence may make a dog worse than useless—dangerous, even, to his human colleague. There were some mistakes made in this way at first, but now the police officials of Belgian cities, from Ostend to Liège, have become so skilful in the matter of training police dogs that their services are widely sought by other nations in Europe.

In many cases the central police bureau maintains in its grounds artistically arranged walls, water jumps, and other obstacles, as well as a regular staff of officers skilled in training these dogs. They accustom new canine recruits to hearing revolver-shots, to making flying leaps exceeding six feet, and to attacking fugitives in the bend of the knee.

They are trained in this last respect by a pull at the leash when they jump for the neck. Thus, when the policeman "criminal" in charge of the training feels the dog's muzzle touch the back of his knee, he drops, to show that the object is attained. This operation, often repeated, shows the intelligent dog what

SOME OF THE KENNELS AT GHENT

the object of the pursuit is, and how it may best be accomplished. After a time the animal operates without being held in leash, and yet instantly responds to its master's whistle, no matter how headlong may be the pursuit in which it is engaged.

THE KITCHEN IN GHENT'S CENTRAL POLICE BUREAU WHERE THE RATIONS ARE PREPARED FOR THE DOGS

When an officer arrives on his beat, he releases his dog with the laconic command, "Cherche!" Instantly the dog passes swiftly into and around farms and outhouses beyond the city boundary. It knows all possible places of concealment, for if during the earlier stages of the training its memory in this respect has been lax, morsels of meat have been placed in remote corners, as an infallible guide to these places.

Woe to characters of suspicious mien or to people carrying suspicious-looking bundles! The dog does more scouting in ten minutes than its well-paid human comrade could do in an hour. If it barks or growls, or in any way gives notice of having found something suspicious, the patrol at once joins the dog. Each night guard, by the way, carries a revolver with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, a whistle, handcuffs, and a dark lantern.

Strict orders are given to the men to prevent their dogs from picking up bones or tempting morsels on the beat. Some superb animals were lost before the chief commissioner and his veterinary surgeon settled on the diet, which now renders the dogs almost indifferent to delicacies casually found in the night.

The men are warned never to take away the body of a dog colleague suddenly poisoned while on duty. The malefactor argues that the patrol will take up the body of his loyal and faithful friend, and bear it back to the bureau, so leaving the field unguarded. The mere fact of the poisoning of a dog shows the proximity of a criminal on the beat, so the patrol must call for aid from the next round, if he wants it, and push on in search of the criminal.

Afterward he must carry the dog's body to the police abattoir, so that the veterinary surgeon may hold a post-mortem and determine the cause of death. The poisons most commonly used are strychnine and prussic acid. While on duty, the dog rarely quits the heels of its human colleague, save to carry out the sharp military words of command—"Cherche!" "Attaque!" and so on; but it will rush to aid an officer on a neighboring beat on hearing the shrill signal for assistance.

Before its first year is over, indeed, the dog is as admirably drilled as the smartest Prussian infantryman. It obeys the word of command without a moment's hesitation. It will leap a fence, swim a stream, or walk in front, behind, or at the side, according to its master's pleasure. It is hungry for work, pathetically anxious to help. Wagging its tail with excitement,—which must always be suppressed while on duty,—it is an amusing picture of impulsive zeal; great is its delight and triumph when it makes an arrest.

Naturally there is much intimacy and affection between the human and animal police, comrades through the weary and dangerous night watch. The men may and do teach the dogs feats and accomplishments quite apart from those

prescribed by the book of regulations for the *chiens-policiers*.

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased, it became apparent that night crimes, even in the worst quarters of Ghent, almost disappeared. Cunning ruffians had often contrived to outwit the solitary patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed, and sagacious sheep-dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evil-doers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty guards, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that man and dog can always count on their neighbors' support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that they visit every yard of their beat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night guards are used by day, they get extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night watch.

Relating the achievements of his dogs, M. Van Wesemael told of an arrest by one of them named Beer. One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. Beer's muzzle was removed, and the fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot, four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg. The moment the officer appeared, Beer gave up his prisoner, and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened, —sobered even,—the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled and muzzled. This was promptly done, though not without a little protest from Beer himself, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners, exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep.

Tom is another dog no less alert. One

A MUSTER OF THE GHENT NIGHT POLICE, WITH A PARTY OF YOUNG DOGS BEING TRAINED BY THE TWO OLDER ONES, SEEN AT EACH END OF THE GROUP

winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him, he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at anxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's colleague came along and asked about the sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglars. He is a record racer of great weight and strength, long and keen of fang, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that not even point-blank revolver-shots will turn him from his duty. He has been wounded more than once and has narrowly escaped death.

Each canine "officer" costs the pioneer city of Ghent a little more than five cents a day. M. Van Wesemael pointed out to me that thirty dog police cost the city only 3285 francs a year, and did more than four times the work that would have been accomplished by twelve men, who would have cost at least 12,000 francs.

One of the first foreign police officers to inquire into and adopt the dogs was Monsieur Lépine, police prefect of Paris. It occurred to him that among the great crowds visiting the city during the ex-

A REHEARSAL ON THE QUAY OF THE SEINE WITH THE LIFE-SAVING POLICE DOGS. THE DOG IS ABOUT TO DIVE FOR THE DUMMY FIGURE

position some would surely fall into the Seine. He therefore organized a body of special police whom he named the *agents plongeurs,* or "diving police." Each of these was to be a fast and powerful swimmer and a man of ready wit and presence of mind, and each was to be accompanied by an intelligent Newfoundland dog, trained with no less care than are the police dogs of Belgium. At first, eight of these fine beasts were bought for M. Lépine. These Paris pioneers—Pelvoux, Paris, Turco, César, D'Artagnan, Meidje, Diane and Athos—became the pets of all Paris, visitors and residents alike. They proved so successful that their number was fast increased, until now every one of Lépine's agents plongeurs is accompanied on his rounds along the Seine quays by a *chien sauveteur.* Not one of these is with-

out his record of life-saving. Their intelligence is illustrated by the following episode:

One winter evening a young milliner's apprentice from the Rue de la Paix, crazed with grief over a love-affair, threw herself into the river from the Quai d'Orsay. Fortunately, César was within hearing, and with a sharp bark leaped out into the Seine and reached the drowning girl. He grasped her by the front of her blouse, but the girl fought him off and sank. César waited until she rose, swam away from her a little, and then swiftly approached her from behind. He now took a low hold at the back of the blouse, in such a way that the girl could not beat him, and then struck out for the bank. He was, of course, met half-way by one of the agents plongeurs, and the would-be suicide was saved.

Pelvoux has saved the lives of twenty-three persons, most of whom have fallen into the river inadvertently. For the most part the dogs are trained merely to support the drowning person in the water until the agent plongeur arrives with life-belts and other appliances.

The training of the young Newfoundlands that M. Lépine periodically adds to his staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quay-side not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is, nevertheless, a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life-buoys, the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold; and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts, and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance; and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river-bank, and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris also the police dogs are a proved success.

The alert German minister of the interior sent a police commissary into Belgium to investigate for himself the merits of the dog police. The report of this official as to efficiency and economy was so striking, that within three years 150 German corporations had also installed dogs as auxiliary police, and were soon satisfied, as also were many cities of Austria, Hungary, and Italy, of the canine policeman's superb sense of duty, as well as its loyalty, vigilance, fidelity, and its indifference to bribes and salary alike.

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XII

UNCLE JOHN AND MONT-SAINT-MICHEL

"WELL, this is a great change from the automobile—eh, Peters? Of all the outrageous, heathenish actions, that cutting of automobile tires was the worst. Every man at that hotel ought to be hung up and high-strung and quartered—make an example of the whole outfit. I must say, though, that I blame Freeman a good deal myself. He says he felt anxious, and yet he never had that chauffeur set up to watch. Foolish, very foolish; but he 'll pay the penalty, having to stay there and wait for the tires from Caen.

"Lee, if you could withdraw yourself somewhat from the window, perhaps I could form some faint conception of what the country looks like to the north. If you and Yvonne want to compare maps, I should suggest that you sit side by side instead of holding the map so that it completely covers my horizon.

"Well, Peters, and so here we are off for Dol. Dol seems to be the only way to get in or out of Brittany, and it must have been so always, for in Matilda's tapestry she 's got William and Harold on their way to Dol as a beginning to making things hot for the Lord of Brittany. Very interesting study, that tapestry, Peters; I would n't have—

"Stowell, I beg your pardon, but those are my feet, and not valises, that you are going to sleep against. I did n't say anything as long as you took them as they lay, but now that you want my left foot slanting to the right, I must protest. Suppose you end yourself the other way for a change, anyhow.

"Well, Peters, and so we are off for Mont-Saint-Michel, bless her old heart—or is Michel a him? I must say, I 'm deeply interested in to-day's expedition. Was n't some English Henry shut up on Mont-Saint-Michel and fed by ravens there, or something like that? Yes; I know there 's some such legend, and now we 're going to see the spot. How do we get from Dol to the mont? By Pontorson, eh? And then diligence the rest. Well, I must say it sounds like quite an undertaking; but then, if you leave the beaten path, you must always pay the price, and I must say I enjoy these little jaunts with a congenial party. Too bad the Kingsleys could n't have continued with us. Nice people, the Kingsleys—very interesting girls. What did you say? Oh, yes, of course the aunt was interesting, too; but—what did you say? Nonsense, nonsense! But I will say one thing, Peters, and that is that it pays to travel around when it brings one in contact with people such as yourself and Miss Kingsley.

"So this is Pontorson! Do we get down here? Is that the diligence? Do we get up there? Great Scott! how can we? And it looks to be about full already. Do you mean that we have got to climb that little ladder? I don't believe Yvonne can. I don't believe she ought to, even if she can. Can't we go to Mont-Saint-Michel some other way?

Peters, I 'd like to slay with my own hands that wretch that slashed our automobile. Will you think of the difference he is making in our comfort these days?

"Well, Stowell, let 's see you skin up there first. Looks easy, don't it, Peters? Lee, you go next. Now, Peters, it 's your turn. And now, Yvonne, my child, steady, and start and keep right on to the end. There—there—catch her on top anywhere, Peters. Got her? Are you all right, child? And now for your Uncle John!

"Ask him if this is a new ladder. I don't want to take any chances with an old ladder, you know. Well, what did he say? Ask him if people ever do fall or meet with any sort of accidents going up. Well, what did he say? Peters, this looks more serious every minute. What do they have the thing so high for, anyhow? I must say, I don't like going up there at all. Ask him if he has ever known any one to miss their footing? Well, tell him to keep a good grip on the ladder. Now then, one, two,—oh, this is—confound it! tell him to steady it— Great Scott! Landed!

"And now that I 'm up, tell me how in all creation I 'm ever to get down again.

"FOUND UNCLE SITTING ON THE RAMPARTS WITH MISS CLARA EMILY"

"Well, why don't we start? That 's the worst of Europe, Peters—no push, no energy. Perfectly content to sit on a diligence and stagnate. Let me look at my watch. Eleven. Well, I 'm not at all surprised. I would n't be surprised at anything that might occur in this vicinity. I tell you, Peters, it will be a glad day for me when I set my foot down hard on a New York steamer-pier once more. I can't but feel—

"Ah, so we are to get under way at last! Lumbering old concern—eh, Peters? Great contrast to the automobile—Lee, as there may be some one speaking English within a mile of us, I

would suggest that you lower your voice a trifle and give the other fellow a chance. What? I don't catch what you say? Speaking to *me?* Who 's speaking to me? *You?* Well, what do you want to say to me? I 'm right here to be spoken to, and from the outlook I should fancy that I was going to be right here for an indefinite length of time. Well, what is it? The Brewers! Where? Ahead there? How do you know? Are you sure? What do you think, Peters? Yes, that 's them. Brewer seems to be underneath the machine. Well, what shall we do? Wave and holler? We can't do anything else if we want to. But they are going to be a good deal surprised to see us perched aloft like this. Yes; there 's Mrs. Brewer sitting on the bank with McCarthy and the other man. I 'd rather be the guests than the owner when it comes to an automobile any day.

A STREET IN AURAY

"Well, why don't you holler, Lee? That 's it—make a trumpet out of your hands and just give it to them. Gee! but they are surprised! Holler that we are going to Mme. Poulard Ainé. I suppose that they 're going there, too, anyway; no one ever goes anywhere else. Dear me! but they 're happy to have that automobile. Lucky for them that they went on just when they did. There 's Brewer crawling out from under. Well, I can't stay twisted any longer, so we 'll turn our eyes once more to the future.

"What 's that ant-hill out at sea? It is n't the sea, though, is it? It 's land; gray sand, I vow. And so that is Mont-Saint-Michel? Curious. Used to be on land, eh, and then got to be on sea? It appears to me that we have quite a drive before us yet. Looks to me to be three or four miles. What do you say, Peters? Of course I don't know how big the mont is, so I have nothing to judge the distance by; but I should say three miles at least.

"Stowell, I 've heard that story you are telling ever since I was born; whoever told you that it was new ought to be shot. This tendency to tell old stories is a perfect vice with some people, Peters, and that brother of yours is forever doing it. I 've heard him tell about calling the cabman a pig in France and asking him if he was engaged in Germany until I 'm about to the end of my patience. Great Scott! how hot the sun is, and no matter how gaily we lumber along, the mont looks to be equally distant. What is this road we 're on, anyway? Seems to be a high way in the most literal sense of the word. Dike, eh? Built on purpose for tourists, I suppose—the American tourists before all, I 'll bet.

"Well, so that is the mont close to. Appears to just comfortably cover up the whole island. Curious collection of houses and staircases topped off by a church. However, my main care at this moment is n't what we 've come to see, but how in thunder we 're to get down to see it. Well, the people line up pretty thick, and they have the additional joy of knowing that every last one of us is a tourist. That 's one good thing about America, Peters, you can travel there without being a tourist. You pay a stiff price for very little, but that little 's good, and the game ends with it. Europe 's entirely different: what turns on the light over the washstand turns it off over the bed, and then, with all that, they mark light extra in the bill. There don't seem to be any legitimate hotel comforts here: they 're all extra. I vow, I hate to take that hard-wood bolster out from under my head nights, for it 's the one thing I get for nothing in every hotel.

"Well, Yvonne, I think you 'd better

go down first. You go next, Stowell, and then you, Lee. You and I, Peters, will wait and take our time. I vow, I 'm not very keen on this descent. Just hold my hat, will you? Here, you, down there, hold this ladder steady. Peters, I—where 's the next step? Peters, you—where 's the bottom? I vow I—

"Safe at last! quaint old place—old wall with a gate in it, eh? Fishing-rods and oars all about; when does the tide come in? Faster than a horse can gallop, eh? Well, that must be sad for the horse. Anyhow, I did n't ask how fast it came in; I asked when it would come in next. Well, ask some one. An hour after we leave, eh? Interesting. But come on; let 's go up to Mme. Poulard Ainé and eat the omelet, and then we can climb around some. You walk on, Yvonne, and order the luncheon, and Mr. Peters and I will come leisurely after. Yes, my niece is a pretty girl, Peters, but nothing but a child—nothing but a child. No more idea of worldliness than a cat has of a cactus; a great responsibility to travel with—a great responsibility. Between you and me, I used to suspect young Reynolds of paying her attention; but when he took another ship over, and then left Paris before we arrived, I saw my suspicions had been wrong. I said a thing or two about him to Yvonne, and she took it perfectly placidly, so then I saw that it was all off. I don't like to run down a friend of yours, Peters,—and I suppose he must be a friend of yours or you would n't have him along with you,—but you 're old enough to see that he has n't got the stuff in him to make any girl happy. He 's too—too—well, I can't just express it, but I know that you understand. It takes peculiar attributes to make a woman happy. Now, take me, for example. My wife and I were very happy; she always knew just what was expected of her, and she always did it. It followed naturally that—

"And so this is the famous omelet-place. Well, in we go. Quaint—very quaint. Look at the chickens turning on the spit and dripping in a trough. My, but they look good! Mme. Poulard herself, is n't it? Good day, ma'am; bon jour—bon jour. Glory, what a smile, stereoscoped and illuminated! Makes me think of the china cat's head that we used to put a candle inside of when I was a kid. Do we go upstairs? Eat up there, eh? Quaint—very quaint. Every fellow did what he pleased to these walls, evidently. Well, Peters, let 's sit down.

"And so we now set out to climb Mont-Saint-Michel. Picturesque flight of steps. No, I don't mind climbing—good exercise. Curious little winding walk; old woman with baskets to sell. No, we don't want any; go 'way, go 'way. Terrible nuisance, such people. Here 's another with yellow flowers. No, no, go 'way, you—and another with matches. No, no, go 'way. Well, that 's a pretty tall flight of steps, is n't it, Peters? But I guess we can make it. Where 's Yvonne? Ahead, eh? Well, I presume those two fellows can look out for her. Curious about the Brewers not turning up; suppose he 's under the auto-

IN MONT-SAINT-MICHEL

mobile yet? Wonder how Freeman is getting on in Vire. Let 's stop and look at the view. Fine view! As I was saying, Peters, it was too bad the way we broke up at Vire. I really felt mean over leaving as we did. What did you say? Nonsense; none of that, Peters, none of that. But I will say one thing for her: she certainly was a woman of great perception—always thoughtful for others. Did you notice how she used

to push the ash-receiver toward me? It 's things like that that make a man comfortable. Astonishing that such a woman should never marry. Well, let 's go on. Not more than ninety more steps and two flower women to get over. Peters, have you observed how many stairs there are in Europe? It fairly bristles with them. We go pretty nearly stair-free with us,

"MRS. WHALEN HAS JUST COME IN TO SAY THAT SHE 'S GOING TO DOL"

and over here it 's stairs from dawn till—

"Great Scott, will you look at them! Oh, I never can go up there, never! We may as well go back. If you want to, you can go up; but I could n't possibly see anything that would compensate me for those steps. I 'll bet there are ten thousand, and like as not there are more beyond. I 'm going back and sit with Mme. Poulard Ainé till it 's time to go. You go on alone. Tell him we don't want those oyster-shell pin-cushions, will you?' Then you go on by yourself, Peters. I 've had enough. You go on, Peters; I 'll go back."

XIII

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: We are all here together again except the Brewers and the two Tripps and Ellsworth Grimm. It is very jolly, only I am so worried over Uncle and Miss Clara Emily. Even Mr. Peters cannot keep them apart. Lee took Mr. Peters to his room and talked to him seriously, and offered to make Uncle still more worth his while; but Mr. Peters has been agreeable so long that he does n't do it well any more. He just looks silly, and Lee says if he was us he 'd let Uncle go rip. But of course Lee is n't us, and I know he can't be expected to know just how we feel. If Uncle John marries Miss Clara Emily, I know no one is going to like it at all.

We went to Mont-Saint-Michel, and every one but Uncle went up, and he went seven flights up—he *says* twenty, but I don't believe that there are more than

sixteen or seventeen in all. We were ahead, and never knew that he had stopped, being behind, and it was so interesting on top that I forgot I had an uncle. There are beautiful halls and cloisters, and then one goes down through all sorts of horrors, while the guide tells who lived five years in this hole and who lived twelve years under those steps. You get to have such a contempt for people who were in prison only one or two years over here—as if they ought to be ashamed of having been in only such a short time. There is a ghostly, ghastly museum in Mont-Saint-Michel where the visitors walk through an unlighted gallery and look in at wax victims doing different things in a very thoughtful manner—all but one man, who walked on the sand and was overtaken by the tide, and *he* looks anything but thoughtful. The best was the battle, which was very realistic and must have been very trying to the leaders; for how could they get absorbed in a fight when the tide would drown them if they kept on a minute too long? There was a man who thought he would escape, and dug a way out with his nails, taking a short life-time to the task; and then he found he 'd dug in instead of out, and, after letting himself down with a rope, he came to a bottom all covered with skeletons. I can assure you that I was glad we were all together and that Lee had my arm tight, for the scenes were awful, and I grew so sick toward the last that when we came down at the end and found Uncle sitting on the ramparts with Miss Clara Emily, I nearly screamed. They had all come while we were above, and Emily and some men were out walking on the sand. Clara is somewhat better; but I think she is even more sincere than usual this time. In her locket she has some plaster from the wall that she heard through, and she says she sleeps with it pressed to her lips. And I *know* that Miss Clara Emily is going to do everything in the world to get Uncle, for Emily says she was traveling just with a little hand-satchel, and now she insists on a suit-case. Oh, dear, I don't know what to do; and Lee is tired of the situation, and wants to go yachting, and I want to go with him. It would be so lovely off yachting with Lee; and the yacht is anchored where we can see her from the city-walls. Lee is forever pointing to her. He says Mr. Stowell would let him have her for a month, any day.

We passed the Brewers on our way to Mont-Saint-Michel, but they must have seen the Kingsleys and gone back. Mrs. Brewer told me in Vire that they could never meet the Kingsleys again; she said that Mr. Brewer said if he should meet Clara he knew he should explode. I don't think that Mr. Brewer has much heart or he never would have called poor Clara a Yellow Kid; I 've known Clara ever since I was a baby, and it never struck me that she looked like that till she told me that Mr. Brewer said so.

We all took the tram-ride along the shore yesterday, but one is so afraid that a wave will wash over the car and drench every one with spray that it is n't much fun. The tide is so funny all along this coast, because the coast is so level that a foot of water covers a mile or so, and when a wave starts to come in there 's nothing to stop it at all. I don't think that St. Malo is very interesting, but perhaps that is just Uncle and Miss Clara Emily. He sends her violets, and I know it is he, for it could n't be Mr. Peters or Mr. Stowell, and it would n't be Jim Freeman or Scott McCarthy. She wears them pinned on in such a funny way.

Next day.

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: Edna has sent me the letter about your coming over, and I am so relieved. Perhaps you will get here in time to save Uncle from Miss Clara Emily; I do hope so. Edna's things must be lovely, and I read her letter to Lee. He says if I'm good I will have some things of my own some day, and I do hope so; but Uncle is so heavy on my mind that I cannot realize that I shall ever have any life except trying to keep him from Miss Clara Emily. Mr. Peters is no good at all any more, and has a bad cold besides. He and Clara sit on the ramparts and gaze at the sea, and look as if they were two consolation prizes that the people who won did n't care enough about to take home with them.

Lee says he never realized that Mr. Peters could peter out quite so completely. Lee wants to go yachting, and wants me to go, too, and I can't leave Uncle, and Uncle won't leave Miss Clara Emily. It 's quite stupid here at St. Malo, and we want to go on; but Lee won't go on, and I 'd rather stay in a says only a prompt, efficient, quick-witted, thoroughly capable nature like Miss Clara Emily's could have saved her. Oh, I just know he 's becoming serious, and Lee says it 's just tommy-rot about the efficiency, because all in the world that Miss Clara Emily did was to jerk the locket up by the chain; and she

"WHEN HE WENT TO WASH, I GAVE THE WAITER AN EXTRA TIP TO SERVE US QUICKLY"

stupid place with Lee than go anywhere without him. He 's mad over the Kingsleys tagging along, because he likes Scott McCarthy less and less all the time. Scott walks on the other side of me sometimes, and Lee does n't like it. I think land is getting on Lee's nerves, and he ought to go yachting; but life is such a tangle just now that I don't know what to do about anything. Miss Clara Emily is hemstitching a handkerchief, and I just know that it is for Uncle. Oh, dear!

Next day.

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: Such an awful thing almost happened! Clara had a nightmare, and came near choking to death on Mr. Brewer's plaster—the locket, you know. Uncle did that in such an awfully quick way that poor Clara says she 's cured of Mr. Brewer forever. She will have to eat soup through a china straw for several days.

Uncle wants to go to Carnac and see the ruins of the Stone Age, and he and Miss Clara Emily are mapping out a trip. I 'm sure I don't know what I 'll do, for Scott McCarthy has bet Mr. Stowell ten dollars that Uncle gets "hooked" in Carnac. Lee told me, and Lee himself is provisioning the yacht, and says he 's cock-sure that he eats some of those provisions aboard her himself. Emily does n't want to go to Carnac, and Jim Freeman says it is n't any automobile country, on account of the relics of the Stone Age being so thick in the roads.

Next day.

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: Why did n't you write me that Mrs. Whalen was coming abroad? She arrived last night on the Jersey boat, and saw Uncle and Miss Clara Emily on the ramparts through her marine glasses. she hunted us up at once, for she says that affair must stop right where it is. She asked if you approved of Lee, and when I told her that you did, she said then she had nothing to say. Lee introduced her to Mr. Peters, and she sent him straight to bed and had them poultice his chest and mustard-plaster his back, for she says his cold may run into anything. I took her up to Clara, and she sent out for sweet oil, and stopped the china straw, and set her to gargling. She says it 's awful the amount she finds to do everywhere she goes, and she was in a train accident before she came to the steamer, and you ought to hear how she chopped people out. The shade in my room did n't work, and she put a chair on the washstand and fixed it with a screw-driver that she carries in her pocket. Uncle and Miss Clara Emily came in just then, and the effect was paralyzing. Uncle turned red, and poor Miss Clara Emily nearly sank to the floor. Mrs. Whalen advanced toward them as if she were a general leading a cavalry charge afoot, and said: "Well, so the old folks have been out sunning themselves." Did you ever hear of anything more cruel? Miss Clara Emily looked blue with rage, and said she must go to Clara, and Mrs. Whalen said: "John, come with me," and took Uncle off behind some palms, and Lee and I went away, so as not to be anywhere near when he came out.

We did n't come back until nearly six, and Lee said he supposed we 'd find Uncle and Mr. Peters learning to play "old maid"; but when we came in, Uncle was reading a New York paper about a month old, and Mrs. Whalen had gone out with Scott McCarthy to buy Clara a hot-water bag. Miss Clara Emily was upstairs packing, to take Clara to a specialist somewhere else. Mrs. Whalen came to my room after dinner, and said I must rub kerosene or vaseline into my hair every night for a month. I don't want to, but I 'm so grateful about Uncle that I 'll pour a lamp over myself if she wants me to. Uncle came to my room a while later and said, "Hum!" and shook his watch, and held it to his ear. I don't think he liked being broken up with Miss Clara Emily, but he only said that he was going out on the yacht to-morrow (that 's to-day), and for me to consider myself in Mrs. Whalen's charge for the time being.

He went away early this morning with Mr. Peters and Jim Freeman and Lee, and Mrs. Whalen and I saw the Kingsleys off for Rennes at noon. I 'm sure Miss Clara Emily felt dreadfully over Uncle, and Emily says she 's more than ever ashamed of having such an aunt. Emily told me that if an Englishman came on this afternoon 's boat from Jersey, to tell him they 'd gone to Dol. She did n't want him in Rennes, because she knows two French officers in Rennes. It was not a very nice day for traveling,

"HE WENT TO HIS ROOM AND BROKE THE BELL-ROPE ORDERING BREAKFAST"

for there is such a wind they won't be able to have the windows down at all, and you know it 's only fun when you have the windows down. Mrs. Whalen says she 'd have the windows down any-

way; she says she 'd like to see the Frenchman that she would n't put a window down in his face, if she felt like it. I asked her where she was going next, and she said she had no idea, but she thought to Dol and Mont-Saint-Michel, as long as she is so near. She says it was a stroke of luck her happening here just in time to save Uncle; she 's positive he was holding her hand through the marine glasses. She says it 's good she came about Mr. Peters, too, not to speak of Clara.

It keeps blowing more, and Scott McCarthy says that they 'll be out all night. Lee will like that and Uncle won't, and Uncle will see that Lee likes it and then he won't like Lee. Oh, dear! But I must n't mind anything as long as Miss Clara Emily is gone.

Mrs. Whalen has just come in to say that she 's going to Dol, so as to see the tide come in at Mont-Saint-Michel, and to measure out the ginger so I can make Mr. Peters the tea. I 'm sure I 'm glad she is going, for she makes me so tired and nervous, always hopping up to fix something with her screw-driver, and I want to wash the petroleum out of my hair before Lee comes back. He does n't like the smell of petroleum at all. I offered to help her pack, but she does n't pack. She wears a sort of night-gown for underwaist and petticoat together, and the front of her blouse has pockets inside for all her toilet things. She says she washes one garment every night, and buys a clean handkerchief each Saturday and Wednesday, and has a pocket for her letter of credit sewed to her corset. I think it is awful to be so very convenient.

Later.

She went and never said a thing about me, for it left me all alone with Scott McCarthy, and I know Lee won't like that at all. The mail came, and I thought I 'd better say I had a headache and come up here to stay alone till Uncle comes back. I had all your letters and Edna's. Edna is so happy, and everything goes so smooth for her and Harry that I 'm almost sorry some days that I 'm Uncle's favorite. Lee wants to tell Uncle right out and be done with it; but I want to wait for a favorable time, and every time that things begin to look favorable something unexpected happens to make him say "Hum." It is so trying. Edna says she 's getting a lot of things twice over so that I can have half, and she says she thinks we ought to be coming back so as to meet you. I can't make her understand how helpless I am, for I can't do anything with Uncle unless I 'm alone with him enough to make him think that I want to do something else. And Lee thinks it is an outrage and says that he has rights, too. I do think that if I did n't love Lee I would be really glad to have the world all women, men are so difficult to get along with.

But, you know, no matter what I say, I 'm having a lovely time, after all, and I *am* grateful to Uncle for having brought us.

Lovingly,
Yvonne.

P. S. It is ten o'clock, and the yacht never came in. If Uncle gets seasick in a storm, he 'll never want to lay eyes on Lee again, and he 'll *never* forgive me.

XIV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Carnac.

Dear Mama: I 'm just about in despair, and Lee does n't know where I am. We reached Carnac last night, and Uncle is "humming" like a top, so to speak. But I must tell you all about it.

The yacht got too far out, and the new thumb-screw, or whatever it is on a yacht, stuck, and they blew and pitched until they pitched on to the Island of Jersey, where Lee and Uncle went ashore for Lee to send a machinist aboard. While Lee was busy, Uncle just quietly went aboard the Jersey boat and came back to St. Malo without saying please or thank you to a soul. He walked in on me and told me we were to leave for Dol the next day, and for Heaven's sake not to remind him of Aunt Jane by asking questions. I was dreadfully upset, but of course I never thought for a minute of reminding him of Aunt Jane, so I packed that evening and left a letter for

Lee telling him please not to be vexed. We took an early train for Dol (it 's always Dol in Brittany), and in Dol we changed for Rennes. Of course I thought that Uncle was chasing Miss Clara Emily when I saw the train marked Rennes, but I did n't dare say a word, for he never spoke but once between Dol and Rennes, and that time all he said was "Hum."

We reached Rennes, and I thought we would go to a hotel; but we changed cars again—this time for Redon. Uncle spoke again, and asked me if I had the Gaelic grammar handy. I said no, and he said "Hum" again. Then we reached Redon and changed cars again for Auray. Going to Auray, Uncle asked me what became of Mrs. Whalen, and when I told him that she went to Mont-Saint-Michel, he said her husband was a lucky man to be dead. Then we came to Auray and changed cars for Plouharnel, and I began to wonder why we did n't run off the end of Brittany into the sea. We reached Plouharnel about four in the afternoon, and took a tram for Carnac at once, and when we reached Carnac Uncle said to pardon the personality of the statement, but that he never again would try to keep up with the eternal activity of a young person. I thought that that was pretty hard when I did n't even know where we were going, but I did n't say anything, and when he went to wash, I gave the waiter an extra tip to serve us quickly. After Uncle ate, we went out and walked around Carnac a very little and saw all the people in their black velvet hat-ribbons and short jackets; but when I said they looked picturesque, Uncle said that they looked like confounded fools, and so we came home, and now we are going to bed. I have written Lee, but I don't know when he will get it, because of course it will have to go backward through all these changes.

"HE TOLD MRS. CLARY THAT HE HAD FORESEEN THIS FINALE TO OUR TRIP ALL ALONG"

Next day.

Carnac.

DEAREST MAMA: Uncle woke up ever so much better this morning, and told me that he pitied any poor wretch who had ever been sicker than he was on that detestable yacht. He said, too, that any one who could

suppose for a minute that he could have any serious intentions toward such a woman as Miss Clara Emily would be even more of an utter idiot than Mrs. Whalen appeared to be. He said, too, that the ticket-agent who told him that Carnac was an easy place to go to ought to be strangled by the first traveler who got back alive from the effects of believing him to be telling the truth. He said, too, that if he survived Europe and reached home again, he 'd get in a bath-tub and know when he was well off for one while. He said, too, that when he had once looked around the Stone Age he was going to head for Paris with a speed which he rather guessed would cause the natives to open their eyes.

Then he went to his room and broke the bell-rope ordering breakfast.

After breakfast we went to walk and saw more stone walls than I ever saw before. There is n't a wooden house or fence in the whole of Brittany, I believe. We walked to a tiny village called St. Columban's, and climbed the tower of the little church. There was a fine view, but Uncle said he could smell the oysters for miles around, so we came down right off and walked back. There was a girl who said she would drive us all over in the afternoon, and let us take the night train form Auray; so we returned to the hotel and had an early lunch, and then she came to the door with a shaky old thing like a carry-all and a fat little horse, and we started.

Mama, you never saw anything like Uncle. Everything was wrong at first—every living thing, and the one saving grace of the situation was that the girl who drove could n't speak English. But after a while we came to the first menhirs, and Uncle just about went into a fit. They are the most curious things I ever saw, for they stand in parallel rows miles long, and every one is resting on its little end and has been resting on its little end for thousands of years. At the first glance Uncle said they were arranged so just for tourists; but he got out and walked around them and tried to shake one or two, and then he said he would n't have missed seeing them for the world and that he should never regret coming to Europe as long as he might live hereafter. He was perfectly lovely for a while after that, and we looked at dolmens and cromlechs the whole afternoon, and sometimes we thought they were hay-mows when we saw them far ahead and sometimes we thought they were houses. We only had one unfortunate time, and that was when we had to ferry over the Crach. The ferry was on the other side, and that upset Uncle right away and he asked me if my experience had ever led me to a ferry that was *not* on the other side. They took nearly half an hour to bring it across, and Uncle said that it would be a great day for Europe if she ever learned what t-i-m-e spelt, and he looked at me as if I were Europe while he said it. They are building a bridge over the Crach, and as soon as we embarked on the rickety old ferry, it blew in between two of the piers and wedged tight, with us on it. Uncle asked me if I was going to have the face to tell him that we were not stuck and were not going to be stuck there indefinitely, and I really did n't know *what* to answer. The men in the boat hollered and hauled and swore in Gaelic, and finally we were free for fifty feet and then the tide blew us in between two other piers. Uncle said he could but feel that being stuck twice on the same ferry was a poor reward for a kind-hearted man who was trying to the best of his ability to give some species of instructive amusement to an innocent girl, and then he looked severely at the setting sun while we came loose again and progressed fifty feet more. A great, thick wave came then and broke over the horse and smashed us in so hard and fast that I was honestly scared. Uncle was too mad for words. He said that he would make just one remark and that was that if he ever gave me a chance to beguile him away from civilization again he would cheerfully and contentedly and silently end his days on any ferry which I would choose to designate to him. It was getting cold, and I was so tired from yesterday that I just shut my eyes and did not speak at all, and when we came loose, Uncle spoke to me quite gently and was very nice all the rest of the way.

We were too late for the train, and have come back to Carnac. I feel about done up.

Next day.

Carnac.

DEAREST MAMA: Lee and Edna and Mrs. Clary are all here. Just listen. Lee looks like a ghost, and it seems that no one noticed Uncle go aboard that Jersey boat because Uncle went aboard by a gang-plank that 's forbidden, and Lee thought that he was drowned, and they dragged the dock and sent down divers, and finally came over to St. Malo to break the news to me, having telegraphed Mrs. Clary and Edna to come at once. He reached St. Malo only to find us gone, and they have been tracing us with the automobile ever since. Lee is so glad Uncle is alive that he keeps grabbing his hand and shaking it and shaking it, and Uncle says I must not mention it to Lee, for it might go to his head, but that he is one of the few young men who have a heart in the right place, and that he has always had a special fondness for him ever since he was a baby. Lee thinks that under the circumstances we had better tell Uncle to-night, and we are going to. I feel rather nervous, but Lee says he can never stand anything like these three days again.

Midnight of the same day.

MY OWN DEAREST MAMA: Uncle says yes! He says he has been carefully scheming and planning to bring Lee and me together for years. He says there are traits in him which are so like himself that he cannot but admit that Lee is one of the very few men in this world calculated to make a woman happy. He told Mrs. Clary that he had foreseen this finale to our trip all along, and I do believe that he really believes himself.

The Brewers arrived about nine o'clock to-night, and they are so delighted. Mr. Brewer is so kind; he says Uncle must go to Locmariaquer and around that way with them. I reckon he thinks I need a rest. We told them about Clara and the locket, and I thought that they would die. Mr. Brewer says that never a day passes without their remembering something fresh which she must have overheard.

I am so happy over Uncle that I hardly know what to do. He says it has been the pleasantest trip of his life, this little tour with me, and that Lee must never cease to treat me with the tender care which he has given me all along. He says Lee must remember what a sensitive organization a woman has and never indulge in temper or impatience or strong language or sarcasm. Lee is very nice and says, "Yes, sir," and nods every time. I do think Lee gets nicer and nicer all the time.

We start toward Paris to-morrow.

Your awfully happy

Yvonne.

XV

UNCLE JOHN WELL CONTENT

"WELL, Mrs. Brewer, this is certainly the only way to travel, after all. Comfortable, clean,—for if there is a smell, some other fellow gets it,—and no jolting. And now that I have that dear child established and off my mind, I feel that I can conscientiously give myself a few days of free and easy pleasure. I 've done nothing up to now but consider Yvonne and her needs, mental and material, and although I love the child like my own, still I cannot but admit that a young girl is a great care. And of course you never can be positive that the right man will turn up. However, all 's well that ends well, and I 'm happy to say that I 'm ending this little trip extremely well content. Some men might regret not having seen more, but never me. You see, Brewer, I 'm one of the easy-going, placid, serene type, and whatever turns up suits me perfectly. I guess if you ask my family far and wide you won't find one member to deny that statement, or if you do, you will just have the kindness to let me know who it is and I 'll take steps to prevent their ever expressing such an opinion a second time.

"Fine view here, good road. Believe I 'll have a machine of my own when I get back to America. What 's that island off at sea? Belle-Isle, eh? Dumas's Belle-Isle? Very interesting. We might make a little excursion out there, calling ourselves the Three Musketeers, eh? I 'll be d'Artagnan; I always fancy d'Artagnan. I tell you, Brewer, something martial gets up and stirs around in my bosom as a result of

this trip—a sort of dare-devil, Robert the Devil, piratical, Crusader sort of a thrill. I shall never be sorry that I came. The trip has not been one of unmitigated joy. We have borne our crosses,—many crosses,—and yet I will remark—and I 'll swear it, too, if you like,—that I 'm glad I came.

"I 've seen thoroughly every place I 've been in. I 've made my niece enjoy life, and I 've made every one else with whom I came in contact enjoy life. I 've won for her just the one man calculated to make her happy, and now I 'm headed for the one land calculated to make me happy.

"I 'm glad that I came, I 'm glad that I came."

THE END

MACDOWELL

BY R. W. G.

REJOICE! rejoice!
The New World hath a voice—
A voice of tragedy and mirth,
Sounding clear through all the earth;
A voice of music, tender and sublime,
Kin to the master-music of all time.
Hear ye, and know,—
While the chords throb with poignant pause and flow,—
Of the New World the mystic, lyric heart,
Breathed in undaunted art:
Her pomp of days; her glittering nights;
The rich surprise
And miracle of iridescent skies;
Her lovely lowlands and imperial heights;
Her glooms and gladness;
Her oceans thundering on a thousand shores;
Her wildwood madness;
Her streams, adream with memory that deplores
The red inhabitants evanished and undone,
That follow, follow to far lands beyond the setting sun.
And echoes one may hear of ancient lores
From the Old-World's well-loved shores:
Primal loves, and quenchless hates;
Striving lives, and conquering fates;
Elves innocently antic
Or wild-eyed, frantic;
Shadow-heroes, passionate, gigantic—
Sons and daughters of the prime
That moved the mighty bards to noble rhyme.
Rejoice! rejoice!
The New World hath new music—and a voice!

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE CZAR

BY AMALIA KÜSSNER COUDERT

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

I HAVE hoped that some one free to speak would tell through the American press some of the kind things that I know to be true of the Czar; but in all the writing about Russia I have not found one word representing him as he appeared to me when I painted a miniature of him a few years ago. It is scarcely likely that any of the writers can have had a better opportunity for forming an opinion. It was my rare privilege to see and know him as he is at home, in the private apartments of the Winter Palace, with his family about him. I would not, in this case, break my rule of reserve concerning those whom I have had the pleasure of painting, were not the circumstances absolutely exceptional.

In March, 1899, I was quite unexpectedly summoned to Russia to paint a miniature of Maria Pavlowna, the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Czar. Within two weeks after receiving the royal summons, I was in St. Petersburg. It was still the depth of winter, and the fine snow that makes the peculiar gloom of the city continually filled the air. The first impression was singularly depressing, and the Grand Duchess afterward told me that she attributed to this prevailing gray and white much of the melancholy that is the marked characteristic of the Russian temperament.

But I had had only a glimpse from my hotel window when a message came from the Grand Duchess, requesting me to come to her at once. For a moment I was utterly dismayed. My trunks had not arrived, and I was shocked at the thought of appearing before royalty in a traveling dress; but a royal request must be complied with, regardless of circumstances, and I immediately set out for the Grand Duke's palace, after hastily putting on a long coat, in hopes that it might conceal my dress. Unluckily, there was a Russian custom of which I knew nothing. When I reached the grand entrance-hall of the palace, several of the attendants, gorgeous in gold lace, gathered about me, apparently insisting upon something. They spoke only the Russian language, which I did not understand, but it was soon clear that they were bent upon removing my coat, and they finally succeeded, in spite of all that I could do. As I looked longingly after it, I saw it hung up on one of several rough wooden racks, which seemed strangely out of place in that magnificent entrance to a royal palace. Afterward I saw these racks everywhere, even in the Winter Palace, and learned that the extreme heat of the houses made it necessary to remove all wrappings; and as the bitter outside cold makes many heavy ones necessary, these strange-looking racks are required.

I now went on to the drawing-room, where the Grand Duchess received me by holding out her hand with a simple, cordial greeting spoken in perfect English. It need not be said that she is beautiful. Her beauty is well known, and it was even greater than I expected. There was something in her appearance that made me think I must have seen her before, without knowing her, but of course I said nothing of the kind, and soon forgot this impression in arranging the details of the miniature. I can scarcely tell how it was that I thought of veiling the throat in a brown scarf of tulle, as in the famous picture of Queen Louise; but when I suggested doing this, it suddenly struck me that the perplexing resemblance which I had

seen in the face of the Grand Duchess was to that painting, and I said so before thinking that I might be taking a liberty. The Grand Duchess smiled, evidently pleased, and said that no one else had ever noticed her likeness to Queen Louise, who was her grandmother.

The first sitting was to have taken place on the following morning, but just as I was about setting out, a thunderous noise arose in the hall outside my door. There were such heavy steps, such loud words, and such a remarkable clatter of swords, that I was really alarmed, and could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw that one small man, all alone, was making the whole commotion. He had come from the Winter Palace, and brought a letter summoning me to the presence of the Czarina, who wished to have a miniature painted. The message named as the time of my coming the very hour at which the Grand Duchess was to give me a sitting. Much embarrassed, and not knowing what to do, I hastened to tell the Grand Duchess of the message. She relieved me at once by saying that her miniature must be laid aside until the painting of the Czarina was finished.

That is how I found myself driving to the Winter Palace on a gloomy, snowy morning in March, 1899. Whirling through the grim, gray streets,—for Russian horses go very fast,—I was surprised and rather frightened at being saluted by the police. We Americans have heard such dreadful tales of the way all strangers are watched in Russia, that I wondered uneasily why the police should salute me. And I felt still more nervous on leaving the carriage at the overwhelming entrance to the great pile of stones, and walking through the big guard-room full of officers and soldiers.

Conducted by a silent, bowing attendant, I was ushered into a reception-room, where a lady-in-waiting met me. While talking with her, I could not help mentioning the fact of being saluted by the police while on my way to the palace, and saying that I could not conceive of any reason for their noticing me at all.

"It was because you were coming to the Winter Palace," she said, smiling a little at my frankness, perhaps. "They know who you are, why you are here, and the time of your arrival. They also know exactly when you are to leave the palace, and if you should not do so most promptly, there would be immediate inquiry."

This seemed strange and alarming to me, an American, with our ideas of freedom, but I afterward learned that it was quite true. One night at a dinner I met the courtly gentleman of high rank who was then the chief of police. He told me that he personally knew the movements of every one of importance in St. Petersburg.

"Well, in that case I should n't wish to be a person of importance," I said.

"But you are," he replied. "You are at the Winter Palace every day, coming in close contact with the Czar and the Czarina."

Then, to prove what he had said, he went on to tell me that I had been here and there at such a time, and had done this and that on that very day. As he reminded me, I had gone into a small shop on the Nevski to buy a hat, and failing to make the shopkeeper understand, had accepted the assistance of a gentleman who chanced to be in the shop and who spoke the Russian language.

But I had little time to discuss Russian police methods with the pleasant lady-in-waiting. An attendant now appeared, to show me into the presence of the Czarina. At the door of a large drawing-room stood a giant Nubian, in native costume and armed with numerous swords. Near the center of the drawing-room the Czarina was standing, and seemed to be waiting for me. She held out her hand, and greeted me as kindly and simply as the Grand Duchess had done. Indeed, the greatest whom I have known have always been the kindest and simplest. She was dressed simply, too, in a pretty tea-gown, such as any young wife and mother might have worn at home. The only jewels that she wore were large pearls in her ears, and a splendid star ruby in a ring, the star ruby being her favorite jewel.

The general appearance of the Czarina may be fairly well known in this country, although fewer pictures have been published of her than of any other crowned head. But no picture that I

had seen gave any idea of how she really looks, seen thus face to face. Perhaps this may be for the reason that much of her beauty comes from exquisite coloring, and that there is about her a subtle charm impossible to picture and difficult to describe. She is very tall and very slender, yet most finely proportioned. Her features are almost Greek in their regularity, and the natural expression of her face struck me at once as a singularly wistful and sweet sadness that never went quite away even when she smiled. Her hair is strikingly beautiful and luxuriant, long, heavy, glossy, and brown-gold in color. Her eyes are large, soft, lustrous gray-blue, with long lashes, and I painted them cast down, as they nearly always are; for she is shy, and hardly ever looks up without a blush.

Yet with all the Czarina's blushing shyness, her bearing impressed me with a sense of something much deeper and graver than mere admiration for a beautiful, graceful woman. It is difficult to define just what this impression was, but it may be termed majesty, for lack of a subtler term; and the feeling of it increased during the entire time that I was privileged to enter her presence, although no one could have been kinder or more simple in all that she said and did. Mentioning that she had heard of my being in the city, she said she had seen reproductions of some of my miniatures, and liking them, wished me to paint one of her. Then she went on to arrange for the immediate beginning of the miniature, saying that the first sitting would take place on the next morning.

I need hardly say that there was no tardiness upon my part; but when I reached the Winter Palace at the appointed moment, the Empress was ready and waiting. Indeed, I have always found royalty to be prompt beyond any one else with whom I have ever had an engagement. Probably this is because they have more to do than ordinary people, and every moment is arranged for. This time the Czarina received me in her boudoir. It was an exquisitely feminine room and distinctly individual. I have never seen one in the least like it. The prevailing color was mauve—in the rich silk hangings on the walls, the soft rugs on the floor, the curtains at the windows, the coverings and cushions, the frames of the pictures, the very mats around them, even in the pictures themselves there was a note of mauve. The vases about the room were all filled with the loveliest mauve orchids.

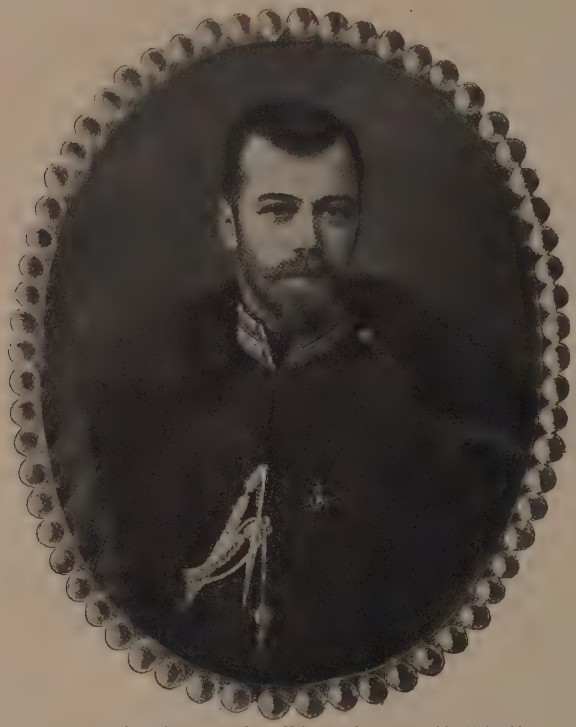
But I had little opportunity for looking and admiring. The Czarina at once began posing with what seemed to me unusual artistic feeling, and she sat for an hour without a word or a sign of being tired. When I asked if she were not feeling the strain, she answered, smiling, that "Anything worth doing at all was worth doing well." Then came the sound of a door opening behind me, and I heard the click of spurs. The Czarina looked up with the sweetest blush and the shyest smile, saying: "The Emperor is coming." There was barely time for me to spring up, with my heart thumping, when I saw Nicholas II. It was hard to realize that this was the Great White Czar, the ruler of the greatest empire, he seemed so young, so slight, so gentle, and so simple.

He held out his hand just as kindly and simply as the Empress had done, and he also spoke in perfect English, asking how the miniature was coming on. Indeed, I was already beginning to know that English is spoken exclusively by the Russian royal family in their private life. This would not be singular where the Empress herself were concerned, since she is virtually an Englishwoman, and has spent years in England; but I recall hearing the Grand Duchess Hélène, the daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, since become the Princess Nicolas of Greece, say that she could not remember ever speaking anything but English to her father.[1] And this exclusive use of English in their private life may account for the fact that among themselves they always say "Emperor" and "Empress" instead of "Czar" and "Czarina." At all events, I never heard any member of the royal family use the Russian title, and before long the Czar and the Czarina were the Emperor and the Empress to me also.

I wish it were in my power to tell exactly what I felt and thought at this

[1] See THE CENTURY for May, 1906, pp. 122, 124

first sudden and totally unexpected sight of the Emperor. There was something in his appearance that caused a quiet tightening in my throat and a queer thumping at my heart. As I have said, he looked young, gentle, and slight. He stood quietly and naturally, looking straight at me with steady, clear, kind eyes. There was a sort of winning buoyancy, too, in the quiet dignity of his bearing. Above all, he looked kind, there was kindness in his eyes, in his face, in his voice; kindness in every easy, gentle movement of his slight, youthful figure.



From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CZAR, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PREOBRAJENSKY REGIMENT
This regiment was recently "disgraced" by the Czar

In dwelling upon the Emperor's youthful appearance and gentle bearing, there is no thought of implying any lack of strength. There could hardly be a question of physical bravery in any royal case, since personal fearlessness is a part of royal training, if not inherent in royal blood. But no one could see this young Emperor of Russia, as I saw him then, without seeing spiritual force in his direct gaze and hearing moral courage in his sincere voice. To my excited imagination he appeared fully aware of the weight of his destiny, and to be bearing the awful burden with cheerful serenity, always looking at his great danger and without one waver of fear.

This first impression was, of course, largely due to my own fancy, but there was no difference in my estimate of the Emperor's personality after he also began sitting for a miniature, and I had a good opportunity to form a deliberate opinion. Sitting face to face with him for two or three hours at a time, I can scarcely have failed to form something like a true estimate of what he really is; for he bore himself without the slightest constraint, and talked quite freely of

every topic that came up, precisely as any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. I remember that one of the first things spoken of was our war with Spain, which was just then the theme of the world. It surprised me to see how thoroughly he understood the rance of public opinion and even current events. He talked of every subject so freely and naturally as to set me quite at ease. One day I happened to mention a bit of innocent but amusing gossip that I had picked up somewhere. He was as much amused as any quick-

From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CZARINA

American feeling, how clearly he saw our point of view, and how familiar he was with the names and careers of every American of note. He very frankly expressed his admiration for our national independence of character and opinion. One memorable thing that he said was: "You Americans never bother about what other nations think." He spoke also of leading American papers, showing familiarity with them; and I learned incidentally that every item in them affecting Russia or the royal family finds its way to his private desk. Knowing this, I have often smiled at the prevailing idea that the Czar is kept in enforced ignowitted young person would have been, and, calling to the Empress, who was in an adjoining room, he requested me to repeat the story for her amusement, which I did.

There was only one occasion on which I had cause to remember that this perfectly unaffected and extremely intelligent sitter was the Great White Czar of all the Russias. By an unlucky slip of the tongue, I mentioned Siberia with precisely the same tone of horror that we Americans usually speak of that land of terror, adding hastily, as I realized what I was saying, that it must be a most dreary country, because it was

To Miss Kinsner

Ellen

Grand Duchess of Russia

From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE GRAND DUCHESS HÉLÈNE (PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE)

In Remembrance.
Maria
Grand Duchess of Russia

From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIA

so cold and barren. The Emperor spoke more quickly than he usually did, and said, on the contrary, that Siberia was a beautiful, fertile country, green and blossoming in summer, with fathomless mines of gold and turquoise under the rich soil. I did not pursue the subject, but afterward heard in society that the Czar had always strongly disapproved the sending of prisoners to Siberia. It was said that he considered it a great injury to so fair a country to associate it solely with suffering and crime. I did not doubt the truth of this, remembering what he had said to me.

One day he was talking of Russian horses, and I ventured to say that I had heard how fine his were and that I had been hoping to see them ever since coming to St. Petersburg. He said that I would have an opportunity on that very day, if I should be looking out of the hotel window at three o'clock, as he and the Empress were going to drive along the Nevski Prospekt at that hour. Of course I was watching at the window long before three, expecting to hear and see some imposing escort thundering before the Emperor's approach—some great cordon of guards drawn up on both sides of the thoroughfare, making a brilliant military spectacle. But there was nothing of the kind. Not a sound or sign told of the Czar's approach till I glanced up at the clock on a church across the street and saw its hands just on the hour of three. Then looking downward, I saw the policeman of the block directing the usual traffic to the sides of the street, and there came the Czar, with the Czarina by his side, and only the coachman on the box of the open carriage. And the only difference between his and the other Petersburg coachmen was that his looked rather fatter—fat as they all look. For this absurd padding of the Russian coachman, which is apparently the survival of a singular custom intended to convey the idea that rich people feed their servants well, is one of the characteristic features of St. Petersburg streets. The Czar's coachman also sat far forward, with arms outstretched and with taut reins, as all Russians drive.

The royal carriage had come and gone so quietly and quickly that I could scarcely realize what I had seen. I had never heard that the Czar was in the habit of driving out entirely unattended; but now I heard that he had always done so whenever he liked, which was frequently, and a Russian lady whom I had reason to believe spoke the truth told me a little story of one of the Czar's drives when he chanced to be entirely alone. This well-authenticated story stated that the Czar thus caught sight of a party of students who were being marched through the street on their way to Siberia, and, so the story went, at once ordered the release of the students. Afterward, the lady told me in a whisper, the police marched their prisoners on streets through which the Czar did not drive.

Giving this story for what it may be worth, I can speak with certainty of the common people's confidence in the personal kindness of the Czar. The heavy, dull faces of the Russian peasants—surely the heaviest, dullest faces on the whole earth—will light up at the name of the Little Father. At all events, I saw them shine at the sound of it, and I think it unlikely that there can have been any great changes among the masses since then. A singular instance of this came under my own observation. The waiter who served me at the hotel table was rather above his class. He was an art student, and knowing, as everybody knew, that I was painting the Czar, made an appeal for help. He said that he could not study to advantage in Russia and that he could never hope to make a living there by his art, yet he could not go away, as he had not served his time in the army. Twice he had offered himself for service, and had been found too delicate for the standard of army regulations. Explaining all this, he begged me to state his cause to the Czar, feeling sure that the Little Father would grant his request to be allowed to leave Russia. I also felt quite certain of the generous response, and was truly distressed when, on consulting a diplomat, I was strongly advised against naming any political matter during my visits to the Winter Palace.

When I went again to the palace, after the memorable sight of the Czar driving alone like any private gentleman, I men-

tioned how strange it had seemed to me, an artist, to whom time means nothing, that he should have passed at the very instant that he said he would pass, at which smiling, he replied: "Punctuality is our first lesson." Patience also must be a royal lesson. Not once did he show any restlessness during the long sittings, and the only time that the sitting was shortened was when the Empress asked me to excuse him, as he had been up all night and must be very tired. After he had gone from the room, she went on to explain that he had spent the whole night in cock-shooting, a fine Russian sport. The blackcock, is, she said, a most difficult bird to approach. He hears the slightest sound, and it is almost impossible to shoot him except when he is singing to his mate, which he does so blindly and passionately that he neither sees nor hears. "But," the Empress continued, with her shy smile and sweet blush, "could anything be more cruel than to kill him at such a time!"

In my respect I found both of the royal sitters more unselfish, more thoughtful, and more considerate than almost any one else that I have painted. To the portrait-painter there can hardly be anything more distracting than to have the pose of the sitter disturbed by visitors or notes or messages. Nothing of this kind was ever permitted to interfere with my work at the Winter Palace. No third person was present during the sittings. It was only when the pose was finished that the Empress sometimes asked me to touch the bell which summoned a lady-in-waiting. This little bell was a curiously beautiful bit of ivory carving, representing elephants in trappings of gold and jewels standing on a piece of jade. One bore a huge diamond on his back, another a great sapphire, and the other a huge star ruby, which I touched when the Empress was ready for the lady-in-waiting. Usually the sittings ended just at luncheon-time, and as I left the Winter Palace I often saw a long procession of cooks in white caps and aprons bearing covered dishes and running at full speed, so that the food for the royal household might not get cold between the distant kitchens and the private apartments.

My stay in St. Petersburg extended over Easter, so that I saw the greatest fête of the Russian year. The Empress gave me a sitting on the day before Easter, and naturally spoke of the curious custom requiring her to kiss every member of her household, the servants as well as the ladies.

Smiling and blushing, she described the repeated scrubbings that the servants give their honest faces by way of preparation for this great event, and how red and shining their cheeks were—all smelling of soap—when presented on Easter day. Then as each woman, high and lowly alike, is kissed, she places an egg in the hand of the Empress, and there is much rivalry in trying who can dye the egg most brilliantly. The Emperor, so the Empress went on to tell me, kisses all the men from the highest noble to the humblest soldier. "And," she continued, "sometimes it seems to me that the Emperor has rather the advantage, the new leather that the soldier wears smells so nice."

Her kindness encouraged me to ask if I might send her two little daughters some small Easter gift; for the Grand Duchess Olga and the Grand Duchess Titania had quite charmed me with their bright ways. The Empress readily consented that I might make the children an Easter gift, and I sent them a wire cage in the form of a large egg. The wires were twined with flowers, and inside the floral cage was a live white sparrow. When next I saw the Empress, she told me that the little girls were so excited by delight, on first catching sight of the bird, that they allowed it to escape from the cage, and would not rest until the Emperor himself caught it again and put it back. One day when I was painting the Emperor, the children came in and danced about him, coaxing for a piano. He laughingly reminded them that they had two already, and they accepted the refusal in perfect good humor. Dancing up to the Empress, who now entered the room, they held up their little lips to be kissed; then over to me and ran away. Recalling these unconscious and charming scenes of a simple and happy home life, it is no wonder that I fail to recognize the Emperor whom I know in the Czar that I have since read about. Moreover, I saw with my own eyes how the common peo-

From a photograph in possession of Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CZARINA

ple love the Emperor, and most of all those who come closest to his daily life.

In order to spare him unnecessary fatigue in painting detail, I asked that he send to my hotel the uniform of the Preobrajensky Guard which he usually wore, and the one in which I painted him. It was brought to me by his old valet, who had been his father's valet also, and when I was done with the uniform, this same old valet came to take it back to the Winter Palace. Then a most curious scene took place. Before leaving my apartment the devoted servant spread the uniform on a table and went over it again and again, inch by inch, patting the cloth with his hand. He gave no explanation of what he was doing, but I understood that this was his way of making sure that nothing harmful was concealed in the garment. It hurt me to think that such precautions should be necessary on behalf of so gentle and kind a man as the Emperor seemed to me. But just at this point it was discovered that the napkin in which the uniform had been wrapped could not be found. It was a very large and fine one, and in the corner the imperial arms were richly embroidered, as large as one's hand. In utter dismay I had my apartment turned upside down, the maids and waiters were called, but the napkin could not be found. Finally I sent for the proprietor, and, after explaining, told him that I must report the matter to the Winter Palace. He went out backward, bowing and protesting in evident alarm, and a few moments afterward the napkin was handed in at the door without a word. I do not believe that the proprietor had anything to do with its disappearance; but he most likely took active measures to learn who had taken it, and probably frightened some servant into returning it. Meantime, that gray, grave old valet stood beside the table, with his faithful hands on his beloved master's uniform.

AFTER READING THOREAU

BY EMMA BELL MILES

LAST night into my house and heart, dense-walled,
A winged wind there blew;
Into dull ears and duller soul it called
A message strange and new.

Pouring upon me a primeval youth,
A fresh and tonic stream,
It brought the certainty of innate truth
From worlds of which we dream.

Out of a silence deep and undefiled
That wind forever springs,
The magic and the perfume of the wild
Bearing on mighty wings.

And I, a prisoner of dogging thought,
Put sloth away from me,
And set the claims of self and sense at nought
By that which made me free.

So, now, content I stand within my door
To watch the year go round,
As simple health and life bring more and more
Dear joys of light and sound.

ROMEO

PORTRAITS OF EDWARD H. SOTHERN IN CHARACTER BY ORLANDO ROULAND

HAMLET

SHYLOCK

PETRUCHIO

MALVOLIO

ROMEO

MALVOLIO

F C G

From a painting by Orlando Rouland. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson
Copyright, 1906, by E. H. Sothern

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS "HAMLET"

From a painting by Orlando Rouland. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson
Copyright, 1905, by E. H. Sothern

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS "SHYLOCK"

THE DOLL LADY

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "Love Laughs at Lions"

PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

MISS CATON settled back in her chair and drew a long sigh of weariness as the curtain went down on the first act. After all, it did n't pay to be so good-natured. She was not the dramatic critic of the "Evening Probe," and she had shown no common sense in her unresisting acquiescence to the city editor's doubtful suggestion that, in view of Vincent's message, she take his work for the afternoon, and cover this absurd matinée exploiting of an actress's favorite protégée. Dirke Vincent was too prone to indisposition when unimportant dramatic assignments were afoot. She called herself a coward of the first degree, too, as she uncompromisingly owned to herself her reasons for unresisting acquiescence. The "Evening Probe" was in the throes of acquiring a new technic, so to speak, a new maestro having just taken whirlwind charge, and Miss Caton had her eye open for some special dispensation in the way of out-of-door work. For the last year she had been in rebellious charge of the "Woman's Page," and she felt herself drying up with inanition and inaction. Hence her docile consent, for Rawson, city editor under the new management, was even more of a power than under the old.

Yet this exhibition was a fearful thing. Miss Caton now and then indulged the notion that she was past pure enjoyment of anything any more, but she could still on occasion muster up primitive rage, and this mincing child, this too ambitious *Nora*, had got on her nerves tremendously, from her first appearance with bundles and bags and too buoyant breeziness. It added considerably to Miss Caton's rage, too, to know that, owing to various causes which need not be entered into, this young stage débutante was to receive great praise; that if blame were bestowed, Ibsen and his "Doll's House" must bear it. This afternoon she did not feel like faking her story. She was in a mood to write brutal truth, and her knowledge that on this story her paper would not stand for it enraged her.

She looked resentfully about her. The audience was representative of the usual matinée crowd,—Miss Caton hated matinée crowds and matinée performances,—plus a large social element indicative of the strong influence back of the immature amateur who dared to lay sacreligious hands upon serious drama. She took in the boxes with a disgusted sweep of her fine eyes, and memorized a few of the names. If worst came to worst, she could write up the afternoon from a social rather than from a dramatic standpoint. That would doubtless please Miss Isobel Coulter, débutante actress, best of all.

She frowned savagely at the buzz of matinée talk going on about her. "There ought to be a competitive examination," she muttered to herself, "for admission to Ibsen or Shaw or Maeterlink, except for this, that it would relegate those three and their works to an endowed theater or nothing. And they called the mad king of Bavaria maddest when he sat alone in a theater!"

"But she did eat a macaroon, did n't she?"

Miss Caton turned quickly toward the voice. It belonged to her neighbor,

Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'BUT SHE DID EAT A MACAROON, DID N'T SHE?'"

a little woman, perhaps twenty-five years old, with lovely, childlike eyes and an undeveloped mouth. She was beautifully gowned, and her furs were superb. She wore a rather wonderful necklace that caught Miss Caton's trained eye. It evidently had been made outside of a conventional goldsmith's shop, and was curiously built of copper and tawny-orange stones. Miss Caton hunted earnestly for the name of the stones, and meantime contented herself with a monosyllabic "Yes."

"But she told her husband she did n't," persisted the childish voice.

Miss Caton nodded again. "Yes," she said.

"Then it was a lie she told. Why?"

Miss Caton quoted a bit of Oriental philosophy. "It is better to lie a little than to suffer much," she remarked genially, without crediting her statement to its source.

"But why did she lie to her own husband?"

Miss Caton turned square about and looked her neighbor over. Of the picture she had looked on before there still remained the lovely gown, the rich furs, the odd chain of tawny stones and copper, and the childish face; but the brow above the puzzled brown eyes was drawn and knotted into unaccustomed lines. Miss Caton scented novelty ahead.

"Do you know Ibsen?" she inquired gently.

The tiny lady shook her head. "Not much," she confessed. "We just took him up in the club last fall. We studied 'Ghosts,'—I saw that played,—it 's perfectly dreadful, is n't it? We had n't begun 'A Doll's House' when I left,—my husband's business brought him to Chicago rather suddenly,—but it was a chance to hear it played this afternoon, and I came. No; I don't know much about Ibsen. But why did she tell that sort of funny lie?"

" 'It is better to lie a little than to suffer much,' " Miss Caton quoted again, with an odd smile playing about her lips. "Have n't you seen enough of *Helmer* to know the only way a woman could live in peace with him would be by lying? What woman would n't lie about eating forbidden macaroons, unless she were the sort, indeed, who could calmly buy them by the pound and stuff on them. But the *Helmers* take care never to pick that sort of wife."

"But, all the same, he told her not to eat them," her questioner murmured doubtfully.

Miss Caton glanced at her again. If she were not careful, she would find herself feeding this child of the bottle too strong meat.

"But what of it?" she demanded gently. "What right has any man to command any woman as if she were a child? *Nora* was commanded too much, and *Nora*—very properly—lied."

"Yes," assented the childish voice, grievedly; "she lied!"

Miss Caton's eyes lighted up at the finality of the tone. She decided on a little strong meat.

"But everybody lies," she asserted. "I lie, you lie, everybody lies."

The brown eyes before her widened and darkened in amazement and dismay.

"Why," the voice came at last in reply—"yes. Yes, I lie. I lie."

"Everybody lies," said Miss Caton again, more in comfort than in assertion.

A sudden flash of resentment leaped into the brown eyes. "Not my husband," the tiny lady asserted loyally—"not George. George never lies. George could n't lie, not even in trifles. Why, I say to him, 'George, are your feet cold?' and he says, 'No, they 're not cold; they 're just chilly.' "

Winifred Caton almost gasped aloud as she turned again and stared at her flushed and lovely neighbor. She seemed to see George before her, so marvelously had George's tiny wife drawn him. She knew George, it seemed to her, as she had known few men.

"And I lie," the tiny creature went on, in a rush of wild confusion. "I never saw it before, but I lie. In just such little trifles—I told a lie to my little boy this morning. It was something he could never find out was n't true, and it saved him from a frightful crying spell, and came true right away, as I knew it would. Do you think that was wrong? But was it right? I just said it. I never thought about it at all. I just said it because it seemed best. Is the best thing always the right thing?

Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN SHE GASPED IN HYSTERIC DISMAY"

I 'd never tell a lie just to tell one or because I was afraid to tell the truth. Do you think *Nora* lies because she likes to or because she 's afraid?"

"Wait," urged Miss Caton, gently. "I just saw the curtain-signal—there it goes up now. See whether you think she was afraid."

Miss Caton was intensely interested in the second act. She had long combated Dirke Vincent's pet theory that Ibsen is an actor-proof playwright. She had longed to make that theory the text of her "write-up" of this fearful performance, and, through Miss Isobel Coulter, knock it into a cocked hat; yet was she not watching that stilted young person strike Ibsen straight home to one awakening soul? Vincent's theory, before her unbelieving eyes, was being proved. As the curtain fell, she heard again an eager question:

"Do you think a woman is ever right in telling any sort of lie to her husband?"

Miss Caton answered, perforce, according to her light, which was of the world.

The brow of her interlocutor wrinkled perceptibly. "I don't know about it," she confessed doubtfully. "It seems to me that when a woman has such a good husband as I have, even as *Helmer* was—he was good to her, you know he was."

"Certainly he did not beat *Nora,*" assented Winifred Caton, reflectively.

"No, indeed he did n't," said the tiny woman, swiftly. "He told her the truth, too, just as George tells me. Perhaps—I don't know—I don't know. I never thought so hard in all my life. I wish she would n't lie so much to him."

"Wait a bit, my dear," urged Miss Caton. "You 'll scon hear *Nora* telling some truths—"

"And I must do the same thing," murmured this small doll with a stirring soul. "I must tell George I lie—why, how much I lie you have no idea. It 's just like her, just like her. And I *must* tell him all about it."

Miss Caton leaned over quickly and put her hand over her neighbor's quivering one. She looked into the bright eyes—brighter with a sudden rush of brave tears.

"Don't," she said with tender merriment—"don't you do that. Don't tell George."

"Why not?"

Miss Caton sighed. "Because," she explained patiently, "one should never choose for a judge one who can't sin her sin. If George can't lie, don't tell George. Don't."

The brown-clad woman bent forward suddenly. "Are you married?" she asked swiftly.

"No," smiled Winifred Caton; "I 'm not married. But don't tell George."

The tiny lady sank back distressed. "I thought you were," she murmured. "I was sure you were. You talked all along like you knew so many things—about men, you know. I don't know what I 've said to you that I ought n't to have said—"

Miss Caton laughed a little. "Don't be troubled," she said cheerfully. "Ah, now you are going to hear *Nora* tell the whole truth—with the sad consequences thereof."

She smiled merrily to herself as the curtain rose on the last act—a smile the merriness of which became tinged with grimness in exact ratio to the deepening of the vital ethical problem which suddenly presented itself. Had she or had she not a right to purloin an involuntary interview? She frowned a bit as the negative side of the question presented itself, for a wonderfully inspiring path out of her maze of trouble over the afternoon's assignment was opening up. What critic could want greater "stuff" than this innocent spectator had unwittingly given? The opening sentence of her story flashed into her mind—the first words her new acquaintance had uttered. What a stunning thing it would be: "But she did eat a macaroon, did n't she?" A Doll Lady at "A Doll's House!" With that much of her story accounted for, Miss Caton's tiny ethical qualms vanished. In any case, the "Evening Probe" would never be perused by the wife of such a man as the truthful George, she told herself. It would be consigned to the side alley just before George entered the house. At all events, she had material for a story such as she had not felt inspired to write for a long time.

So absorbed in its possibilities did she become that she had neither eyes nor ears

for any part of the last act, whose *Nora* grew more and more stilted as the tragedy deepened. All her thought was concentrated on the leaping soul growth beside her, and she watched with fascination the little lady's wide eyes, and her cheeks, which flushed and paled at inconsequent cause. When the lights flared up again, and the audience began its irritatingly fussy exit, Winifred Caton and her neighbor of the afternoon sat unconsciously, and talked, pelting question and swift answer, lingering until the lights were again turned off, leaving them to stumble in darkness toward the door. It was just before they reached the glare of the outer day, the sunny aspect of which shocked them both, that the tiny, conscience-stricken wife turned with brave finality upon Winfred Caton.

"I want to say good-by to you here," she said. "I don't know you—I never talked to anybody before—and never to a stranger—but you *have* understood me—wonderfully. Still, I 've never seen you before to-day, and I hope I 'll *never* see you again."

The first edition of the "Evening Probe" was already lying on Miss Caton's desk when she reached her office the next morning, and she picked it up with a faint interest in the fate, editorial and typographical, of the only story she had written in months which was vitalized by any sort of personal sympathy. Before she began to write it, the afternoon before, she had gone over to Rawson, city editor, with a question put unusually. She did not ask, "How much do you want on this story?" but "How much space can I have?"

"More than I can spare," that gentleman had growled. "It 's not worth a stick. Half a column, mebbe, if you can get it spicy enough."

So she had begun to write, pulling herself up short twice, and then giving herself free rein, until, when she had finished, it was a column story. She had taken it over to Rawson herself.

"It 's a good deal longer than you ordered," she had told him calmly, "but it 's good stuff. I wish you would read it yourself before you let the copy desk maul it up."

"All right," Rawson had answered. "Put it there, and I 'll send it out."

Therefore, this next morning, she opened the paper almost nervously at the dramatic page. There it was, her complete story, in the dramatic column, a double column at that, signed with her name, and with a characteristic "Probe" head-line: "George's Cold Feet—Side-Lights of Ibsen!" Only so much did she perceive just now, for almost immediately the men in the office began to wander over with appreciative remarks. Even Rawson stopped in his morning hurry to say: "Glad you let me see that first; it all went in." The sporting editor offered to let her write up the next vital event in the sporting world, purely in the best interests of the paper, and not because he had any doubts but she would throw him down as she had "swatted" Vincent at his own game. He offered to bet any sum that Vincent alone would see no merit in the story.

When she was left to herself at last, Miss Caton read the story over twice, once critically, once appreciatively. Her own sane judgment told her it was a good story, an interesting one, and full of meat. Then she turned disgustedly to her pile of mail and the hated task of making up the "Woman's Page" for the next day.

She was not yet through with her letters when an interruption came. An office-boy brought a message from Mr. Marvin, new owner of "The Probe." Mr. Marvin would like to speak to Miss Caton at her earliest convenience.

She got up with a little thrill of anticipation. This summons, her first one from the great man, taken in connection with the fact that her name was blazoned on the dramatic page of every copy of the first edition, meant something. Her mind fled first, of course, to flaws. But the story was good,—that she would stand by,—it was good. She went out into the hall, past the brute McKinlock's office, with the words "Managing Editor" displayed on its door, and on down into the anteroom of Mr. Marvin's offices. There she found her way almost embarrassingly smooth, for without announcement the private secretary waved her into the presence.

As she entered, she cast a practised eye about for indications. True enough, on Mr. Marvin's desk lay a copy of the

first edition of "The Probe," open at the dramatic page.

"I should have said more about the *Nora*," she mused regretfully. "He probably knows her and intended a bigger write-up for her. But it 's good."

"Please be seated, Miss Caton," suavely remarked Mr. Martin as she said "Good morning." "I have just read this rather remarkable criticism of yours on yesterday's Ibsen performance. I shall not say it has not been full of interest, but you have certainly made Miss Coulter merely a feeder to—the Doll Lady, I believe you call her."

So her prognostications of evil had proved true. But Winifred Caton had long since learned the lesson of standing by what appeared over her name.

"Had you been in my place yesterday, Mr. Marvin," she said, "you would have understood why the Doll Lady dominated 'A Doll's House'—made the latter, in fact, at all endurable. Miss Coulter is ambitious and has talent, but she has been ill-advised. Frankly, the afternoon was Ibsen and the audience. The players were virtually eliminated from the affair."

"Doubtless," smiled Mr. Marvin, "had I occupied your place yesterday I should have been taken up with the Doll Lady to the exclusion of 'A Doll's House'—not being fond of Ibsen, Miss Caton, or his sort. And the moral you point here is a great one, poignantly sharpened, that certain types of femininity can hardly digest Ibsen and the like, however adorable and charming those types may otherwise be. It is a cleverly written story, Miss Caton, and one that I appreciate to the last word—notwithstanding the head-line man has made the deceived George take precedence of the playwright himself. Will you take this card of mine, Miss Caton, and kindly glance at it?"

Miss Caton obediently took the card and looked casually at it; then she gasped in hysteric dismay. She looked at her chief, then she stared at those glaring head-lines, then she stared at the card. It read:

Mr. George Marvin

"The Doll Lady faithfully tried to follow your excellent advice, and succeeded up to one o'clock this morning," remarked Mr. George Marvin, in the silence which fell. "Then she could endure the strain no longer, and confessed her scarlet sins." His eyes grew suddenly soft and tender. "I need not tell you in detail, Miss Caton, what those sins are. One of the greatest of them was the fact of confession to a stranger on an impulse. But considering it was an Ibsen matinée, her husband forgave her. He further requested her,—he forebore from command,—but he requested that she give up certain ethical researches—in short, that she cut out Ibsen and any like him. To which request she most dutifully yielded."

Winifred Caton sat in hideous silence, her eyes on those dreadful head-lines.

"I can only say—" she began.

"Therefore," broke in her chief, "in consideration of the Doll Lady's dreadful sufferings over those scarlet sins of hers, those sufferings must not be increased. I must add this, that she is vitally interested in her husband's work, and faithfully reads her husband's paper every evening, and that he really does tell her the truth too consistently to make it possible for him to keep this night's special publication from her. Therefore—" the chief's blue pencil lingered regretfully above the story, and then slashed through it, "this story is killed."

He glanced up at her. "This is the only reason," he said cheerfully, "that your criticism will not appear in any later edition. It was due the cleverness of the story that the cause for its killing be explained to its writer."

"We live and learn," said the clever Miss Caton, tritely. "I imagined I had George's measure to a fraction."

Her chief laughed a little. Then his eyes softened again.

"There are certain women," he said, "who by very force of their perfect faith in goodness and charity and purity and love compel a partial living-up to their own white standards. This is all, Miss Caton, unless you can give me the name of some woman of ability and judgment fitted to take your work. We shall need you on the live part of the paper."

"I know just the woman," she said, quickly. "May I send her to you? She needs the work. And for myself—"

"Then this is all, Miss Caton," and he rose with gallantry and bowed her back to the local room.

THE JAPANESE PILGRIMAGE TO THE BUDDHIST HOLY LAND

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE HONGWANJI EXPEDITION OF 1902–03

BY COUNT KOSUI OTANI

Lord Abbot of the Western Monastery of the Original Vow (Nishi Hongwanji), Kioto

THIS account of a remarkable expedition by Count Otani and his companions to various portions of central Asia identified with the history of Buddhism will be read with special interest at this time, when the attention of the world is concentrated upon the East, its governments, its religions, and the life and thought of its people. The followers of Christianity will particularly be impressed by the sincerity and reverence of this record of a pilgrimage in honor of the founder of an Asiatic religion which has much in common with the Christian faith. Nothing in the narrative is more suggestive than the story of the inscription concerning religious sects which was promulgated in Asia centuries before the founding of the Christian religion.

The writer of the article, Count Otani, is the highest Buddhist official in Japan and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. It has been edited and arranged by Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, Foreign Secretary of the National Geographical Society. The pictures are from photographs made during the expedition.—THE EDITOR.

AFTER spending two and a half years in study in England, it was my ambition to return to Japan by way of central Asia and India, to visit the ruined cities and remains of Buddhist civilization buried in the desert sands, and to make a pilgrimage through our Buddhist Holy Land in India. I wished to follow the route of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese priest who went to India in the seventh century of the Christian era, spent several years in the Buddhist monasteries of Magadha (modern Berar, Central India) and Kashmir, and brought back many canonical books and previously unknown texts, the expounding of which caused a great revival of Buddhism in China and reinvigorated it in Japan.

My revered father, the late Right Honorable Count Koson Otani, Lord Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji temple in Kioto and head of the Hongwanji branch of the Shinshu sect, sympathized with my ambition, and financed the expedition from his private fortune. Three of my party went direct from England to India by sea, and six came out from Japan. Four others went with me from London to St. Petersburg, and thence by rail to the Caspian Sea by the new railway to Andijan in Turkestan, and by caravan over the Karakoram Himalayas to India, the party assembling at Srinagar in the valley of Kashmir.

In the absence from London of the Russian ambassador, my friend Mr. Pokouriowsky, secretary of embassy at that capital and formerly secretary of the Russian legation in Tokio, advised and assisted us in every way, and commended us to the authorities in Russia. In St. Petersburg our minister, Mr. Kurino, secured from Count Lamsdorff special passports and permits, which allowed us to carry scientific instruments and our great moun-

tain of luggage free and unopened through the many Russian custom-houses.

With my four companions I left Moscow on the morning of August 26, 1902, and reached Baku at midnight of August 28.

On the evening of the 31st we embarked on the placid Caspian Sea, and at noon the next day reached Krasnovodsk, the most forbidding and barren spot that one can imagine. It is surrounded by the desert, and there is no verdure to be seen, since all the wells are as salt as the Caspian itself; the water-supply has to be brought from a distance in tank cars and carts.

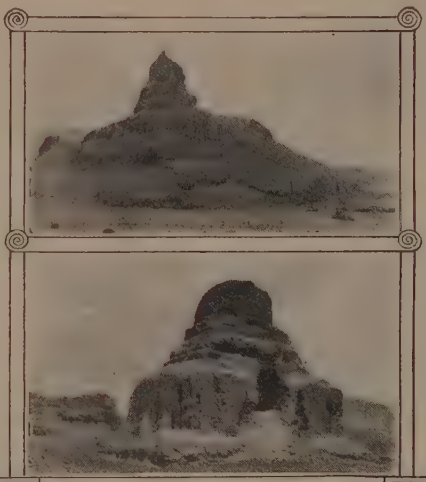
At Tscherejewo we left our train, which was bound for Tashkend, and took another train for Andijan, which we reached in four days after leaving the Caspian shores. For nearly all the way we traversed a scorching desert, the temperature by day being 100°; but as we progressed eastward and reached the fertile oases and garden-spots of Turkestan, the air greatly improved.

On the following day we left Andijan in carts for Osh, making a trying journey of forty-six and one fourth versts in clouds of suffocating dust and in great glare and intolerable heat, although, by Lord Curzon's map, Osh is 3040 feet above sea-level.

THE TOWN OF BALTIT, NORTHWESTERN KASHMIR

We crossed over the Tian Shian range to the plain of Kashgar by way of the Terek Pass, 12,700 feet above the sea. On these "Onion Mountains" of Hiuen Tsang we found deep snow, and camped for the night 2000 feet below the top of

the pass. We made a fire in the tent and put on our heaviest coats and wraps, but slept painfully because of the rarefied air. In the morning we had to cut the ice to get water for the camp. On the summit the snow was four feet deep, and we could only blindly follow the tracks of the Kirghiz who had preceded us. We were numb with cold, suffering headache from the great elevation, and were thoroughly exhausted when we reached the Kirghiz tent 2000 feet below the summit and were glad to enter it and share their tea and cheese. Wild onions grew plentifully on these mountains as warrant of their name, but we did not find them palatable.



STUPAS AT HASA-TAM, KUCHA

STUPA AT GURNIET, BETWEEN HUNZA AND GILGIT, KASHMIR

On September 27, leaving by the eastern gate, we proceeded southeasterly and across the Kijir River to visit some ruined *stupas*, or relic-mounds, the first Buddhist remains we encountered, our first contact with evidences of the existence of our great religion in Asia.

We had then to cross the Pamirs, the Roof of the World, and the Mintakah Pass, which we chose, being 15,500 feet in elevation, afforded us many hardships; but as the Chinese priests kept up communication between China and the mother land of Buddhism by this same route, I thought that we could endure what they had suffered. We descended from this crest of the Asiatic continent to the head of the Hunza valley in Kashmir, and through the same wildly magnificent scenery down to Baltit, where Mir, a native chief, rules under British protection. Mir was so very glad to see us that he remained constantly by our camp and gave us little time for rest. Near Gilgit we touched upon Buddhist ground again, as evidenced by the colossal image of the Buddha, more than twenty

feet in height, carved in the perpendicular face of a cliff.

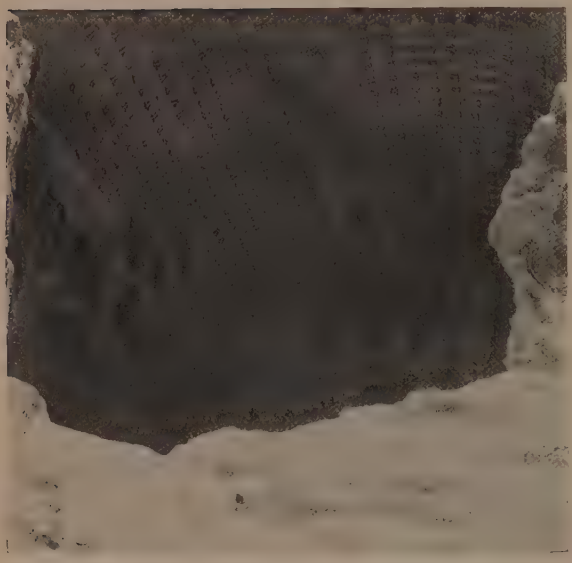
Thence by the English military road we easily reached Srinagar, in the valley of Kashmir, that retreat of greatest beauty, where the Buddhist Emperor Asoka built five hundred monasteries and made the whole valley over entirely to the priests. We searched the modern city vainly for any trace of the Jayendra Vihara, or monastery, where Hiuen Tsang remained two years studying and translating the Mahayana texts. Neither did we find traces of the four great stupas which Asoka built at Srinagar; nor, on climbing the Takht-i-Suleiman (1000 feet), could we find any signs of the Buddhist temple built by Asoka's son. We could only enjoy the commanding view of the oval paradise, once the abode of thousands of Buddhist priests, and sacred as the place where the Mahayana doctrines took fixed form nineteen hundred years ago, afterward desecrated by becoming the summer pleasure-ground of the Mogul emperors. For three weeks we made our home on two *doongas*, or house-boats, visiting the shores of the Jhelum River and the Dahl Lake, the latter one of the most beautiful places in all the world. Two beautiful old Mogul palaces and pleasure-gardens remain on its shores. In Kashmir houses we found *shoji*, or sliding screens, used for doors, as in Japan.

INTERIOR OF A CAVE TEMPLE, KUNTARA

We visited, too, the ruined stupa at Manikyala, near Rawal Pindi, the finest example of a Gandhara stupa that remains, and, to join again the itinerary of Hiuen Tsang, whose "Account of Western Countries" was as close a companion as the Murray guide-book, we went westward to Peshawar, near the Afghan frontier.

This modern military post and great trading city occupies the very site of the ancient city of Gandhara, which was the great center of Mahayana, or northern Buddhism, the state religion in the reign of the Emperor Kanishika (1 A. D.). Alexander the Great also made his headquarters at Gandhara when he had come from the Afghan passes to the great Indian plain, and Hiuen Tsang devotes many pages to the splendid temples, monasteries, and stupas of the great city. Hardly a vestige of these vast structures can be found in Peshawar. All the region has yielded up a treasure of carved stones, however, and the collections of these Greco-Buddhist sculptures in the Lahore, Lucknow, and Calcutta museums, and in the British Museum in London, are at once the admiration and wonder of all people, and declare the high state of culture then existing. Peshawar's bazaars, crowded with all the fierce and picturesque tribes of Afghanistan and the peoples of central Asia, are the most interesting in India, and the files of camels coming to and from the Khyber Pass attract one to that wild defile of many historic incidents.

At the village of Shabatzgari, forty miles northeast of Peshawar, we saw the great rock inscription of the Emperor Asoka—the edict of religious toleration which that monarch put forth in 256 B. C. and caused to be permanently displayed in such manner in even the remotest parts of his



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE OF ONE THOUSAND BUDDHAS, KUCHA

empire. We made paper impressions, or "rubbings," of this imperial proclamation written in the Karoshty character, and which declares:

A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man for trivial reasons. Depreciation should be for adequate reasons only, because the sects of other people deserve reverence for one reason or another.

By thus acting, a man exalts his own sect, and at the same time does service to the sects of other people. By acting contrariwise, a man hurts his own sect, and does disservice to the sects of other people. For he who does reverence to his own sect, while disparaging all other sects, from a feeling of attachment to his own, on the supposition that he thus glorifies his own sect, in reality by such conduct inflicts severe injury on his own sect.

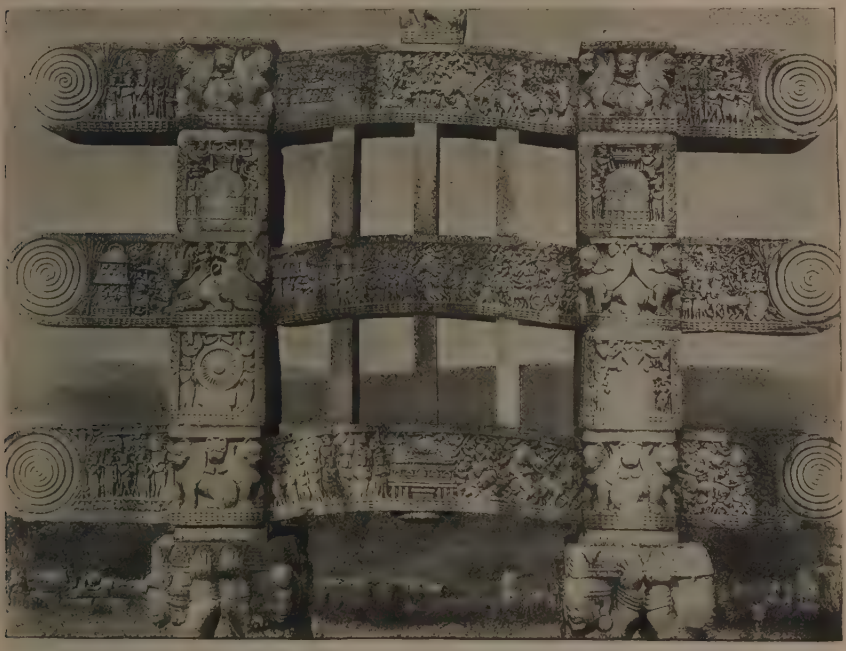
In the progress of the world no ruler has voluntarily granted, even to-day, more of personal liberty and freedom of conscience to his people than did this remarkable ruler of twenty-two centuries ago, who was at once emperor and monk, and who made this indelible record to all the world how liberal, broad, and tolerant were the doctrines of our great religion.

At Takht-i-Bahi and Jamal Garhi, the other two corners, as it were, of an equilateral triangle formed with Shabatzgari, the sites of the ancient *vihara* and *chaitiya* which we sought were most clearly traceable, and the plan of the great building was easily understood. Almost all the good specimens of sculpture, the statues and bas-reliefs which once surrounded the vast stupa, have been carried away to museums; but by persistent search we uncovered a few examples to bring back with us. In one heap of debris we found a fine head from a statue of Buddha, and a bit of bas-relief showing scenes from his life, with figures, draperies, and features all very Greek. We also found pieces of the cap-

TAKING A RUBBING OF THE EDICT OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION OF THE EMPEROR ASOKA, PESHAWAR DISTRICT, NORTHERN INDIA

ital of a Corinthian column, and a bas-relief with a Corinthian column in miniature carved thereon.

We went next to Nowshera, and then to Malakand and Chakdara, where many Buddhist ruins are said to exist. The assistant political agent, Captain Knollys, met us at Dargai, and we were made guests of the officers' mess at the garrison. These officers kindly offered to mount us on the thoroughbred Arabian saddle-horses which they owned, but as they were dangerously



TORAN (GATEWAY) OF THE STUPA AT SANCHI

spirited animals, we, as archæologists and religious pilgrims, preferred the safety of humble tongas. On the way to Malakand we traced clearly the old Buddhist highway,—the stone road trodden by thousands of pilgrims,—and came to the Buddhist fort which, as in many other places, was needed to defend the shrine. Major Godfrey, political agent at Malakand, gave us most cordial welcome and rendered us every assistance during the time we remained there as his guests. Along a road dotted with small military posts of Sikh and Pathan soldiers, we went to Chakdara, where we were most hospitably received in the house of the military commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall. We found one Buddhist fort at that point, but the area which we wished most to explore lay beyond the British lines, in the country occupied by the independent tribes, the wild people of Swat. Even at this point, we were all the time accompanied by an armed escort, and it was a dangerous place of residence for the little group of officers and the two English ladies who accompanied their husbands. Our safety could not be guaranteed, and no permission or escort could be given us to go beyond the British lines, so that we had reluctantly to abandon the project of searching all the ruins of Swat valley. Sympathizing with us in our ambitions and our disappointment, Major Godfrey, the military commandant, despoiled himself of a considerable treasure, and gave to us a fine collection of sculptured fragments brought at different times from these now unattainable ruins. The ruins of sacred places, equally in the Swat valley and in the Yusufzai country, were always within a fortified inclosure, the very viharas themselves being formerly small forts.

At Delhi we found one of Asoka's in-

THE GREAT STUPA AT SANCHI

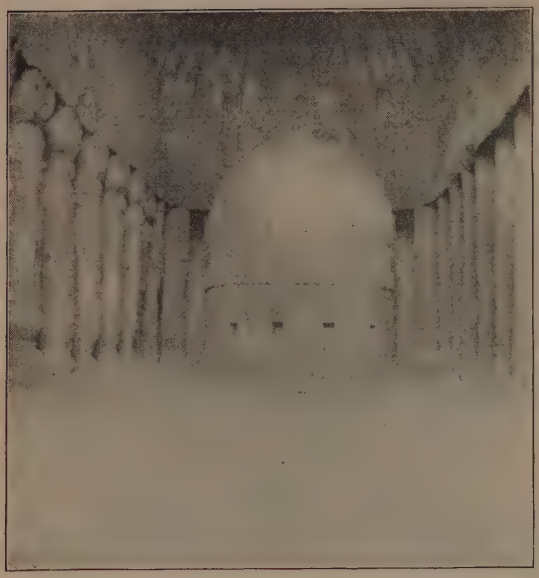
scribed columns in the old fort beyond the city walls, and it was an anomaly that Feroze Shah, the most bigoted of all Mahommedans, should remove to and retain within his own palace fortress this shaft on which the most noble and tolerant Asoka had inscribed the Buddhist doctrines. But it was only the ignorance of the Mahommedan conqueror, and of the Hindu priests of whom he demanded the meaning of the strange characters, that preserved it. No one in that day could read the forgotten text, and the Hindu priests, affecting a knowledge, declared that it was a prophecy that Feroze Shah and his descendants should rule all India. It was not until the nineteenth century that James Prinsep deciphered the Asoka edicts. Here at Delhi, as at Agra, we marveled at the splendid palaces and mosques of the persecutors of Buddhism, inlaid with gems as our own early temples were; and every-

where we saw Buddhist sculptures defaced by Moslem conquerors, and the materials of our temples built into the mosques.

We visited Hardwar, the great place of Hindu religious pilgrimage at the source of the Ganges, and studied the other extraordinary manifestations of the popular forms of that religion at Allahabad and Benares. Sarnath, the deer-park, where Buddha first gathered his disciples and taught and expounded his faith for a part of every year, was a place of intense interest to us. The short drive from Benares cantonment revealed to us the crumbling clay mass of the great stupa, stripped of all its sculptured stones save on the lower terraces, and standing in neglected fields. A few sunken walls suggested the great monastery that once existed, the tanks and many structures; but here, where Buddha "first turned the wheel of Dharma" (taught his doctrines), all was desolate and abandoned. In Benares, where Buddha once converted the whole people from their gross religion, we saw the people sunk again to that earlier state, killing animals in their temples and making bloody sacrifices to their terrible goddess Durga. Most repulsive to us were the scenes at the burning ghat, where dead bodies lay in rows, their feet in the Ganges, and the people bathed in and drank of the pestilent water beside these corpses. Fanatically believing that the sacred Ganges purifies the body, prepares and leads them to heaven, they never think to purify their hearts.

We lived for two weeks at the Dak Bangla at Gaya, driving the seven miles to Buddh Gaya each morning and returning at night, since the small Burmese rest-house beside the temple could not shelter our whole party. Although nothing at this most sacred spot is now as it was in the lifetime of the Buddha, yet the whole neighborhood is so identified with the incidents of his years of penance and meditation, with the season of the Great Enlightenment and his long teachings, that we believers in the great faith are overpowered with emotion in this holy place. Under just such another green and glittering Bo-tree, our great religion had its beginning, and from this very spot it has spread over and irradiated the world, teaching an equality, liberality, and toleration worthy of this latest and most enlightened century, and once redeeming all India

CARVED FIGURES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE TEMPLE, KANHARY



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE TEMPLE, KANHARY, WITH AUTOGRAPHS OF TRAVELERS

from its degrading superstitions and gross religions. It is the dream of all Buddhists again to convert India to the true faith, and redeem this sacred Buddh Gaya from its present occupation by the Hindu Shivaties, and restore it as the chief temple of Buddhism for all the world, a shrine for believers of all races and sects. When we had at last reached this most sacred spot and stood beneath the Bo-tree, the living symbol, we were deeply moved, and all that had taken place there—the attacks of Mara, Buddha's perseverance and enlightenment—became vivid and real to us. We were carried back the thousands of years, and saw the five disciples gathered there, following their master as he turned from the place of his severe penance, self-torture, mortification, and final triumph of enlightenment, to go forth and preach to all the world universal equality and the brotherhood of mankind. And then, alas! to our deep sorrow, we had to realize that this holy place, the birthplace of our great religion, is lost to us, is desecrated and possessed by Hindus. We could only console ourselves by the fact that India being now under enlightened British rule, we Buddhists may now worship there without molestation, free from Mohammedan and Brahman persecution, which, with the corruption of Jainism within our sect, brought about the downfall and extinction of our faith in India.

The British government in India, through the efforts of General Cunningham, chief of the Archæological Survey, long ago identified the chief places mentioned by Hiuen Tsang, excavated the temple court, restored the main edifice, and replaced a descendant of the original Bo-tree, where the inclosure walls of successive centuries showed that the Tree of Knowledge had first stood. We see, therefore,

ENTRANCE TO BURIAL CAVES AT MINUI KIZIL, IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

almost the same temple that Hiuen Tsang saw, but stripped of its rows of golden images, its silver and gold doorways, its strings of pearls, its masses of jewels, its precious golden statue. The Diamond Throne beneath the tree, and a similar carved stone seat kept by the Hindus in their adjoining monastery, are equally modern affairs, and the sacredness of Maha Bodhi is now all in its associations. But a few of the stupas that touched one another in all directions remain in the deep, sunken, cleared courtyard. The great monastery of a thousand priests, where Hiuen Tsang rested, is only a heap of stones and lines of foundation walls. All the region around the sacred court is underlaid with ruins and carved stones, and Buddh Gaya is an archæological museum and treasure-house, where for two thousand years Indian, Afghan, Mongol, Tibetan, Nepalese, Cingalese, Chinese, Siamese, and Burmese pilgrims and rulers heaped their permanent offerings.

After Brahman overthrow and Mohammedan conquest, our religion was without life or evidence of observance at Buddh Gaya. The temple was abandoned, and the jungle covered the court, until a Siva priest established his monastery on the holy ground, and this historic spot his successors will not now yield on any terms. The temple contains a comparatively modern and unworthy statue of the Buddha, which the Hindus worship as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu. Asoka's carved rail, the oldest sculptured monument or relic in India, is in its same place, nearly intact, and this object assists the mind in picturing the great and golden era of our faith in India.

We searched vainly around the present Hindu temple on the summit of Gaya mountain for any signs of the earlier stupa built by Asoka, a great white dome one hundred feet in height, chief of the one hundred and thirty of Asoka's stupas which the indefatigable Hiuen Tsang records. The old kings of Magadha announced their succession to the throne from this natural pinnacle and performed coronation ceremonies there before the Buddha delivered his sermons and notably uttered the precious Ratnamegha Sutra from that preaching-place. Also, we failed to find any trace of the stupas marking the place where the disciple Kasyapa was born and his brother fire-worshipers were converted. The Praghabodhi (the mountain leading to perfect intelligence), where the monk Gautama went after his six years of penance and vain search for the true way of life, is across the river, two miles away from the temple. The master rested only a little while on its summit, and tarried briefly in the cavern, where his shadow remained upon the wall, before he went to the Bo-tree by the river-bank. The Emperor Asoka built stupas all along this Via Sacra, but no trace remains, save some large bricks at the summit, and the most anxious eyes of faith could not discern any outlines on the cave wall.

Dr. Stein's identification of the Cock's Foot Hill seems exact—the triple peak, where legend in Fa Hian's and Hiuen Tsang's day told that the disciple Kasyapa rested in a cave, sleeping—not to enter Nirvana until Buddha should again visit the world. There remain only the base of a stupa and a debris of bricks upon the summit, and the lines of many ruins at the foot of the hill.

We went next to Rajagriha (the royal residence), the old capital of Magadha, near which, in a bamboo grove, the Buddha spent three months of each rainy season, King Bimbisara building a broad stone road staircase from the bamboo grove to his preaching-place on the rocky summit of the Girdarakutta Giri (Vulture Peak). The site of Rajagriha, the city itself, had been identified by General Cunningham fifty years ago, but it was a great satisfaction that it remained for us to uncover and identify the actual walls of the king's palace, the mountain staircase, and several of the Asoka stupas. We pitched our tents in the compound of the old citadel, near a pond reputed to be the resort of tigers and other wild animals because of the many bones of buffalo which strewed the place. The coolies kept bonfires burning all night, but only once did we hear even the sound of a jackal. We were fifty miles from our food-supply, and water for the camp had to be brought from a stream two miles away. The one hundred and thirty half-naked coolies, working laboriously with rude axes and sickles, could cut their way through the dense jungle of thorn-bushes only at the rate of twelve feet an hour. The palace foundation walls were massive boulders laid

without cement. All vestiges of the wooden structures once raised on these cyclopean walls have disappeared, but from the bold hillside the kings of Magadha commanded an extended view over the Bengal plain. Many wells in this inclosure were closed with such dense undergrowth that we had narrow escapes from falling into them. Clearing and cutting our way as we went, we traced the stone road and staircase, until, finding the stupa marking the place where the king always dismounted from his chariot, and the stupa where he turned back the crowd of common folk, we lost the stone path in a dry watercourse. After vain cuttings, we set fire to the reedy jungle; a clear way was swept, and the staircase was again disclosed in the ashes. At the summit we found the bricks of the monastery, many tiles, and the walls of tanks. Near by are the ruins of the stupa, where the Saddharma-pundarika (Myo-horengé) Sutra was preached, and the level space around this seat of the Great Teacher is so great that many thousands of listeners could have gathered there. There are innumerable caves and crevices where thousands of Arhats and Buddhisattvas led hermit lives.

We next made search for the cave where the First Council of disciples assembled immediately after the Nirvana to fix the oral version of the teachings of Buddha in unchanging form, constituting the sacred Tripitakas. Again we pushed and cut our way through the thorn jungle at the cost of our own blood, the thorns and brambles being more fearful than tigers or serpents. We found many caves, but none large enough to have contained the several hundred people of the different councils. One entrance was so blocked by fallen stones that no boy could squeeze through the crevices, and only the use of explosives on a large scale could have cleared a way for investigation.

We had a most satisfactory visit to the Great Tope or Stupa at Sanchi, which has been excavated, and the rail and gateways of which have been replaced, by the Indian government. This splendid work of Asoka's age, a cupola forty-two feet high and a hundred feet in diameter, is surrounded by a carved rail broken by four great gateways, or torans, the noblest portals mind can picture, inspiration undoubtedly for the elaborate *pailows* of China, and followed in line by the severely simple and more classic *torii* of Japan. Casts of these splendid gateways are to be seen in the South Kensington and Edinburgh museums, at the Berlin Ethnographic Museum, and the Musée Guimet, Paris. Relics of Buddha's disciples, Sariputra and Mogarana, were found in stone relic caskets in a small stupa near by, which retains its one exquisite little toran, and here we were much impressed, and we most appreciated how splendid was the civilization of Buddhist India, when, under its inspiration, sculpture and the other arts reached such development.

We visited the seven Rock Edicts of Asoka at scattered points on the edges of his vast empire, all the pillar edicts found in the central cities of his domain, all the Buddhist cave temples so far known, and the cave ruins at Nasik, Ankai, and Tankai. At the Ajanta caves (near the border of Berar) we most carefully studied the bas-reliefs and wall pictures, collating all that Burgess and Fergusson have said and the differing opinions of Chinese and Japanese authorities. We were poorly lodged and fed at Ajanta, and pursued our labors in a temperature of 110° daily, in caves swarming with foul bats; but our zeal easily upheld us. At Kanhary we grieved to see the stupa in the nave of the pillared cave-temple disfigured with the crudely written names of foreign visitors, a vulgarity and desecration that even destroying Mohammedans spared these holy places.

We went northward across the Buddhist Holy Land and entered the *terai* (jungle belt) of Nepal at a point fifty miles north of Gorakpur. We visited reverently the inscribed pillar of Asoka[1] marking the site of the Buddha's birth, and the ruins of the Maya Devi temple, where the revered mother of the Buddha was commemorated. Of more purely historical interest, however, were the vestiges of the foundation of the Kapilavastu palace or castle where the Sakya rulers lived.

We sought more earnestly for Kusinagara, where the Buddha, sinking in death, entered Nirvana. Following Hiuen Tsang's itinerary, we went east from the Lumbini pillar, and then southeast, and duly reached the Nigliva pillar and the

[1] See "Recent Discoveries Concerning the Buddha," THE CENTURY for April, 1902.

Piprahwa stupa, which so recently yielded that portion of the ashes and relics of the body of Buddha which were deposited there by the Sakya family.[1] These Piprahwah relics are now deposited in part in the Indian Museum at Calcutta, in the Wat Saket in Bangkok, and in the Nissenji temple in Nagoya. Kusinagara lies yet farther to the southeast, but whether this sacred place of the Nirvana is lost in the deep jungle belt of Nepal, or, as we contend, lies between the northern part of Champaram and the jungle, remains to be established. It was then at the end of February, the cold season over, the heat impending; all Europeans were leaving, and the natives were preparing to shut themselves up in their houses during the hot weather. Although it was thus the worst season of the year for exploration, three members of our party elected to remain and search.

Through the courtesy of Lord Curzon, who had application made for us to the Nepalese government, permission was granted us to enter and freely travel in that jealously closed country. A Nepalese soldier was attached to the party, and with two native servants and seven coolies, a compass and a note-book as their only instruments, our explorers entered the jungle at Birganj on the Katmandu road. They made their way through the jungle, first northeast as far as the banks of the Rapti, and then west to Bikna Thoree and its neighborhood, a route of more than two hundred miles. They found no trace of ruins, no signs of ancient monuments, only the dense jungle, with its troops of monkeys, and vast sand-barrens, where the ant-hills were sixteen feet in height. The inhabitants along the Rapti were so ignorant that they did not even know their own names or ages. When asked concerning ruins, they chattered about their myths and legends. When asked for food, they gave medicinal herbs. The road was difficult, the heat so great that one coolie fell dead, and little resulted from the painful efforts of the explorers.

After visiting all the sacred and historic places in India, our party separated, two returning to Europe; others to Burma and across Yunnan to the upper Yangtse; others to Siam, Java, and Sumatra; while others, from the Pamir country, made extensive travels in eastern Turkestan and the Takla Makan desert, excavating from crumbling stupas and sand-buried ruins a great collection of manuscript, inscribed wooden tablets, clay images, and fresco paintings. This party, first exploring the Tarim basin, crossed the Khandar Davan (16,540 feet) on yaks, proceeded to Yarkand and then Khotan, where, during the six weeks devoted to close study of Turki and Chinese dialects, they also examined the ruins near Borasan and other places made known by Dr. Stein and Dr. Hedin.

They went down the Khotan darya to Aksu in twenty-three days, and thence to Kashgar for a caravan and supplies. From Aksu they went by Bai across the desert toward Kucha, taking a route untried by other travelers and explorers, and during two months conducting search and excavations in burial caves at Minui Kizil, Tongusbashi, and other places. All these flourishing centers of a high Buddhist civilization were annihilated by Mohammedan conquerors in the eleventh century, cities were burned, inhabitants slaughtered, and stupas leveled, and the desert sands, no longer withheld by cultivation, have obliterated all traces. The dryness of the climate has preserved the plaster figures and decorations, the frescoed walls, the wooden tablets, and paper scrolls unchanged, and in the caves, which our explorers were first to enter, remarkable sights met their eyes. Whether Bactrian artists decorated such halls as the Cave of a Thousand Buddhas, and modeled the draped figures that guard the approaches of a Kucha stupa, or the people of the region had themselves attained so high a degree of culture, may be revealed by some future discoveries in manuscripts or tablets. More fortunate than Captain Bower, whose famous manuscripts proved to be chiefly the formulæ and prescriptions of a medicine-shop, our explorers brought back many pieces of sacred writing—fragments of sutras written in Uigur, Sanscrit, and Chinese characters.

As Professor Grunwedel had explored the Turfan district, our party, which followed more definitely the route of Hiuen Tsang, and sought to identify the places which he named, spent four months in Kucha, visiting in all twelve ruined or

[1] See THE CENTURY for April, 1902.

sand-buried monuments or sites. Many towering stupas, which the Chinese pilgrim noted, still retain their size and outlines, despite the destructive sand-storms and the eroding winds which will ultimately destroy them. Even in 645 A. D., the inhabitants of several places in the Lob-nor district were being driven from their homes by sand, and cities were being abandoned to ruin. The sand encroachments at one place were explained then as visitation for the sins of the people who were renouncing Buddhism. Great lakes of that day have now dwindled to small ponds in grassy basins, as at Ceutla, east of Kucha, where only a pool remains of the vast Dragon Lake, from whose dragon occupants the fierce and untamable horses of the Kucha plains were descended.

Our explorers made excavations five miles north of Ceutla at the stupas of Hasa-tam, where one of the monasteries once enshrined a piece of jade "with a surface about two feet in width, and of a yellowish white color, in shape like a sea-shell. On its surface is a footprint of Buddha one foot eight inches long and eight inches or so in breadth, and at the expiration of every day it emits a bright and sparkling light" (Hiuen Tsang). A few years before some natives, digging at this same stupa, found a complete roll of manuscript; but, as they sought only gold or silver, they threw it away. In this way many valuable manuscripts in Chinese Turkestan are destroyed by ignorant hands, in contrast to their fraudulent manufacture in the Khotan district to supply travelers and museums.

A PERVERSE GENERATION

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Author of "The Thorn that Pricked," etc.

MRS. TALBOT had never been able to account for it, but not one of her three daughters liked housework.

Not one of them, she mournfully acknowledged to herself, could be called a really proficient housekeeper. This was the more mysterious as she herself was one of the few surviving examples of that extreme domestic capability which for generations has made the New England housewife a name of pride to the native, of terror to the alien.

Not that the girls were wholly incapable. Molly, for instance, was, her mother sometimes felt, an almost inspired cook; but Molly disliked every other branch of housework, and detested her needle. Louise had an undeniable gift for setting a table or "straightening" a room; but Louise combined Molly's antipathy to sewing with Anna's incapacity as a cook. As for Anna, it would be too much to say that she exhibited a talent for anything domestic; at most one might concede that she was least conspicuously a failure in the laundry, perhaps because the possible range of things to fail in was conspicuously less there.

Mrs. Talbot had never permitted any weak catering to these wayward prejudices. Every department of housework, she justly reminded them, was equally important. Indeed, if she made any distinction, it was rather in the line of their distastes, sending Anna to the kitchen, Louise to her needle, and Molly to the broom or to bed-making, discipline in the line of their deficiencies, rather than of their proficiencies, being what was obviously required. And if this policy was unpleasing to her daughters, it was by no means easy for herself.

She was, indeed, the greatest sufferer

of the four, and constantly smarting under imperfections of achievement; but she was not a woman to neglect what she saw as the first of maternal obligations. Each of her girls should be fitted for that future contingency, "a home of her own," which is the legitimate aspiration of womankind. With self-abnegating fortitude, therefore, she bore with the lower standard of food, service, and mending which every two weeks out of three announced the rotation of tasks, and on the third she rested spiritually in the perfection of Molly's menus, served as only Louise could serve them, and set forth on that spotless linen which was Anna's nearest approach to triumph. Even the considerable margin of tasks remaining, for which no one developed either talent or fondness, enjoyed a certain facility of accomplishment that third week, with the rising of the family spirits to cope with them.

The Talbots kept no servants; the family income did not admit of it. With many feminine economies—those economies which healthy man, even the poorest, refuses to practise—it just sufficed to live upon and maintain that absolutely obligatory "appearance" by which a household of gentlewomen may be recognized; but there was nothing over. Mrs. Talbot could with justice point out to her daughters that nothing but her own qualifications as able cook, housekeeper, and seamstress had enabled her to keep a comfortable home for them through their school years. They had enjoyed the benefits of her capacities all their young lives: the deduction was clear.

The girls deduced accordingly. They listened with docility, and strove with conscience; they were at heart a sincerely attached family: but this did not prevent a restless underlying sense of friction and discontent which time did not lessen. Mother and daughters alike suffered under the brooding consciousness of constant failure, than which nothing is more demoralizing. Certainly four able-bodied women might be expected to keep one small house in proper subjection; but in the discouraged solitude of her own room Mrs. Talbot admitted that the house was anything but properly subject, and she saw her daughters' failure, as her own life-work, darkly.

In this wise the four struggled on for some years after the girls left school. Molly was twenty-four, Louise twenty-two, and Anna nearly twenty when Fate, whose other name is Logic, intervened.

Going up-stairs one spring day to oversee the inefficient Louise pack away furs, Mrs. Talbot was smitten with a sudden remembrance of jelly left to the care of Anna, who would infallibly allow it to sugar; and seizing an armful of blankets destined for the clothes-line, she started hastily down-stairs. It was Molly's day for sweeping, but Molly, with the born cook's jealous distrust of her sister's jelly-making judgment, had taken a brief holiday kitchenward, leaving the dust-pan and the brush at the stair-head. The towering pile of blankets hid them from Mrs. Talbot's eyes. Her feet successfully accomplished an intricate evolution with the broom handle, only to slide thence upon the dust-pan; and Mrs. Talbot fell heavily the whole length of the stairs, and lay helpless at the foot.

In less than as many minutes three breathless and remorseful daughters stood over her in a pale group. Every attempt to move drew a groan from their victim.

"I have broken a bone," she moaned at last. "Lift me to the sofa, girls, and send for a doctor." With their first effort to obey her she fainted.

It was, in fact, a compound fracture, "a matter of all summer," the doctor said with grim brevity, and a few hours later three pale girls confronted one another in family council. The house without their mother was a ship without captain or rudder, and there were problems to be faced. Molly spoke first and resolutely:

"There is nothing to do but just buckle down, girls, and run this house to perfection. The doctor says her mind must be kept at rest or he won't answer for the consequences. We 've simple *got* to keep her from worrying."

"The trained nurse will worry her more than we shall," said Anna. "Twenty dollars a week and board—oh, girls!"

Another pallid silence, then Molly spoke again:

"I shall make all her broths and things."

"You will have to," sighed Louise. "No one else can make anything fit to eat. I 'll see that her room and tray are immaculate."

"I 'll do *anything*," groaned Anna; "but I 'm so clumsy. I guess I 'd better keep out of poor mother's way as much as I can."

They fell to work with such remorseful energy that when the nurse arrived she found a house almost surgically clean, and a state of hospital perfection reigning. When, an hour later, Anna stole in, bearing a spotless tray on which steamed a bowl of pluperfect broth, Miss Walters bestowed a quick nod of professional approval. The invalid opened two feverish eyes on Anna, and shut them again with a groan.

"You girls will have to do the best you can," she murmured feebly.

"Don't you have one anxious thought, mother dear," Anna reassured her, cheerily. "We are doing beautifully, and everything is going beautifully."

By agreement, the girls were to take turns in the hard but precious task of assisting the nurse to lift and tend their mother; but on the third day Miss Walters descended among them. There was a little twinkle in her gray eyes and she spoke out bluntly:

"Only one of you girls is the slightest use in the sick-room, and your mother is too ill to be worried. You must manage to let me have Miss Anna right along."

The two elder girls exchanged amazed glances.

"Me!" exclaimed Anna, her eyes filling with pleasure and emotion. "Oh, I am so glad if I am good for *something*!"

Thereafter, though Molly and Louise frequently came in to sit with the invalid, it was Anna who, by some singular coincidence, invariably appeared when real work was in hand; and, after a few feeble remonstrances, Mrs. Talbot resigned herself to this infraction of her lifelong principles. After the well-meant bungling of her elder daughters, Anna's strong, skilful touch was like balm. It was as if her fingers owned a sixth sense of sympathy. The family incapable suddenly became the capable one. Armed with a moist cloth, in imitation of Miss Walters, she soon took possession of the sick-room, ousting Louise from her proper post of curator; and only the constant succession of perfectly prepared dishes, faultless trays, and immaculate linen remained to testify to an equal skill and devotion below-stairs.

As day after day the high average of accomplishment was maintained, the invalid let herself sink little by little into the atmosphere of rest thus created about her. At first she had misgivings as to the existing order beyond the bounds of the sick-room,—doubts of the ice-blankets, and suspicions regarding the bread-and-cake-boxes,—but Miss Walters skilfully extinguished these with her unfeigned admiration.

"Three cleverer young ladies I never saw," she often declared, and it was a potent medicine to the maternal heart.

Nothing remained to worry her but the brooding horror of bills, inevitable as she knew, and large as she dared not think. It followed, of course, that she fell to thinking of them both night and day, with a result as inevitable as the bills themselves. Just when she should have begun to gain in earnest, there came an arrest in the process of convalescence, then a backward step.

"Girls, something has got to be done," said Anna, coming in upon her sisters one day late in the summer with a fresh pile of dishes to be added to those they were wearily engaged in washing. "I have just had a talk with the doctor. He says mother is in a very low condition,—'almost a typhoid condition,' he called it,— but *I* know it is simply *worry*. She can't help knowing these awful expenses are going on."

Both girls suspended their work, to turn anxious faces upon this new trouble.

"What can we do!" exclaimed Molly. "The nurse is absolutely necessary."

"No, she is n't. She says herself there is n't anything now I could n't do for mother, with a little help."

"You!" The sisters looked incredulously at Anna. It struck them for the first time that she was changed; her very voice and manner were different.

"You would break down," said Molly, but with unconscious respect.

"No, I should n't. Look at me. I 'm as fresh as a daisy; it is you two who look like wrecks." For the first time, also, looking at each other, her sisters acknowledged that she was right.

"It 's these awful, everlasting dishes," sighed Louise, and Molly and she exchanged a silent look of despair.

"As for the nursing," said Anna, "I just *love* it—truly, girls."

"I really believe she does," said Molly, slowly.

"It would save twenty dollars a week and board," observed Louise, thoughtfully.

"Of course," said Molly, "if you really think you can, and the doctor consents."

Anna filled a hot-water bottle with a businesslike air.

"There 's only one thing," she said, with a twinkle of conscious triumph as she walked away, "you 'll have to count me out of *all* housework now."

The sisters looked after her and then at each other.

"No wonder she exults," said Louise, mournfully contemplating the pile of greasy dishes.

"But the sick-room is even worse," replied Molly, with a little shudder. "If Anna saves all that money and worry," she added soberly, "it seems to me we ought to be able to do something."

"I *shall* do something—something desperate soon," returned Louise, energetically. "I 'd cut off both my hands for mother, of course, cheerfully; but it does n't seem to me that *even* for mother I can go much longer this way. I ache all the way from my head to the soles of my feet."

"Soles!" exclaimed Molly. "It 's my *soul* that aches. Just fancy a whole lifetime of this,"—she glanced about the kitchen helplessly, —"and never getting anywhere! There must be *something* else."

"There *is*," said Louise.

Then the two girls exchanged a glance of breathless daring.

The following day Anna was installed as nurse. Mrs. Talbot missed nothing in her ministrations which was not compensated over and over by the knowledge of the heavy drain curtailed.

"Truly, love does work wonders," she thought as she lay and watched in astonishment the deft, noiseless movements of her youngest daughter, or felt the capable manipulation of her vital young hands.

"Perhaps this was needed," she concluded, musing upon the improvement in all her daughters; and she grew to accept with sweetness its heavy price—the long months of suffering and the permanent loss of much of her activity: for it would be months, if ever, before she walked without a cane. She would have been quite happy but for the shadow of those debts the sum of which the girls, by common consent, evaded.

"Wait till you are down-stairs," they invariably said.

"And, oh, girls, how shall we *ever* tell her!" exclaimed Molly, one day near the end of Indian summer, the real summer being long dead.

"Nonsense!" replied Louise, lifting her head with a gesture as new as Anna's poise. "We have done nothing to be ashamed of."

The color had come back to Louise's cheek of late, and Molly had regained her old brilliancy. An air of expectant tension pervaded the house; for the day so hoped-for and so dreaded drew near.

It came at last. Mrs. Talbot, beautifully dressed by Anna's hands, and leaning on her arm, was escorted to her old place at the head of the table once more. As she walked slowly through the unfamiliar rooms, her eyes registered approvingly the evidences of careful order, and dwelt at last with satisfaction upon the table set forth in festival array, and on the bright faces gathered about it. There was an emotion in each never worn in the old days, and Mrs. Talbot felt her own heart fill with silent thanksgiving. She glanced again lingeringly about the little circle, and made the mental comment that her daughters had grown, developed, gained an insensible something.

"The responsibility has done them good," she decided.

Then they all sat down, and soup was served by a pretty maid in cap and apron whom Mrs. Talbot surveyed with transient surprise. The soup was a poem,

and the fish and game which followed were harmonious developments of the original theme. The girls were in wild spirits, never letting the conversation flag for a moment, and Mrs. Talbot, weak still, in the emotion of this reunion, was content to enjoy them and the feast till the last course was served. The salad, a color-study in delicate greens and red, had followed the game, and a frozen pudding had followed that. The pretty maid came in once more with four little cups of steaming coffee the perfume of which preceded her as subtly as a rose's precedes the rose-garden's. Mrs. Talbot sipped hers with great satisfaction.

"I see," she said, as the door closed behind the smiling Hebe, "you have a helper to-night. In honor of the great occasion, I suppose?"

"Oh, Mary?" answered Molly, with admirable nonchalance. "Yes, she has been helping us quite a while—ever since we were so busy."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Talbot's voice expressed a quick alarm. "No wonder," she added hastily, with a faint smile; "you girls must be very tired."

She could not forbear observing, however, that they did not look it; nothing in their radiance suggested that they had ever known fatigue.

"Now that I 'm about," she said cheerfully, "we can begin to economize. I may not be able to do much, but at least I can wash and wipe dishes. What delicious coffee! Molly's, I imagine."

"Yes; all the feast is mine, mother," replied Molly, brightly, "and the table decorations are Louise's. Are n't they lovely. We called in 'our best talent,' as the bill-boards say, in honor of the occasion."

There was a moment's silence.

"I think," said Mrs. Talbot, slowly, leaning back in her chair and surveying her daughters, "your best talent was employed all through these trying months. The only one of my daughters whose work I could distinguish was Anna's—for obvious reasons. She gave up the privilege of serving in many ways to serve me in one." Here she smiled at her faithful nurse. "For the rest, I could never detect any degrees of excellence; you all did equally well. I am very proud of my daughters. Nothing could have gratified me more." Her glowing maternal glance swept the little circle, and rested upon three flushed and downcast countenances.

Molly, recognizing the psychological moment, and her special obligation toward it, as the eldest, broke a difficult silence.

"Well, you see, mother dear, there never was any difference. I was always the cook, and Louise did the other things. We—we specialized. The doctor said you must be kept comfortable, and so—we did the best we could." She brought her explanation to a hurried close, as the expression they all knew so well crossed their mother's face.

It was quickly subdued.

"No doubt; and no doubt you did it for the best," said Mrs. Talbot. After a moment, and with obvious effort, she added with a faint smile: "But who did all the things no one does best—or likes to do?"

"All of us at first," said Louise; "and afterward—Mary."

"Mary?" repeated Mrs. Talbot, in a tone which smote the girls. "Mary—that is the maid, is it not? You mean to tell me you have employed a servant for some time!" Then as the three remained silent, exchanging dumb glances: "She must be paid and discharged to-morrow," she exclaimed with all her old decision. "The *necessary* expenses were already sufficient—more than sufficient."

Something in that emphasis brought Molly suddenly to her feet.

"She *is* paid, mother, and—and *she* is a necessary expense, too. So are all the other things,—paid, I mean,—and everything is all right. We meant to give you a pleasant surprise; but if you feel this way, we 'd better—here!" She drew from her pocket a carefully sealed envelop, tore it open, and laid paper after paper on her mother's plate. "Look! We were saving them for—for a surprise." In spite of herself, the indignant young voice broke suddenly.

"Bills—and receipted!" Mrs. Talbot's thin cheek grew scarlet. "Girls, you have not been accepting aid!"

"Mother Talbot!" "I should say not!" "What do you take us for?" cried three offended voices together; and Molly explained proudly:

"We earned every cent of it—Louise and I."

Mrs. Talbot sank back into her chair with a gasp. This tall young creature, flushed and earnest, she no longer recognized as her docile Molly; it was an unknown personality. And to make it worse, a second flushed and young personality rose and stood beside the first, putting an ally's arm about its waist.

"It 's exactly as Molly says," reinforced Louise. "The more we thought of it, the more it seemed a shame to let Anna do it all. And there were those dreadful bills, and those dreadful dishes! And Molly does n't know how to do a thing but cook, and I can only make things look pretty; so we did n't know *what* to do. Finally, between the bills and the housework, we got desperate, and made up our minds we 'd do what we *could*. We advertised that we 'd deliver cakes and biscuits, and then Mrs. Arthur's little girl had a birthday party, and I got permission to decorate the table and the room. You never saw anything so pretty, mother! After that we got a lot of orders, and the bell kept ringing till we were afraid you 'd notice it and wonder; so we hired a room downtown and a girl to help, and now we have regularly opened a tea-room, and are in business, Molly and I, and making money. I 've hung it all in burlap, and decorated it; and we never enjoyed anything half so much, and we don't work half so hard as we did before."

"It 's the difference," Molly broke in quietly upon this breathless statement, "between doing fifty things or one—and getting paid for it."

And then they fell into a sudden silence, during which each wondered if their mother would ever speak again, and each felt herself a matricide.

Whether she ever *would* have spoken, and especially what she would have said, must remain forever unknown to history, for another voice spoke from the back of the room:

"Well, am I in time?"

Three appealing faces sufficiently answered the doctor, and, with a reassuring twinkle at them, he came forward and took Mrs. Talbot's hand.

"Welcome back to life, my dear madam! This is a nice tonic these young scamps have prepared for you, is n't it? Ah, well; we must move with the times, we old folks. The fact is, these plucky daughters of yours have completely captured the town; everybody is admiring them; everybody is saying, too, that it 's plain to see where they got their training. After all, what could four women do in one house, anyway? Just get under your heels, as they did before, and next time they might succeed in breaking your neck. It 's a shock, of course,—that 's why these children wanted me to be on hand,—but you seem to have gotten ahead of the program. But, there, with three such blooming evidences of success before you, not to mention any others,"— he glanced laughingly at the pile of bills,— "there is n't much need of my saying anything."

Mrs. Talbot was very pale; the girls looked at her in frightened silence, wondering if they had killed her.

"As you say," she said at last faintly, "it is—a shock. I—was not prepared to come back to life only to lose two daughters."

"You don't, mother," protested Molly between tenderness and impatience. "You will see ever so much more of us, and you 'll find we are ever so much better worth seeing than when we were all fussing and fretting and scrabbling here at home."

"Possibly," replied Mrs. Talbot, still faintly and rather coldly; "but I—am old-fashioned. I cannot help being glad that I have still one daughter left." She reached out a thin hand to Anna. "At least," she exclaimed sharply, withdrawing it at sight of Anna's scarlet cheeks and the embarrassed glances of the others, "I suppose Anna is not in the business."

The doctor's face was the reddest in the room; he cleared his throat with guilty vigor.

"Now, my dear madam," he protested energetically, "do you really mean to tell me that, having discovered Anna's light, you would deliberately hide it under a bushel? If there is any one talent that belongs to the whole world, it is the talent of the born nurse. Nobody has a right to deprive the world of it; and you, my dear friend, you, who have just experienced what it means, ought to thank

the Lord for your daughter's gift and encourage her to use it as he intended. Encourage! You ought to compel her, if need be," he wound up, with professional enthusiasm.

Mrs. Talbot's lips were trembling by the time he had finished. She was still weak, and Anna's administrations came back to her suddenly, with a new poignancy of meaning and remembrance. Slow tears filled her eyes.

"It may be—you are right," she murmured in a tone which brought Anna to her side with a swift, remorseful tenderness.

"Mother dear," she said, stroking the thin hand in both hers, "I promise not to leave you until you are quite strong and well."

Mrs. Talbot faintly returned the pressure of those kind young hands.

"Right?" said the doctor, winking energetically. "Of course I 'm right; I always am. That 's my professional privilege. Anna will enter the training class next January,—you will be abundantly ably to spare her then,—and mark my words: you 'll live to see her my best surgical nurse yet."

Mrs. Talbot smiled again a trifle sadly. But whatever she had it in mind to reply died upon her lips as she lifted her eyes. That inexorable law which sets the young against the old, the new generation against the elder, forcing it in the teeth of its own protesting tenderness and at the cost of its own aching sympathies forever forward and onward into untried paths, not always to its own immediate good, but always toward the ultimate advantage of more defiant generations yet to come, was printed legibly on the face of each of her daughters. And the mother read it.

Her eyes grew large with dawning apprehension as she consulted each face in turn, only to receive that inexorable answer. Something stronger than they or she was at work here—something against which it was futile to wrestle; and it was a measure of the woman's real strength of character that she was able to perceive this. There are mothers who cannot. She bowed her head with an involuntary gesture of acceptance.

"Perhaps—in time," she said with something very like a sob, "I shall get used to the idea of having—three sons—in place of three daughters."

"You will get used in time—in a surprisingly short time—to having three happy, independent, useful girls about you, instead of three irritable, dissatisfied old maids," said the doctor, with blunt conviction. "That 's the real difference."

In her vast isolation, Mrs. Talbot spoke aloud to herself: "But I am nearly helpless, and there is the house."

"There are also the servants," Molly answered brightly. "You will just reign over them like an absolute Czarina of all the Russias. Don't you see, mother dear, with three *sons* earning money, we can afford servants? They don't seem to mind dishes; Mary says she likes them. And that is n't all: we can afford to have—to do—to be—ever so many things we never could before. Why, life is just going to begin, mother."

"And you will just have to make up your mind to begin again with it, mother," added Louise, laughing. "Don't imagine you can shirk it: Molly and I have our eyes on you already for bookkeeper and general manager. You ought to see our accounts! We are about as good at that as we are at housekeeping."

The three beaming, coaxing faces drew closer; they formed an irresistible column of attack. And, after all, they were hers,—her daughters,—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. She encountered the doctor's eyes a moment, and surrendered her defenses with much nobility.

"Well,"—it was only for him that the smile with which she said it held an extreme pathos,—"I am glad if there *is* a place in your world for me; for it is plain you have hopelessly outgrown mine."

Her surrender was promptly ratified—by bodily captivity. Out of that circle of waving arms and joyous heads it was the voice of "our youngest," privileged in her capacity of personal attendant, which concluded the matter softly and feminine-wise between two kisses:

"Not *our* world, dearest—*the* world. That 's the difference, don't you see?"

And Mrs. Talbot tried.

It is all that anybody can, and counts (God knows it ought to!) for righteousness.

AN APPEAL TO THE PAST

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "A Question of Command," "The Smoke-Eaters," etc.

PICTURE BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT was an unseasonably hot September afternoon on the water-front of New York, with a sun overhead that struck a quivering refraction from the dried and warped planks of the wharves, and with a breeze that came warm across the sparkle of the bay, where the glancing facets of small waves shone like a million gleaming little mirrors. The tugs and ferries, steamboats, floats, and scows, bustled and wallowed and staggered past, squealing in a shrill impatience when they whistled, and puffing short of breath when they reversed. The water under their bows broke and fell back sluggishly. The swells in their wakes reeled away in an oily roll. The air was heavy with the drifting belch of their funnels.

The pier-house of the fire-boat *Manhattan* stood at the head of its slip, as bare as a lighthouse to the beat and reflection of the heat, with its row of open windows gaping in the sunlight like a line of gasping mouths; and behind the unshaded sill of one of these, old Captain Keighley had been sitting for an hour, listening to the political arguments of "Tim" Noonan, the leader of the "Sixt'." Wherever Noonan went, he closed the doors behind him. Keighley had heard him in a silence that was irritating; and Noonan, in the breathless office, had arrived at a blood-hot exasperation that kept boiling up red in his face.

"I 'll think it over," Keighley promised for the fourth time.

Noonan plucked from between his teeth the frayed butt of a cigar chewed to tatters. "Now look a-here," he said hoarsely. "I 'm yer friend, I 'm tellin' yeh, Dan; but I can't go back with no such answer. An' *you* know it. Take it er leave it. There 's promotion in it the one way, an' there 's trouble the other. Are yeh with us, er are yeh not, now?"

Keighley looked out the window placidly, and scratched the back of his hand. "This crew," he said, "when I took a hold here, it was the makin's of a mince-pie. An' it 'd 'a' been the worst mess o' nothin' in the whole department if I 'd run it Brownie, er anti-Brownie, er anythin' else but straight business to put out fires. I got nothin' against the Actin'-Chief ner his Brownies. They ain't botherin' me any—*now*."

Noonan had a long, round upper lip that met a round, protruding under one in a mouth like a rent in a rubber ball. He opened it, and then shut it again in a politic effort to control his temper. "Dan," he said at last, "I like a joke, but I 'm no more a dum fool than yeh are yerself; mind that now. Yeh 've been fightin' half yer comp'ny fer the six months gone, an' yeh think yeh 've won. They ain't botherin' yeh any now, no. Yeh think they 've had enough, an' mebbe they have. Mebbe they have; but there 's them that ain't." He stopped himself. He plugged his mouth with his cigar again, and puffed it till it crackled. "Have sense, now," he said. "Have sense, man. Here 's yer chance to get the best that 's goin'. Will yeh take it er leave it?"

Keighley had turned to listen to the tinkle of a telephone bell in the sitting-room, where the apparatus of the fire-alarm was stationed.

"Will yeh take it er leave it?" Noonan demanded.

Keighley did not answer. He swung round in his swivel-chair. Some one rapped at the door, and he called, "Come!"

Lieutenant Moore looked in to report: "A telephone call from headquarters. Soap-works afire at Nohunk. They want us to keep it off the coal-docks."

Keighley ordered: "Cast off." He turned to Noonan. "Better come along with us," he said. "It 'll be cool outside."

Now, Noonan was the father-in-law of the Acting-Chief, and the Acting-Chief was the leader of the "Brownies." The "Brownies" were a semi-political "benevolent association" of firemen who had fallen foul of Captain Keighley, had tried to break him by treachery, and had failed. He was too strong to be attacked again openly, because he had an undetermined influence with the Boss, and the Boss was already angry with the Brownies for having forced the old Chief from his command by methods that had been exposed on the Chief's appeal for protection under the civil-service laws. The exposure had roused the reformers to "raise a howl," and the Boss objected to department intrigues that got into court.

Since Keighley could not be driven, the leaders of the Brownies had decided that he must be led. Noonan, of the suave Irish diplomacy, had been sent to lead him. He had found it hot work leading old obstinacy in the pier-house office. The boat looked cooler.

There were two chairs under a flapping awning on the "fantail." Noonan went sulkily aboard.

But Keighley took him to the wheel-house instead of to the stern, and there was a pilot at the wheel. Noonan waited in an impatient expectation that the captain would give his orders there, and then go aft to finish their conversation; but as soon as the boat was under way, the men, clearing the decks for action, began to roll up the awning and carry the chairs below, and Noonan looked at the captain with the expression of a man who has been tricked.

Keighley stood at the pilot's shoulder, his hands behind him, innocently watching the course they steered. He was of the steel-eyed breed of "North of Ireland sharp nose," keen and silent. Noonan, with his gray side-whiskers and his long lip, was the sort of Irishman who would have made an amiable parish priest if circumstances had not made him a ward leader—the sort of man to whom politics is a benevolent affair of "gettin' jobs" for his friends and loyally keeping them from his enemies. The only dishonesty in public office that he understood was the dishonesty of treason to the organization, and he despised the political renegade as he would have despised the turncoat who deserts his church.

Brownie and anti-Brownie were merely factions of the organization, and he could come to Keighley with a charitable desire to convince the captain that he was standing in his own light. They had been young together. They had served together as fire-laddies in the red-shirt days of the volunteer fire department. Yet Keighley received him without trust, and held him off.

He smoked resentfully; and the head wind, through the open window of the wheel-house, blew the ashes in his eyes.

Keighley said, "Volunteer firemen up at Nohunk."

He blinked and grunted.

Keighley glanced at him slyly. After a while he added, "It 'll remind yeh of ol' times."

Noonan understood that Keighley was trying to placate him; he was not shrewd enough to see that the captain was playing on him. He smoked, somewhat mollified.

"Ol' Dolger," Keighley said, "the mayor—er whatever he is—he 's got all the boys with 'im. They elect 'im to everythin' up there. Do yeh remember the Red Crows?"

Noonan made an amicable sound of assent in his throat.

"Dolger 'll remind yeh of Nip himself," Keighley added.

The memory of the past—the past that has always such a poetical appeal for the Celt—twisted Noonan's lips in a queer smile. "Nip was a great boy," he said at last—"a great boy."

The boat was then darting and dodging her way through the cross traffic of

the lower river. By the time the railroad terminals were passed and the breeze began to come less bituminous from open water, Noonan was laughing and talking, with his hat on the back of his head and a blur in his eyes. It was: "Do yeh mind the time I put the ash barrel over the hydrant, an' the boys o' Big Six went by it? Ho-ho! They near broke ev'ry bone in me body!" Or: "Will y' ever ferget the night we run Silver Nine into the ditch an' they sailed into us, tooth an' nail, at the foot o' Chatham Hill?" Or: "Hurley, was it? Well, anyways, he put his fist into me mouth just as I opened it to yell 'She 's over!' an' I set down in the road an' coughed up teeth be the handful."

Keighley nodded and coughed, puckered his eyes appreciatively, and cracked his finger-joints behind his back. He did not laugh; it was as hard for Keighley to laugh as it is for most men to sing when sober. Besides, he knew enough of Noonan to understand that, although the politician's joviality was not all assumed, although even the fond moisture in his eye was not from the eye only, old friendships would not change present policies, and Noonan did not intend they should.

When Keighley caught the warm odors of fields and orchards from the Nohunk shore, he reached mechanically for the pilot's glasses. "Them was wild days," he said, focusing the binoculars.

"We used to hang together well enough *then,* Dan," Noonan insinuated.

Keighley studied a mist of light smoke that lay along the water's-edge, and worked his lips in the twitching of a dryly contemptuous smile; then he dropped his cap on the chair beside him, without lowering the glasses, and with one hand began to loosen his necktie. "Dolger 's got his work cut out fer 'm," he said.

The boat went throbbing through the water at a fourteen-mile gate; there was silence in the wheel-house.

"Take us in south o' the ol' pier," the captain ordered. He caught the heel of one boot with the toe of the other, and jerked off the elastic gaiter; the glasses did not leave his eyes. "If yeh 'd like to come in with us, Tim, I can give yeh a turnout," he said to Noonan. A fireman passed under the window. "Bring me me rubbers," Keighley ordered him, without looking down. "Yeh 're allowin' fer the current, are yeh?" he said to the pilot. Lieutenant Moore came to the doorway. "Get the starboard lines out," Keighley directed, without turning. He kicked off the other gaiter, after loosening it with the toe of his stockinged foot. "It 'll remind yeh of ol' times," he said to Noonan. And his orders and his remarks were all given in the same absent-minded voice of a man who has his eyes fixed and his mind busy on another matter.

Noonan laughed admiringly. "That ain't the way ol' Nip used to give his orders, Dan," he said.

From that distance the village of Nohunk was a cluster of yellow houses that looked as if they had been rolled down the sides of the Nohunk valley and piled together on the water's-edge. Behind them, a trail of small cottages marked the path they had come from the hilltop; in front of them lay the soap-works and the brewery,—as if their greater bulk had given them greater momentum—, with their foundations awash at high tide, on the far side of an open field at which the houses had all stopped.

It was this field that had saved the village from the fire; for the local firemen, massing in the open, had been able to force the flames back on the waterfront, following them and confronting them as they extended down the piers toward the brewery and the coal-yards. And Captain Keighley, putting in at a disused and broken pier, on the flank of the extending line of fire, planned to drive it back before it reached the coal-wharves, and to hold it back until the shore companies could drown it out.

To a boat that could lift its hundreds of gallons of water with every drive of its pumps, the blaze was a bonfire. To a crew of men who knew that they were beyond the reach of the departmental authorities, the whole affair was a warm-weather lark. Under a stern spray that kept them cool, they manned their lines in blue shirts and old trousers, all of them bareheaded and some of them in their bare feet. Keighley, on the wheel-house deck, and Lieutenant Moore, in the fantail, wore helmets and rubber

boots; but Noonan was the only one who put on a waterproof coat, and he was directing a monitor nozle, under Keighley's instructions, with all the deadly earnestness of an old man at play.

Two stand-pipes were trained on the pier for which the fire was reaching, and a third was turned on the nearest coal-wharf, to wet it down. But the brewery was beyond the reach of the stationary nozles, being farther up the inlet in which the *Manhattan* lay and across the road from the foot of the pier at which the fireboat had tied up. Captain Keighley, peering through the smoke, could see a squad of volunteer firemen vainly trying to reach the roof of the brewery with streams that fell short of the third story. He was ordering a line of hose stretched up the pier to aid them, when a fat man, red-shirted, in the white helmet of a chief, came puffing corpulently down the wharf toward the boat, waving a speaking-trumpet. It was Dolger.

He was whiskered like a Boer, and his beard swept the embroidered front of a yellow plastron that reached to the bulge of his waist. He waved his hand at them, and yelled breathlessly: "Vill idt cost de county?"

Noonan forgot his duties at the stand-pipe and came over to ask: "What is it, Dan? What 's he talkin' about?"

Keighley shook his head and looked away from the spectacle of an excited old man making himself ridiculous. Dolger ran on to the squad in the stern, and shouted again: "Vat 'll idt cost de county?"

The nearest fireman answered impudently over his shoulder: "Nuddings, if you don't charge us fer the water."

"No; dot 's free," Dolger panted. "Com' along mit idt. I 'll show yah vat idt is to do."

The men grinned, and went on with their work of getting their hose out of its box. One of them said: "Dot voss Santa Claus in der red shirt. Vee gates vos loss mit 'im."

Dolger threw back his shoulders and blew out his belt like a drum-major. "De cabt'n—vich is he?" he demanded. Keighley had turned his back to direct the stream which Noonan was neglecting, and the men, glancing up at the wheel-house, understood that their captain intended to leave the resplendent Chief to them to deal with.

Dolger explained majestically: "I am der chief. Dis feuer iss by me."

They laughed with the contempt of the regular for the volunteer, of the professional for the amateur. They began to couple up a line of hose, under the lieutenant's orders, dragging the lengths out on the pier.

"Stob!" Dolger ordered. "Stob idt so!" He was suddenly calm and haughty. "I don' vand yah." They paid no attention to him. He waved his hands at them, with the palms out, as if swimming, in a gesture that was ridiculous. "Go avay back! I don' vand yah. Nein."

The fireman with the nozle, as he shoved past, said: "Run away, Dutchy! Nix kommer ous. Go an' lose yerself!" And Dolger put his trumpet to his mouth and ran up the pier, shouting indignant German to the men in the roadway.

Noonan had been watching the incident from the wheel-house. "What is it Dan?" he asked. "What 's he goin' to do?"

"I guess he 's goin' to give us what Silver Nine gave the Red Crows," Keighley answered, without a smile. "It 'll remind yeh of ol' times."

"Aw, quit yer foolin', Dan," Noonan said anxiously. "What 's he up to?"

"He 's goin' to bring his gang down here to take charge o' the boat," Keighley assured him. "How 're yer teeth?"

Noonan licked his lips. "No!" he exclaimed.

"That 's right."

Noonan began to unbutton his rubber coat. He snorted "Huh!" belligerently.

"Here," Keighley said, "tend to yer nozle. Don't let it play in one place. It 'll knock holes in that wharf, if yeh do."

Noonan took the directing-wheel again, and began to swing the nozle from side to side mechanically, watching over his shoulder for Dolger's return. Keighley went down the ladder to take charge of his crew, and left Noonan alone on the wheel-house; and when Dolger's men appeared, running through the smoke with their chief's white helmet leading them like an ikon, it was

Noonan that saw them first. He raised a warlike shout of "Hi, boys, hi! Hooks an' axes! Hooks an' axes!"

The men looked up curiously at the charge of the red shirts. Keighley said, "Go on with yer work." Noonan screamed: "All aboard! They 're comin'! They 're comin'!" And then, seeing that the crew would be taken unprepared, he swung around his nozle to repel the attack himself.

He had had no experience of the strength of such a stream, and before Keighley could get back to the wheelhouse to interfere, the water struck the deck of the old pier almost at the feet of the volunteers, lifted the loose planks on the rebound, and overwhelmed the company like a burst of surf. Dolger's white helmet flew on the crest of it; the first men, taken in the faces with the sheet of spray, were thrown back bodily on the others; and when the stream, tearing its way through the planking, struck a stringer that had already rotted from its supporting piles, that section of the pier collapsed under the sprawling weight of the fallen men, and dropped them, with the Chief himself, into the water.

By that time Keighley had reached the nozle and thrown it up. "H—, Tim," he growled," do yeh want to drown 'em! Get yer ladders there, men!" he shouted. "Haul those fullehs out!"

The crew caught up their scaling-ladders and ran, bewildered, to the gap in the pier. "They w'u'd, w'u'd they!" Noonan fumed. He shook his fist at the red shirts that had rallied at a safe distance. Keighley caught him by the shoulders, and turned him round.

"Take a joke, Tim!" he said curtly. "Take a joke! These ain't the days o' Silver Nine."

He went down the ladder, and Noonan, with his coat half off, his helmet pushed back from his forehead, remained to swallow, and stare after Keighley, in the posture of a man who had been egged on to a fight and then left and laughed at when his blood was up.

He understood that he had been made a fool of. He did not know that he had done worse than that for Dolger.

The man whom Dolger had led down to the *Manhattan* had been drawn from the squad that had been protecting the brewery, and he had taken the chance of getting them back to the building with a powerful line of the boat's hose in time to recover any ground that the fire might have gained in their absence. Noonan's method of receiving them had been a deadly disarrangement of their plans. It left the brewery undefended, and it put Keighley's men at rescue work when they should have been stretching in their line.

They got a ladder down to Dolger; but he was too weak to do more than cling to it, and they had to bring a heaving-line from the boat, tie it under his arms, and hoist him to the pier with the aid of two of his own men, who buoyed him up in the water and underpropped him as he was dragged panting up the slant of broken timbers. He had hurt his hip, he was too weak to walk, and he collapsed on the pier in a pool of trickle from his bedraggled uniform, while the water ran from his forehead into the fat pouches of his eyes, and he moaned, "Ach Gott! Ach Gott!" in a beard that dripped with salt water like a bunch of seaweed.

They left him there until they had rescued seven of his men who were clinging to piles or floating on planks under the pier; and these gathered about him, one by one, forlornly wringing the water from their trousers, taking off their boots to empty them, or vainly trying to wipe the smart of brine from their eyes with the cuffs of their shirts. Keighley looked them over sternly. "Don't you fullehs know no better 'n to run into a stream like that? Do yeh want to get yerself killed?"

"We did n't see it comin'," one of them protested.

"Comin'?" he said. "It was *you* that was comin'."

They muttered and looked back at the hole in the pier. "You 'll get killed at some o' these fires some o' these days, if yeh go runnin' into places full o' smoke this way without lookin' where yeh 're runnin'. The Chief ought to know better. How 're yeh feelin', Chief?"

Dolger groaned: "De brewery! Stob her!"

"Help him aboard there!" Keighley ordered. "Cast off, an' run her up the

pier further, Moore, an' get that line in!" The volunteers helped their limping officer aboard. "Yeh ought to know better," Keighley grumbled, "runnin' in blind like that. Hurry up there, boys!"

The guilty Noonan had hidden in the wheel-house. Keighley saw him watching from the window, and grimly ordered the men to carry Dolger in there, too. While that was being done, the boat was run up past the gap in the pier and made fast again; and for the next half-hour Keighley was too busy to think of Noonan or his victim.

The broadside of streams from the *Manhattan* had checked the progress of the fire down the water-front, and a single stand-pipe was sufficient to hold it now; but the roof of the brewery was flaming under a rolling plume of black smoke, and the excitement ashore rose to the confusion of a panic. Keighley, on the bulwarks, gathered together a herd of volunteers, and drove them with shouts to drag lines from the hose-box and stretch them up the pier. They tripped over their own feet, blundered with their hose-spanners, tried to screw the wrong nozles on the lines, turned on the water before their couplings were tight, got in the way of the trained men, and were bruised and wetted, blinded, bewildered, and were cursed like a crew of clumsy stage supers caught in the hurry of a "dark change." When they got their big line laid and the water was turned into it, the force of the stream kicked them back as if they had been trying to hold a cannon; and it was only by virtue of the everlasting luck of the beginner that the plunging nozle did not thresh the lives out of some of them. Keighley swore disgustedly, and sat down on the side of the boat.

The brewery was doomed in any case. He watched it burn.

While he was still sitting there, the crestfallen Noonan came up behind him, perspiring remorsefully, and wiping his red face in the crook of his elbow. "We got the ol' Dutchman in trouble, Dan."

Keighley snorted his indifference.

"The boys all work in the brewery. He says they 'll blame him fer bein' out o' jobs."

Keighley spat. "It 's up to him; it ain't up to me."

"His depaty 's been in there, crowin' over 'im. He 'll be gettin' elected to Dolger's place. He did n't try to save the brewery. He says Dolger let the soap-works burn a' purpose. The whole dang thing 's been botched."

"Sure it 's been botched," Keighley said. "What 'd yeh expect? They 're too busy playin' politics to put out fires."

Noonan's mouth shut like a trap. He stroked his chin thoughtfully with a thumb and forefinger, looking down his nose. Then he went back to the wheel-house and lighted a cigar.

When the *Manhattan* turned homeward again, the sun was setting smoke-red over the hills of Nohunk, and the wreck of Dolger's career stretched from the ruins of the soap-works to the blackened shell of the brewery. He had been helped to his home by a squad of loyal officers; his deputy was wearing his white fire-hat; and in the road that had marked his line of battle the indignant citizens of Nohunk were planning a revolution in his fire department.

Noonan watched them sadly from the taffrail. Dolger's woes lay heavy on him. Behind him Keighley said:

"Between the boys of the soap-works fightin' the boys of the brewery, an' Chief Dolger scrappin' with Depaty Hencks, there ain't much left o' Nohunk."

Noonan did not reply. Keighley took a turn around the deck. When he came back to the stern he said: "Them days is past fer us, Tim. We don't wear red shirts nowadays; we don't elect 'ur Chief; we get a day's pay fer a day's work; an' we got no use fer politics."

"What do yeh mean by that now?" Noonan cried. "Talk straight fer once in yer life, will yeh?"

"I mean that Brownie ner anti-Brownie makes no diff'rence to me. If a man does his work, I 'll stan' by him. An' if he don't, I 'll pound him till he does. That 's the rule aboard this boat, an' it al'ys will be."

"Yeh 're makin' a mistake," Noonan warned him, "a big mistake."

Keighley settled his collar. "Yeh better leave me to run me men in m' own way. Mind yer politics, an' leave me to me fires. Yeh 're a good deal of a joke with a pipe yerself, Tim. Yeh 'd better leave that to me."

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'I AM DER CHIEF. DIS FEUER ISS BY ME'"

Painted for Alumni of the College of the City of New York. (See Open Letters.) Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XIV

JOHN H. FINLEY

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PAINTED BY S. J. WOOLF

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

PICTURE BY H. S. POTTER

VIII

SYLVIA DECLINES TO "FIT IN"

MEANWHILE Mrs. Thesiger laughed her shrill laugh and chatted noisily in the garden of the hotel. On the day of Sylvia's ascent she picnicked among the sham ruins on the road to Sallanches with a few detached idlers of various nationalities.

"Quite, quite charming," she cried, and she rippled with enthusiasm over the artificial lake and the artificial rocks among which she seemed an appropriate figure; and she shrugged her pretty shoulders over the eccentricities of her daughter, who was undoubtedly burning her complexion to the color of brick-dust among those stupid mountains. In the course of the afternoon she came back a trifle flushed, and in the evening she slipped discreetly into the little circle at the back of the casino, where she played baccarat in a company which flattery could hardly have termed doubtful. She was, indeed, not displeased to be rid of her unsatisfactory daughter for a night and a couple of days.

"Sylvia won't fit in," for a long time she had been accustomed piteously to complain, and with ever more reason. Less and less did Sylvia fit in with Mrs. Thesiger's scheme of life. It was not that the girl resisted or complained. Mrs. Thesiger would have understood objections and complaints. She would not have minded them; she could have coped with them. There would have been little scenes, with accusations of ingratitude, of undutifulness; and Mrs. Thesiger was not averse to the excitement of little scenes. But Sylvia never complained; she maintained a reserve, a mystery, which her mother found very uncomfortable. "She has no sympathy," said Mrs. Thesiger. Moreover, she would grow up, and she would grow up in beauty and in freshness. Mrs. Thesiger did her best. She kept her dressed in a style which suited a younger girl, or, rather, which would have suited a younger girl had it been less decorative and extreme. Again Sylvia did not complain. She followed her usual practice, and shut her mind to the things that displeased her so completely that they ceased to trouble her. But Mrs. Thesiger never knew that secret, and often, when in the midst of her chatter she threw a glance at the elaborate figure of her daughter, sitting apart, with her lace skirts too short, her heels too high, her hat too big and too fancifully trimmed, she would see her Madonna-like face turned toward her and her dark eyes thoughtfully dwelling upon her. At such times there would come an uncomfortable sensation that she was being weighed and found wanting; or a question would leap in her mind and bring with it fear and the same question which she had asked herself in the train on the way to Chamonix.

"You ask me about my daughter?" she once exclaimed pettishly to Monsieur Pettigrat. "Upon my word, I really know nothing of her except one ridiculous thing: she always dreams of running water. Now, I ask you what can you do with a daughter so absurd that she dreams of running water?"

Monsieur Pettigrat was a big, broad, uncommon man. He knew that he was uncommon, and dressed accordingly in

Half-tone engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE * * * CREPT WITH A BEATING HEART DOWN THE STAIRS"

a cloak and a brigand's hat. He saw what others did not, and spoke in a manner suitably impressive.

"I will tell you, Madame, about your daughter," he said somberly: "To me she has a fated look."

Mrs. Thesiger was a little consoled to think that she had a daughter with a fated look.

"I wonder if others have noticed it," she said cheerfully.

"No," replied Monsieur Pettigrat. "No others: only I."

"There! That 's just like Sylvia!" cried Mrs. Thesiger, in exasperation. "She has a fated look, and makes nothing of it."

But the secret of her discontent was just a woman's jealousy of a younger rival. Men were beginning to turn from her toward her daughter. That Sylvia never competed only made the sting the sharper. The grave face, with its perfect oval, which smiled so rarely, but in so winning a way; its delicate color, its freshness—these were points which she could not forgive in her daughter. She felt faded and yellow beside her; she rouged more heavily on account of her; she looked with more apprehension at the crow's-feet which were beginning to show about the corners of her eyes, and the lines which were beginning to run from the nostrils to the corners of her mouth.

Sylvia reached the hotel in time for dinner, and as she sat with her mother drinking her coffee in the garden afterward, Monsieur Pettigrat planted himself before the little iron table.

He shook his head, which was what his friends called "leonine."

"Mademoiselle," he said in his most impressive voice, "I envy you."

Sylvia looked up at him with a little smile of mischief upon her lips.

"And why, Monsieur?"

He waved his arm magnificently.

"I watched you at dinner. You are of the elect, Mademoiselle, for whom the snow-peaks have a message."

Sylvia's smile faded from her face.

"Perhaps so, Monsieur," she said gravely, and her mother interposed testily.

"A message! Ridiculous! There are only two words in the message, my dear—cold cream. And be sure you put it on your face before you go to bed."

Sylvia apparently did not hear her mother's comment. At all events, she disregarded it, and Monsieur Pettigrat once again shook his head at her with a kindly magnificence.

"They have no message for me, Mademoiselle," he said, with a sigh, as though he for once regretted that he was so uncommon. "I once went up there to see." He waved his hand generally to the chain of Mont Blanc, and drifted largely away.

Mrs. Thesiger, however, was to hear more definitely of that message two days later. It was after dinner. She was sitting in the garden with her daughter on a night of moonlight; behind them rose the wall of mountains, silent and shadowed; in front were the lights of the little town, and the clatter of its crowded streets. Between the town and the mountains, at the side of the hotel, this garden lay—a garden of grass and trees, where the moonlight slept in white, brilliant pools of light or dripped between the leaves upon the branches. It partook alike of the silence of the hills and the noise of the town; for a murmur of voices was audible from this and that point, and under the shadows of the trees could be seen the glimmer of light-colored frocks and the waxing and waning glow of cigars. A waiter came across the garden with some letters for Mrs. Thesiger. There was none for Sylvia, and she was used to none; for she had no girl friends, and though at times men wrote her letters, she did not answer them.

A lamp burned near at hand. Mrs. Thesiger opened her letters and read them. She threw them upon the table when she had read them through; but there was one which angered her, and, replacing it in its envelop, she tossed it so petulantly aside that it slid off the iron table and fell at Sylvia's feet. Sylvia stooped and picked it up. It had fallen face upward.

"This is from my father."

Mrs. Thesiger looked up startled. It was the first time that Sylvia had ever spoken of him to her. A wariness came into her eyes.

"Well?" she asked.

"I want to go to him."

Sylvia spoke very simply and gently, looking straight into her mother's face with that perplexing steadiness of gaze which told very little of what thoughts were busy behind it. Her mother turned her face aside. She was rather frightened. For a while she made no reply at all, but her face beneath its paint looked haggard and old in the white light, and she raised her hand to her heart. When she did speak, her voice shook.

"You have never seen your father. He has never seen you. He and I parted before you were born."

"But he writes to you."

"Yes, he writes to me," and for all that she tried, she could not altogether keep a tone of contempt out of her voice. She added with some cruelty: "But he never mentions you. He has never once inquired after you—never once."

Sylvia looked very wistfully at the letter, but her purpose was not shaken.

"Mother, I want to go to him," she persisted. Her lips trembled a little, and, with a choke of the voice, a sob half-caught back, she added: "I am most unhappy here."

The rarity of a complaint from Sylvia moved her mother strangely. There was, moreover, a forlornness in her appealing attitude. Just for a moment Mrs. Thesiger began to think of early days, of which the memory was at once a pain and a reproach. A certain little village underneath the great White Horse on the Dorsetshire downs rose with a disturbing vividness before her eyes. She almost heard the mill-stream babble by. In that village of Sutton Poyntz she had herself been born, and to it she had returned, caught back again for a little while by her own country and her own youth, that Sylvia might be born there, too. Those months had made a kind of green oasis in her life. She had rested there in a farm-house after a time of much turbulence, with the music of running water night and day in her ears, a high-walled garden of flowers and green about her, and the downs, with their shadow-filled hollows and brown, treeless slopes, rising up from her very feet. She could not but think of that short time of peace, and her voice softened as she answered her daughter.

"We don't keep step, Sylvia," she said, with an uneasy laugh. "I know that; but, after all, would you be happier with your father, even if he wants to keep you? You have all you want here—frocks, amusements, companions. Try to be more friendly with people."

But Sylvia merely shook her head.

"I can't go on any longer like this," she said slowly. "I can't, mother. If my father won't have me, I must see what I can do. Of course I can't do much,—I don't know anything,—but I am too unhappy here. I cannot endure the life we are living, without a home or—respect, a—" She broke off and turned her eyes again to her mother. They were bright, for the moonlight glistened upon tears. But the softness had gone from her mother's face. She had grown in a moment hard, and her voice rang hard as she asked:

"Why do you think that your father and I parted? Come, let me hear!"

Sylvia turned her head away.

"I don't think about it," she said gently. "I don't want to think about it. I just think that he left you because you did not keep step, either."

"Oh, he left me, not I him? Then why does he write to me?"

The voice was growing harder with every word.

"I suppose because he is kind." At that simple explanation, Sylvia's mother laughed with a bitter amusement. Sylvia sat scraping the gravel with her slipper.

"Don't do that!" cried her mother, irritably. Then she asked suddenly a question which startled her daughter:

"Did you meet any one last night on the mountain, at the inn?"

Sylvia's face colored, but the moonlight hid the change.

"Yes," she said.

"A man?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"A Captain Chayne. He was at the hotel all last week. It was his friend who was killed on the Glacier des Nantillons."

"Were you alone in the inn, you and he?"

"Yes."

"Did he know your father?"

Sylvia stared at her mother.

"I don't know. I suppose not. How should he?"

"It 's not impossible," replied Mrs. Thesiger. Then she leaned on the table. "It was he who put those ideas into your head—about going away, about leaving me." She made an accusation rather than put a question, and made it angrily.

"No, mother," Sylvia replied. "He never spoke of you. The ideas have been growing in my mind for a long time, and to-day"—she raised her head, and turning slightly, looked up to where just behind her the ice-peaks of the Aiguilles du Midi and de Blaitière soared into the moonlit sky—"to-day the end came. I became certain that I must go away. I am very sorry, mother."

"The message of the mountains!" said her mother, with a sneer; and Sylvia answered quietly:

"Yes."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thesiger. She had been deeply stung by her daughter's words, by her wish to go; and if she delayed her consent, it was chiefly through a hankering to punish Sylvia. But the thought came to her that she would punish Sylvia more completely if she let her go. She smiled cruelly as she looked at the girl's pure and gentle face. And, after all, she herself would be free—free from Sylvia's unconscious rivalry, free from the grave criticism of her eyes.

"Very well, you shall go to your father. But, remember, you have made your choice. You must n't come whining back to me, because I won't have you," she said brutally. "You shall go to-morrow."

She took the letter from its envelop, but she did not show it to her daughter.

"I don't use your father's name," she said; "I have not used it since"—and again the cruel smile appeared upon her lips—"since he left me, as you say. He is called Garratt Skinner, and he lives in a little house in Hobart Place. Yes; you shall start for your home to-morrow."

Sylvia stood up.

"Thank you," she said. She looked wistfully at her mother, asking her pardon with the look. But she did not approach her. She stood sadly in front of her. Mrs. Thesiger made no advance.

"Well?" she asked in her hard, cold voice.

"Thank you, mother," Sylvia repeated, and she walked slowly to the door of the hotel. She looked up to the mountains. Needle spires of rock, glistening pinnacles of ice, they stood dreaming to the moonlight and the stars. The great step had been taken. She prayed for something of their calm, something of their proud indifference to storm and sunshine, to solitude and company. She went up to her room and began to pack her trunks; and, as she packed, the tears gathered in her eyes and fell.

Meanwhile her mother sat in the garden. So Sylvia wanted a home; she could not endure the life she lived with her mother. Afar off a band played; the streets beyond were as noisy as a river; beneath the trees of the garden here people talked quietly. Mrs. Thesiger sat with a little vindictive smile upon her face. Her rival was going to be punished. Mrs. Thesiger had left her husband, not he her. She read through the letter which she had received from him this evening. It was a pressing request for money. She was not going to send him money. She wondered how he would appreciate the present of a daughter instead.

IX

SYLVIA MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HER FATHER

Sylvia left Chamonix the next afternoon. It was a Saturday, and she stepped out of her railway-carriage to the platform of Victoria Station at seven o'clock on the Sunday evening. She was tired by her long journey, and she felt rather lonely as she waited for her trunks to be passed by the officers of the custom-house. It was her very first visit to London, and there was not one person to meet her. Other travelers were being welcomed on all sides by their friends. No one in all London expected her. She doubted if she had one single acquaintance in the whole town. Her mother, foreseeing this very moment, had, with a subtlety of malice, refrained from

so much as sending a telegram to the girl's father; and Sylvia herself, not knowing him, had kept silence, too. Since he did not expect her, she thought her better plan was to see him, or, rather, since her thoughts were frank, to let him see her. Her mirror had assured her that her looks would be a better introduction than a telegram.

She had her boxes placed upon a cab and drove off to Hobart Place. The sense of loneliness soon left her; she was buoyed up by excitement. The novelty of the streets amused her. Moreover, she had invented her father, clothed him with many qualities as with shining raiment, and set him high among the persons of her dreams. Would he be satisfied with his daughter? That was her fear; and with the help of the looking-glass at the side of her hansom, she tried to remove the traces of travel from her young face.

The cab stopped at a door in a narrow wall between two houses, and she got out. Over the walls she saw the green leaves and branches of a few lime-trees which rose from a little garden, and at the end of the garden, in the far recess between the two side walls, the upper windows of a little, neat white house. Sylvia was charmed with it. She rang the bell, and a servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Skinner in?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes," she said doubtfully; "but—"

Sylvia, however, had made her plans.

"Thank you," she said. She made a sign to the cabman and walked on through the doorway into a little garden of grass, with a few flowers against the walls on each side. A tile path led through the middle of the grass to the glass door of the house. Sylvia walked straight down, followed by the cabman, who brought her boxes in one after the other. The servant, giving way before the composure of this strange young visitor, opened the door of a sitting-room upon the left hand, and Sylvia, followed by her trunks, entered and took possession.

"What name shall I say?" asked the servant in perplexity. She had had no orders to expect a visitor. Sylvia paid the cabman, and waited until she heard the garden door close and the jingle of the cab as it was driven away; then and not till then she answered the question.

"No name. Just please tell Mr. Skinner that some one would like to see him," she said.

The servant stared, but went slowly away. Sylvia seated herself firmly upon one of her boxes. In spite of her composed manner, her heart was beating wildly. She heard a door open and the firm tread of a man along the passage. Sylvia clung to her box. After all, she was in the house, she and her baggage. The door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered man, who seemed to fill the whole tiny room, came in and stared at her. Then he saw her boxes, and he frowned in perplexity. As he appeared to Sylvia, he was a man of about forty-five, with a handsome, deep-lined aquiline face. He had thick dark-brown hair, a mustache of a lighter brown, and eyes of the color of hers—a man rather lean, but of an athletic build. Sylvia watched him intently, but the only look upon his face was one of absolute astonishment. He saw a young lady, quite unknown to him, perched upon her luggage in a sitting-room of his house.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, rising to her feet. She looked at him gravely. "I am Sylvia," she said.

A smile rather like her own smile hesitated about his mouth.

"And——"

"Who is Sylvia? What is she? Her trunks do not proclaim her," he said. "Beyond that Sylvia has apparently come to stay, I am rather in the dark."

"You are Mr. Garratt Skinner?"

"Yes."

"I am your daughter Sylvia."

"My daughter Sylvia!" he exclaimed in a daze. Then he sat down and held his head between his hands. "Yes, by George! I *have* got a daughter Sylvia," he said, obviously recollecting the fact with surprise. "But you are at Chamonix."

"I was at Chamonix yesterday."

Garratt Skinner looked sharply at Sylvia.

"Did your mother send you to me?"

"No," she answered; "but she let me go. I came of my own accord. A letter came from you—"

"Did you see it?" interrupted her father. "Did she show it you?"

"No; but she gave me your address when I told her that I must come away."

"Did she? I think I recognize my wife in that kindly act," he said, with a sudden bitterness. Then he looked curiously at his daughter.

"Why did you want to come away?"

"I was unhappy. For a long time I had been thinking over this. I hated it all—the people we met, the hotels we stayed at, the life altogether. Then at Chamonix I went up a mountain."

"Oho!" said her father, sitting up alertly. "So you went up a mountain? Which one?"

"The Aiguille d'Argentière. Do you know it, father?"

"I have heard of it," said Garratt Skinner.

"Well, somehow that made a difference. It is difficult to explain; but I felt the difference. I felt something had happened to me which I had to recognize—a new thing. Climbing that mountain, staying for an hour upon its summit in the sunlight, with all those great, still pinnacles and ice-slopes about me, it was just like hearing very beautiful music." She was sitting now, leaning forward with her hands clasped in front of her and speaking with great earnestness. "All the vague longings which had ever stirred within me—longings for something beyond and beyond, came back upon me in a tumult. There was a place in shadow at my feet, far below, the only place in shadow, a wall of black rock called the Col Dolent. It seemed to me that I was living in that cold shadow. I wanted to get up on the ridge, with the sunlight. So I came to you."

It seemed to Sylvia that, intently as she spoke, her words must be elusive to another, unless that other had felt what she had felt or was moved by sympathy to feel it. Her father listened without ridicule, without a smile. Indeed, once or twice he nodded his head to her words. Was it comprehension, she wondered, or was it only patience?

"When I came down from that summit, I felt that what I had hated before was no longer endurable at all. So I came to you."

Her father got up from his chair and stood for a little while looking out of the window. He was clearly troubled by her words. He turned away, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"But—but—what can I do for you here?" he cried. "Sylvia, I am a very poor man. Your mother, on the other hand, has some money."

"Oh, father, I sha'n't cost you much," she replied eagerly. "I might, perhaps, by looking after things, save you money. I won't cost you much."

Garratt Skinner looked at her with a rueful smile.

"You look to me rather an expensive person to keep up," he said.

"Mother dressed me like this. It 's not my choice," she said. "I let her do as she wished. It did not seem to matter much. Really, if you will let me stay, you will find me useful," she said in a pathetic appeal.

"Useful?" said Garratt Skinner, suddenly. He again took stock of her, but now with a scrutiny which caused her a vague discomfort. He seemed to be appraising her, from the color of her hair and eyes to the prettiness of her feet, almost as though she were for sale, and he a doubtful purchaser. She looked down on the carpet, and slowly her blood colored her neck and rose into her face. "Useful?" he said slowly. "Perhaps so, yes; perhaps so." And upon that he changed his tone. "We will see, Sylvia. You must stay here for the present, at all events. Luckily, there is a spare room. I have some friends staying to supper—just a bachelor's friends, you know, taking pot-luck without any ceremony, very good fellows, not polished, perhaps, but sound of heart, Sylvia, my girl, sound of heart."

All his perplexity had vanished: he had taken his part; and he rattled along with a friendly liveliness which cleared the shadows from Sylvia's thoughts and provoked upon her face her rare and winning smile. He rang the bell for the housemaid.

"My daughter will stay here," he said, to the servant's astonishment. "Get the spare room ready at once. You will be hostess to-night, Sylvia, and sit at the head of the table. I become a family man. Well, well!"

He took Sylvia up-stairs, and showed her a bright little room, with a big window which looked out across the garden.

He carried her boxes up himself. "We don't run to a butler," he said. "Got everything you want? Ring if you have n't. We have supper at eight, and we sha'n't dress. Only—well, you could n't look dowdy if you tried."

Sylvia had not the slightest intention to try. She put on a little frock of white lace, high at the throat, dressed her hair, and then, having a little time to spare, hurriedly wrote a letter. This letter she gave to the servant as she ran down stairs.

"You will be careful to have it posted, please," she said.

At that moment her father came out into the passage so quickly that he might have been listening for her approach. She stopped upon the staircase a few steps above him. The evening was still bright, and the daylight fell upon her from a window above the hall-door.

"Shall I do?" she asked, with a smile.

The staircase was paneled with a dark, polished wood, and she stood out from that somber background, a white figure, delicate and dainty and wholesome from the silver buckle on her satin slipper to the white camellia she had placed in her hair. Her face, with its remarkable gentleness, its suggestion of purity, as of one unspotted by the world, was turned to him with a confident appeal. Her clear gray eyes rested quietly on his. Yet she saw his face change. It seemed that a spasm of pain or revolt shook him. Upon her face there came a blank look. Why was he displeased? But the spasm passed. He shrugged his shoulders and threw off his doubt.

"You are very pretty," he said.

Sylvia's smile just showed about the corners of her lips, and her face cleared.

"Yes," she said, with satisfaction.

Garratt Skinner laughed.

"Oh, you know that?"

"Yes," she replied, nodding her head at him.

He led the way down the passage toward the back of the house, and throwing open a door, introduced her to his friends.

"Captain Barstow," he said, and Sylvia found herself shaking hands with a little middle-aged man with a shiny bald head and a black, square beard. He had an eyeglass screwed into his right eye, and that whole side of his face was distorted by the contraction of the muscles, and drawn upward toward the eye. He did not look at her directly; but with an oblique and furtive glance he expressed his sense of the honor which the introduction conferred on him. However, Sylvia was determined not to be disappointed. She turned to the next of her father's guests.

"Mr. Archie Parminter."

He, at all events, looked her straight in the face. He was a man of moderate height, youthful in build, but old of face, upon which there sat always a smirk of satisfaction. He was of those whom no beauty in others, no grace, no sweetness, could greatly impress, so filled was he with self-complacency. He had no time to admire, since always he felt that he was being admired, and to adjust his pose, and to speak so that his words carried to the right distance, occupied too much of his attention. He seldom spoke to the person he talked with, but generally to some other, a woman for choice, whom he believed to be listening to the important sentences he uttered. For the rest, he had grown heavy in jaw, and his face, a rather flat face in which were set a pair of sharp, dark eyes, narrowed in toward the top of his head like a pear.

He bowed suavely to Sylvia, with the air of one showing to the room how a gentleman performed that ceremony, but took little note of her.

But Sylvia was determined not to be disappointed.

Her father took her by the elbow and turned her about.

"Mr. Hine."

Sylvia was confronted with a youth who reddened under her greeting and awkwardly held out a damp, coarse hand, a poor creature with an insipid face, flaxen hair, and a manner of great discomfort. He was as tall as Parminter, but wore his good clothes with a Sunday air, and having been introduced to Sylvia, could find no word to say to her.

"Well, let us go in to supper," said her father, and he held open the door for her to pass.

Sylvia went into the dining-room across the narrow hall, where a cold supper was laid upon a round table. In

spite of her resolve to see all things in a rosy light, she grew aware, in spite of herself, that she was disappointed in her father's friends. She was perplexed, too. He was so clearly head and shoulders above his associates that she wondered at their presence in his house. Yet he seemed quite content, and in a most genial mood.

"You sit there, Sylvia, my dear," he said, pointing to a chair. "Wallie,"—this to the youth Hine,—"sit beside my daughter and keep her amused. Barstow, you on the other side; Parminter, next to me."

He sat opposite Sylvia, and the rest took their places, Hine sidling timidly into his chair, and tortured by the thought that he had to amuse this delicate being at his side.

"The supper is on the table," said Garratt Skinner. "Parminter, will you cut up this duck? Hine, what have you got in front of you? Really, this is so exceptional an occasion that I think"—he started up suddenly, as a man will with a new and happy idea,—"yes, I certainly think that for once in a way we might open a bottle of champagne."

Surprise and applause greeted this brilliant idea, and Hine cried out:

"I think champagne fine, don't you, Miss Skinner?"

He collapsed at his own boldness. Parminter shrugged his shoulders, to show that champagne was an every-day affair with him.

"It 's drunk a good deal at the clubs nowadays," he said.

Meanwhile Garratt Skinner had not moved. He stood looking across the table at his daughter.

"What do you say, Sylvia? It 's an extravagance; but I don't have such luck every day. It 's in your honor. Shall we? Yes, then!"

He did not wait for an answer, but opened the door of a cupboard in the sideboard, and there, quite ready, stood half a dozen bottles of champagne. A doubt flashed into Sylvia's mind—a doubt whether her father's brilliant idea was really the inspiration which his manner had suggested. Those bottles looked so obviously got in for the occasion. But Garratt Skinner turned to her apologetically, as though he divined her thought.

"We don't run to a wine cellar, Sylvia. We have to keep what little stock we can afford in here."

Her doubt vanished, but in an instant it returned again, for, as her father came round the table with the bottle in his hand, she noticed that shallow champagne glasses were ready laid at every place. Garratt Skinner filled the glasses and returned to his place.

"Sylvia," he said, and, smiling, he drank to her. He turned to his companions. "Congratulate me!" Then he sat down.

The champagne thawed the tongues of the company; and as they spoke, Sylvia's heart sank more and more; for in word and thought and manner her father's guests were familiar to her. She refused to acknowledge it, but the knowledge was forced upon her. She had thought to step out of a world which she hated, against which her delicacy and her purity revolted; and, lo! she had stepped out merely to take a stride and step down into it again at another place.

The obsequious attentiveness of Captain Barstow; the vanity of Mr. Parminter, and his affected voice, suggesting that he came out of the great world to this little supper party, really without any sense of condescension at all; and the behavior of Walter Hine, who, to give himself courage, gulped down his champagne—it was all horridly familiar. Her one consolation was her father. He sat opposite to her, his strong, aquiline face a fine contrast to the faces of the others. He had an ease of manner which they did not possess; he talked with a quietude of his own; and he had a watchful eye and a ready smile for his daughter. Indeed, it seemed that what she felt, his guests felt, too. For they spoke to him with a certain deference, almost as if they spoke to their master. Only he apparently noticed no unsuitability in his guests. He sat at his ease, their bosom-friend.

Meanwhile, plied with champagne by Archie Parminter, who sat upon the other side of him, "Wallie" Hine began to boast. Sylvia tried to check him, but he was not now to be stopped. His very timidity pricked him on to extrava-

gance, and his boasting was that worst form of boasting—the vaunt of the innocent weakling anxious to figure as a conqueror of women. With a flushed face he dropped his foolish hints of Mrs. This and Lady That, with an eye upon Sylvia, to watch the impression he made, and a wise air which said, "If only I were to tell you all!"

Garratt Skinner opened a fresh bottle of champagne,—the supply by now was getting low,—and came round the table with it. As he held the neck of the bottle to the brim of Hine's glass he caught an appealing look from his daughter. At once he lifted the bottle and left the glass unfilled. As he passed Sylvia, she said in a low voice:

"Thank you."

He whispered back:

"You are quite right, my dear. Interest him so that he does n't notice that I have left his glass empty."

Sylvia set herself then to talk to Wallie Hine. But he was intent on making her understand what great successes had been his. He *would* talk, and it troubled her that all listened, and listened with an air of admiration. Even her father, from his side of the table, smiled indulgently. Yet the stories, or, rather, the hints of stories, were certainly untrue. For this her wanderings had taught her: the man of many successes never talks. It seemed that there was a conspiracy to flatter the wretched youth.

"Yes, yes; you have been a devil of a fellow among the women, Wallie," said Captain Barstow. But at once Garratt Skinner interfered, and sharply:

"Come, come, Barstow! That 's no language to use before my daughter."

Captain Barstow presented at the moment a remarkable gradation of color. On the top was the bald head, very shiny and white; below that a face, now everywhere a deep red except where the swollen veins stood out upon the surface of his cheeks, and those were purple; and this in its turn was enclosed by the black, square beard. He bowed at once to Garratt Skinner's rebuke.

"I apologize. I do, indeed, Miss Sylvia. But when I was in the service, we still clung to the traditions of Wellington, by—by George! And it 's hard to break oneself of the habit. Red-hot," he said, with a chuckle—"that 's what they called me in the regiment—'Red-hot Barstow.' I 'll bet that Red-hot Barstow is still pretty well remembered among the boys at Cheltenham."

"Swearing 's bad form nowadays," said Archie Parminter, superciliously. "They have given it up at the clubs."

Sylvia seized the moment, and rose from the table. Her father sprang forward and opened the door.

"We will join you in a few minutes," he said.

Sylvia went down the passage to the room at the back of the house in which she had been presented by her father to his friends. She rang the bell at once, and when the servant came she said:

"I gave you a letter to post this evening. I should like to have it back."

"I am sorry, Miss, but it 's posted."

"I am sorry, too," said Sylvia, quietly.

The letter had been written to Chayne, and gave him the address of this house as the place where he might find her if he called. She had no thought of going away. She had made her choice for good or ill, and must abide by it. That she knew; but she was no longer sure that she wished Captain Chayne to come and find her there.

X

A LITTLE ROUND GAME OF CARDS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

Sylvia sat down in a chair and waited. She waited impatiently, for she knew that she had almost reached the limits of her self-command, and needed the presence of others to keep her from breaking down. But her native courage came to her aid, and in half an hour she heard the steps of her father and his guests in the passage. She noticed that her father looked anxiously toward her as he came in.

"Do you mind if we bring in our cigars?" he asked.

"Not at all," said she, and he came in, carrying in his hand a box of cigars, which he placed in the middle of the table. Wallie Hine at once stumbled across the room to Sylvia. He walked unsteadily; his features were more flushed than before. She shrank a little from him, but he had not the time to

sit down beside her, for Captain Barstow exclaimed jovially:

"I say, Garratt, I have an idea. There are five of us here: let us have a little round game of cards."

Sylvia started. In her heart she knew that just some such proposal as this she had been dreading all the evening. Her sinking hopes died away altogether.

This poor, witless youth, plied with champagne; the older men who flattered him with lies; the suggestion of champagne made as though it were a sudden inspiration, and the six bottles standing ready in the cupboard; and now the suggestion of a little round game of cards made in just the same tone—Sylvia had a feeling of horror. She had kept herself unspotted from her world, but not through ignorance. She knew it. She knew those little round games of cards and what came of them, sometimes merely misery and ruin, sometimes a pistol-shot in the early morning. She turned very pale, but she managed to say quietly:

"Thank you. I don't play cards."

And then she heard a sudden movement by her father, who at the moment when Barstow spoke had been lighting a fresh cigar. She looked up. Garratt Skinner was staring in astonishment at Captain Barstow.

"Cards?" he cried. "In my house? On a Sunday evening?"

With each question his amazement grew, and he ended in a tone of remonstrance: "Come, Barstow, you know me too well to propose that. I am rather hurt. A friendly talk, and a smoke, yes; perhaps a small whisky and soda. I don't say no. But cards on a Sunday evening! No, indeed!"

"Oh, I say, Skinner," objected Wallie Hine, "there 's no harm in a little game."

Garratt Skinner shook his head at Hine in a grave, friendly way.

"Better leave cards alone, Wallie, always; you are young, you know."

Hine flushed.

"I am old enough to hold my own against any man," he cried hotly. He felt that Garratt Skinner had humiliated him, and before this wonderful daughter of his, in whose good favor Mr. Hine had been making such inroads during supper. Barstow apologized for his suggestion at once, but Hine was now quite unwilling that he should withdraw it.

"There 's no harm in it," he cried. "I really think you are too puritanical. Is n't he, Miss—Miss Sylvia?"

Hine had been endeavoring to pluck up courage to use her christian name all the evening. His pride that he had actually spoken it was so great that he did not remark at all her little movement of disgust.

Garratt Skinner seemed to weaken in his resolution.

"Well, of course, Wallie," he said, "I want you to enjoy yourselves. And if you especially want it—"

Did he notice that Sylvia closed her eyes and really shivered. She could not tell. But he suddenly spoke in a tone of revolt:

"But card-playing on Sunday, really, no!"

"It 's done nowadays at the West-End clubs," said Archie Parminter.

"Oh, is it?" said Garratt Skinner, again grown doubtful. "Is it, indeed? Well, if they do it in the clubs—" And then, with an exclamation of relief, "But I have n't got a pack of cards in the house. That settles the point."

"There 's a public house almost next door," replied Barstow. "If you sent out your servant, I am sure she could borrow one."

"No," said Garratt Skinner, indignantly. "Really, Barstow, your bachelor habits have had a bad effect on you. I would not think of sending a girl out to a public house on any consideration. It might be the very first step down hill for her, and I should be responsible."

"Oh, well, if you are so particular, I 'll go myself," cried Barstow, petulantly. He got up and walked to the door.

"I don't mind so much if you go yourself; only please don't say you come from this house," said Garratt Skinner, and Barstow went out of the room. He came back in a very short time, and Sylvia noticed at once that he held two quite new and unopened packs of cards in his hand.

"A stroke of luck," he cried. "The landlord had a couple of new packs, for he was expecting to give a little party

to-night. But a relative of his wife died rather suddenly yesterday, and he put his guests off. A decent-minded fellow, I think. What?"

"Yes; it 's not every one who would have shown so much good feeling" said Garratt Skinner, seriously. "One likes to know there are men about like that. One feels kindlier to the whole world." He drew up his chair to the table.

Sylvia was puzzled. Was this story of the landlord a glib lie of Captain Barstow's to account, with a detail which should carry conviction, for the suspiciously new packs of cards? And if so, did her father believe in its truth? Had the packs been waiting in Captain Barstow's coat-pocket in the hall until the fitting moment for their appearance? If so, did her father play a part in the conspiracy? His face gave no sign. She was terribly troubled.

"Penny points," said Garratt Skinner; "nothing more."

"Oh, come, I say!" cried Hine, as he pulled out a handful of sovereigns.

"Nothing more than penny points in my house. Put that money away, Wallie. We will use counters."

Garratt Skinner had a box of counters, if he had no pack of cards.

"Penny points, a sixpenny ante, a shilling limit," he said; "then no harm will be done to any one. The black counters cost a shilling; the red, sixpence; and the white ones, a penny. You have each a pound's worth," he said, as he dealt them out.

Sylvia rose from her chair.

"I think I will go to bed."

Wallie Hine turned round in his chair, holding his counters in his hand. "Oh, don't do that, Miss Sylvia. Sit beside me, please, and bring me luck."

"You forget, Wallie, that my daughter has just come from a long journey. No doubt she is tired," said Garratt Skinner, with a friendly reproach in his voice. He got up and opened the door for his daughter. After she had passed out, he followed her.

"I shall take a hand for a little while, Sylvia, to see that they keep to the stakes. I think young Hine wants looking after, don't you? He does n't know any geography. Good night, my dear; sleep well."

He took her by the elbow and drew her toward him. He stooped to her, meaning to kiss her. Sylvia did not resist; but she dropped her head so that her forehead, not her lips, was presented to his kiss. And the kiss was never given. She remained standing, her face lowered from his, her attitude one of resignation and despondency. She felt her father's hand shake upon her arm, and looking up, saw his eyes fixed upon her in pity. He dropped her arm quickly, and said in a sharp voice:

"There, go to bed, child!"

He watched her as she went up the stairs. She went up slowly and without turning round, and she walked like one utterly tired out. Garratt Skinner waited until he heard her door close. "She should never have come," he said. "She should never have come." Then he went slowly back to his friends.

Sylvia went to bed, but she did not sleep. The excitement which had buoyed her up had passed, and her hopes had passed with it. She recalled the high anticipations with which she had set out from Chamonix only yesterday—yes, only yesterday. And against them, in a vivid contrast, she set the actual reality —the supper party, "Red-hot" Barstow, Archie Parminter, and the poor witless Wallie Hine, with his twang and his silly boasts. She began to wonder whether there was any other world than that which she knew, any other people than those with whom she had lived. Her father was different, yes; but—but—her father was too perplexing a problem to her at this moment. Why had he so clearly pitied her just now in the passage? Why had he checked himself from the kiss? She was too tired to reason it out. She was aware that she was very wretched, and the tears gathered in her eyes, and in the darkness of her room she cried silently, pressing the sheet to her lips lest a sob should be heard. Were all her dreams mere empty imaginings? she asked. If so, why should they ever have come to her, she inquired piteously, why should she ever have found solace in them, why should they have become her real life? Did no one walk the earth of all the company which went with her in her fancies?

Upon that her thoughts flew to the

Alps, to the evening in the Pavillon de Lognan, the climb upon the rocks and the glittering ice-slopes, the perfect hours upon the sunlit top of the Aiguille d'Argentière. The memory of the mountains brought her consolation in her bad hour, as her friend had prophesied it would. Her tears ceased to flow; she lived that day—her one day—over again, jealous of every minute. After all, that had been real, and more perfect than any dream. Moreover, there had been with her through the day a man as honest and loyal as any of her imagined company. She began to take heart a little; she thought of the Col Dolent, with its broad ribbon of ice set in the sheer black rocks, and always in shadow. She thought of herself as going up some such hard, cold road in the shadow, and remembered that on the top of the col one came out into sunlight and looked southward into Italy. So, comforted a little, she fell asleep.

It was some hours before she woke. It was already day, and since she had raised her blinds before she got into bed, the light streamed into the room. She thought for a moment that it was the light which had waked her. But as she lay, she heard a murmur of voices, very low, and a sound of people moving stealthily. She looked out of the window. The streets were quite empty and silent. In the house on the opposite side the blinds were drawn; a gray, clear light was spread over the town; the sun had not yet risen. She looked at her watch. It was five o'clock. She listened again, gently opening her door for an inch or so. She heard the low voices more clearly now. Those who spoke were speaking almost in whispers. She thought that thieves had broken in. She hurried on a few clothes, cautiously opened her door wider, slipped through, and crept with a beating heart down the stair.

Half-way down she looked over the rail of the banister, turning her head toward the back part of the house, whence the murmurs came. At the end of the passage was the little room in which the round game of cards was played the night before. The door stood open now, and she looked right into the room.

And this is what she saw.

Wallie Hine was sitting at the table. About him the carpet was strewn with crumpled pieces of paper. He was writing, or, rather, trying to write; for Archie Parminter, leaning over the back of the chair, held his hand and guided it. Captain Barstow stood looking intently on, but of her father there was no sign. She could not see the whole room, however. A good portion of it was concealed from her. Wallie Hine was leaning forward on the table, with his head so low and his arms so wide spread that she could not see in what book he was writing. But apparently he did not write to the satisfaction of his companions. In spite of Parminter's care, his pen spluttered. Sylvia saw Archie look at Barstow, and she heard Barstow answer: "No, that won't do."

Archie Parminter dropped Hine's hand, tore a slip of paper out of the book, crumpled it up, and threw it down, with a gesture of anger, to the carpet.

"Try again, old fellow," said Barstow, eagerly, bending down toward Hine with a horrid smile on his face—a smile which tried to conceal an intense exasperation, an intense desire to strike. Again Parminter leaned over the chair. Again he took Wallie Hine's hand and guided the pen, very carefully lifting it from the paper at the end of an initial or a word, and spacing the letters. This time he seemed content.

"That will do, I think," he said in a whisper.

Captain Barstow bent down and examined the writing carefully with his short-sighted eyes.

"Yes, that 's all right."

Parminter tore the leaf out, but this time he did not crumple it. He blotted it carefully, folded it, and laid it on the mantel-shelf.

"Let us get him up," he said, and with Barstow's help he lifted Hine out of his chair. Sylvia caught a glimpse of Hine's face. His mouth was loose, his eyes were half-shut, and the lids red; he seemed to be in a stupor. His head rolled upon his shoulders. He swayed as his companions held him up; his knees gave under him. He began incoherently to talk.

"Hush!" said Parminter. "You 'll wake the house. You don't want the

pretty girl to see you in this state do you, Wallie? After the impression you made on her, too! Get his hat and coat out of the passage, Barstow."

He propped Hine against the table, and holding him upright, turned to the door. He saw "the pretty girl" leaning over the banister and gazing with horror-stricken eyes into the room. Sylvia drew back on the instant. With a gesture of his hand, Archie Parminter stopped Barstow on his way to the door.

Sylvia leaned back against the wall of the staircase, holding her breath, and tightly pressing a hand upon her heart. Had they seen her? Would they come out into the passage? What would happen? Would they kill her? The questions raced through her mind. She could not have moved, she thought, had Death stood over her. But nothing happened. She could not now see into the room, and she heard no whisper, no footsteps creeping stealthily along the passage toward her, no sound at all. Presently she recovered her breath, and crept up-stairs. Once in her room, with great care she locked her door, and sank upon her bed, shaking and trembling. There she lay until the noise of the hall-door closing very gently roused her. She crept along the floor till she was by the side of the window. Then she raised herself against the wall and peered out. She saw Barstow and Parminter supporting Hine along the street, each with an arm through his. A hansom-cab drove up, they lifted Hine into it, got in themselves, and drove off. As the cab turned, Archie Parminter glanced up to the windows of the house; but Sylvia was behind the curtains at the side. He could not have seen her.

Sylvia leaned her head against the panels of the door and concentrated all her powers so that not a movement in the house might escape her ears. She listened for the sound of some one else moving in the room below, some one who had been left behind. She listened for a creak of the stairs, the brushing of a coat against the stair-rail, the sound of some one going stealthily to his room. She stood at the door, with her face strangely set for a long while. Her mind was quite made up. If she heard her father moving from that room, she would just wait until he was asleep, and then she would go—anywhere. She could not go back to her mother, that she knew. She had no one to go to; nevertheless, she would go.

But no sound reached her. Her father was not in the room below. He must have gone to bed and left the others to themselves. The pigeon had been plucked that night, not a doubt of it, but her father had had no hand in the plucking. She laid herself down upon her bed, exhausted, and again sleep came to her. And in a moment the sound of running water was in her ears.

XI

SYLVIA BECOMES USEFUL

Sylvia did not wake again until the maid brought in her tea and told her that it was eight o'clock. When she went down-stairs, her father was already in the dining-room. She scanned him closely, but his face bore no sign whatever of a late and tempestuous night; and a great relief enheartened her. He met her with an open smile.

"Did you sleep well, Sylvia?"

"Not very well, father," she answered, as she watched his face. "I woke up in the early morning."

But nothing could have been more easy or natural than his comment on her words.

"Yet you look like a good sleeper. A strange house, I suppose, Sylvia."

"Voices in the strange house," she answered.

"Voices?" Garratt Skinner's face darkened suddenly.

"Did those fellows stay so late?" he asked with annoyance. "What time was it when they woke you up, Sylvia?"

"A little before five."

Garratt Skinner's annoyance increased.

"That 's too bad," he cried. "I left them and went to bed; but they promised me faithfully only to stay another half-hour. I am very sorry, Sylvia." And as she poured out the tea, he continued: "I will speak pretty sharply to Barstow. It 's altogether too bad."

Garratt Skinner breakfasted with an eye on the clock, and as soon as the hands pointed to five minutes to nine, he rose from the table.

"I must be off—business, my dear." He came round the table to her, and gently laid a hand upon her shoulder. "It makes a great difference, Sylvia, to have a daughter, fresh and young and pretty, sitting opposite to me at the breakfast table—a very great difference. I shall cut work early to-day on account of it. I 'll come home and fetch you, and we 'll go out and lunch somewhere together."

He spoke with every sign of genuine feeling; and Sylvia, looking up into his face, was moved by what he said. He smiled down at her with her own winning smile; he looked her in the face with her own frankness, her own good humor.

"I have been a lonely man for a good many years, Sylvia," he said, "too lonely. I am glad the years have come to an end." And this time he did what yesterday night he had checked himself from doing; he stooped down and kissed her on the forehead. Then he went from the room, took his hat, and letting himself out of the house, closed the door behind him. He called a passing cab, and, as he entered it, he said to the driver:

"Go to the London and County Bank, in Victoria street," and gaily waving his hand to his daughter, who stood behind the window, he drove off.

At one o'clock he returned in the same high spirits. Sylvia had spent the morning in removing the superfluous cherries and roses from her best hat, and making her frock at once more simple and more suitable for her years. Garratt Skinner surveyed her with pride.

"Come on," he said. "I have kept the cab waiting."

For a poor man he seemed to Sylvia rather reckless. They drove to a Strand hotel and lunched together in the open air underneath the glass roof, with a bank of flowers upon one side of them and the windows of the grill-room on the other. The day was very hot, the streets baked in an arid glare of sunlight, a dry dust from the wood-pavement powdered those who passed by in the Strand. Here, however, in this cool and shaded place, the pair lunched happily together. Garratt Skinner had the tact not to ask any questions of his daughter about her mother, or how they had fared together. He talked easily of unimportant things, and pointed out from time to time some person of note or some fashionable actress who happened to pass in or out of the hotel. He could be good company when he chose, and he chose on this occasion. It was not until coffee was set before them, and he had lighted a cigar, that he touched upon themselves, and then not with any paternal tone, but rather as one comrade conferring with another. There, indeed, was his great advantage with Sylvia. Her mother had either disregarded her or treated her as a child. She could not but be won by a father who laid bare his plans to her and asked for her criticism as well as her assent. Her suspicions of yesterday died away, or, at all events, slept so soundly that they could not have troubled her less had they been dead.

"Sylvia," he said, "I think London in August, and in such an August, is too hot. I don't want to see you grow pale, and, for myself, I have n't had a holiday for a long time. You see, there is not much temptation for a lonely man to go away by himself."

For the second time that day he appealed to her on the ground of loneliness, and not in vain. She began even to feel remorseful that she had left him to his loneliness so long. There rose up within her an almost maternal feeling of pity for her father. She did not stop to think that he had never sent for her, had never, indeed, shown a particle of interest in her until they had met face to face.

"But since you are here," he continued, "well—I have been doing fairly well in my business lately, and I thought we might take a little holiday together at some quiet village near the sea. You know nothing of England. I have been thinking it all out this morning. There is no country more beautiful or more typical than Dorsetshire. Besides, you were born there. What do you say to three weeks or so in Dorsetshire?"

"Father!" exclaimed Sylvia, leaning forward with shining eyes. "It will be splendid. Just you and I!"

"Well, not quite," he answered slowly. He saw his daughter sink back with a pucker of disappointment on her forehead; he knocked the ash off his cigar, and in his turn leaned forward over the table.

"Sylvia, I want to talk to you seriously," he said, and glanced around to make sure that no one overheard him. "I should very much like one person to come and stay with us."

Sylvia made no answer. Her face was grave and very still; her eyes dwelt quietly upon him and betrayed nothing of what she thought.

"You have guessed who the one person is."

Again Sylvia did not answer.

"Yes; it is Wallie Hine," he continued.

Her suspicions were stirring again from their sleep. She waited in fear upon his words. She looked out through the opening at the mouth of the court into the glare of the Strand. The bright prospect which her vivid fancies had pictured there a minute since, transforming the dusky street into fields of corn and purple heather, the omnibuses into wagons drawn by teams of great horses musical with bells, had all grown dark. A real horror was gripping her. But she turned her eyes quietly back upon her father's face and waited.

"His presence will spoil our holiday a little," Garratt Skinner continued with an easy assurance. "You saw, no doubt, what Wallie Hine is, last night—a weak, foolish youth, barely half-educated, awkward, with graces of neither mind nor body, and in the hands of two scoundrels."

Sylvia started, and she leaned forward with a look of bewilderment in her dark eyes.

"Yes, that 's the truth, Sylvia. He has come into a little money, and he is in the hands of two scoundrels, who are leading him by the nose. My poor girl," he cried suddenly, breaking off, "you must have found yourself in very strange and disappointing company last night. I was very sorry for you, and sorry for myself, too. All the evening I was saying to myself: 'I wonder what my little girl is thinking of me.' But I could n't help it. I had not the time to explain. I had to sit quiet, knowing that you must be unhappy, certain that you must be despising me for the company I kept."

Sylvia blushed guiltily.

"Despising you? No, father," she said in a voice of apology. "I saw how much above the rest you were."

"Blaming me, then," interrupted Garratt Skinner, with an easy smile. He was not at all offended. "Let us say blaming me. And it was quite natural that you should, judging by the surface; and there was nothing but the surface for you to judge by."

While in this way defending Sylvia against her own self-reproach, he only succeeded in making her feel still more that she had judged hastily where she should have held all judgment in abeyance, that she had lacked faith where by right she should have shown most faith. But he wished to spare her from confusion.

"I was so proud of you that I could not but suffer all the more. However, don't let us talk of it, my dear," and waving with a gesture of the hand that little misunderstanding away forever, he resumed:

"Well, I am rather fond of Wallie Hine I don't know why: perhaps because he is so helpless, because he so much stands in need of a steady mentor at his elbow. There is, after all, no accounting for one's likings. Logic and reason have little to do with them. As a woman, you know that. And being rather fond of Wallie Hine, I have tried to do my best for him. It would not have been of any use to shut my door on Barstow and Archie Parminter. They have much too firm a hold upon the youth. I should have been shutting it on Wallie Hine, too. No, the only plan was to welcome them all, to play Parminter's game of showing the youth about town, and Barstow's game of crude flattery, and gradually, if possible, to dissociate him from his companions before they had fleeced him altogether. So you were let in, my dear, for that unfortunate evening. Of course I was quite sure that you would not attribute to me designs upon Wallie Hine, otherwise I should have turned them all out at once."

He spoke with a laugh, putting aside, as it were, a quite incredible suggestion. But he looked at her sharply as he laughed. Sylvia's face grew crimson, her eyes for once wavered from his face, and she lowered her head. Garratt

Skinner, however, seemed not to notice her confusion.

"You remember," he continued, "that I tried to stop them playing cards at the beginning. I yielded in the end because it became perfectly clear that if I did n't, they would go away and play elsewhere; while I, at all events, could keep the points down in my own house. I ought to have stayed up, I suppose, until they went away; I blame myself there a little. But I had no idea they would stay so late. Are you sure it was their voices you heard and not the servants moving?"

He asked the question almost carelessly, but his eyes rather belied his tone, for they watched her intently.

"Quite sure," she answered.

"You might have made a mistake."

"No; for I saw them."

Garratt Skinner covered his mouth with his hand. It seemed to Sylvia that he smiled. A suspicion flashed across her mind, in spite of herself. Was he merely testing her, to see whether she would speak the truth to him or not? Did he know that she had come down the stairs in the early morning? She thrust the suspicion aside, remembering the self-reproach which suspicion had already caused her at this very luncheon table. If it were true that her father knew, why, then Barstow or Parminter must have told him this very morning. Hine had certainly not seen her, and if he had seen either of them this morning, all his talk to her in this cool and quiet place was a carefully prepared hypocrisy. No, she would not believe that.

"You saw them?" he exclaimed. "Tell me how."

She told him the whole story, how she had come down the staircase, what she had seen as she leaned over the balustrade, and how Parminter had turned.

"Do you think he saw you?" asked her father.

Sylvia looked at him closely; but he seemed really anxious to know.

"I think he saw something," she answered. "Whether he knew that it was I whom he saw I can't tell."

Garratt Skinner sat for a little while smoking his cigar in short, angry puffs.

"I would n't have had that happen for worlds," he said, with a frowning face. "I have no doubt whatever that the slips of paper on which poor Hine was trying to write were I. O. U's. Heaven knows what he lost last night."

"I know," returned Sylvia. "He lost £480 last night."

"Impossible!" cried Garratt Skinner, with so much violence that the people lunching at the tables near by looked up at the couple in surprise. "Oh, no; I 'll not believe it, Sylvia." And as he lowered his voice, he seemed to be making an appeal to her to go back upon her words, so distressed was he at the thought that Wallie Hine should be jockeyed out of so much money at his house.

"£480," Sylvia repeated.

Garratt Skinner caught at a comforting thought.

"Well, it 's only in I. O. U's. That 's one thing. I can stop the redemption of them. You see, he has been robbed —that 's the plain English of it—been robbed."

"Mr. Hine was not writing an I. O. U. He was writing a check, and Mr. Parminter was guiding his hand as he wrote the signature."

Garratt Skinner fell in his chair. He looked about him with a dazed air, as though he expected to see the world falling to pieces around him.

"Why, that 's next door to forgery!" he whispered in a voice of horror. "Guiding the hand of a man too drunk to write! I knew Archie Parminter was pretty bad, but I never thought he would sink to that. I am not sure that he could not be laid by the heels for forgery." And then he recovered a little from the shock. "But you can't be sure, Sylvia. This is guesswork of yours—yes, guesswork."

"It 's not," she answered. "I told you that the floor was littered with the slips of the paper on which Mr. Hine had been trying to write."

"Yes."

There came an indefinable change in Garratt Skinner's face. He leaned forward, with his mouth sternly set and his eyes very still. One might almost have believed that for the first time during that luncheon he was really anxious, really troubled.

"Well, this morning the carpet had

been swept. The litter had gone; but just underneath the hearth-rug one of those crumbled slips of paper lay not quite hidden. I picked it up. It was a check."

"Have you got it? Sylvia, have you got it?" and Garratt Skinner's voice in steady quietude matched his face.

"Yes."

Sylvia opened the little bag which she carried at her waist and took out the slip of paper. She unfolded it, and spread it on the table before her. The inside was pink.

"A check for £480 on the London and County Bank, Victoria street," she said.

Garratt Skinner looked over the table at the paper. There was Wallie Hine's wavering, unfinished signature at the bottom right-hand corner. Parminter had guided his hand as far as the end of the Christian name before he tore the check out and threw it away. The amount in the body of the check had been filled in in Barstow's hand.

"You had better give it to me, Sylvia," he said, his fingers moving restlessly on the table-cloth. "That check would be a very dangerous thing if Parminter ever came to hear of it. Better give it to me."

He leaned over and took it gently from before her, and put it carefully away in his pocket.

"Now, you see, there 's more reason than ever why we should get Wallie Hine away from those two men. He is living a bad life here. Three weeks in the country may set his thoughts in a different groove. Will you make this sacrifice, Sylvia? Will you let me ask him? It will be a good action. You see, he does n't know any geography."

"Very well; ask him, father."

Garratt Skinner reached over the table and patted her hand.

"Thank you, my dear. Then, that 's settled. I propose that you and I go down this afternoon. Can you manage it? We might catch the four o'clock train from Waterloo if you go home now, pack up your traps, and tell the housemaid to pack up mine. I will just wind up my business and come home in time to pick up you and the luggage."

He rose from the table, and calling a hansom, put Sylvia into it. He watched the cab drive out into the Strand and turn the corner. Then he went back to the table and asked for his bill. While he waited for it, he lighted a match, and, drawing from his pocket the crumpled check, he set fire to it. He held it by the corner until the flames burned his fingers; then he dropped it in his plate, and pounded it into ashes with his fork.

"That was a bad break," he said to himself—"left carelessly under the edge of the hearth-rug. A very bad break."

He paid his bill, and taking his hat, sauntered out into the Strand. The carelessness which had left the check underneath the hearth-rug was not, however, the only bad break made in connection with this affair. At a certain moment during luncheon Garratt Skinner had unwisely smiled, and had not quite concealed the smile with his hand. Against her every wish, that smile forced itself upon Sylvia's recollections as she drove home. She tried to interpret it in every pleasant sense, but it kept its true character in her thoughts, try as she might. It remained vividly a very hateful thing—the smile of a man who had gulled her.

(To be continued)

Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole from the original in the collection of the Duke of Marchena, Paris

"IN THE BALCONY," BY GOYA

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS

TWENTY-FOURTH OF THE SERIES

IN THE BALCONY

BY

GOYA

E. E.

THE PASTURE-THISTLE

BY ELIZABETH AKERS

ROBED crimson-purple sovereign of the weeds,
Thou hast a claim by right divine to reign,
Crowned with a diadem of diamond beads,
O royal thistle of the pasture-lane!

Sternly defiant both of foe and friend,
Resenting fiercely both caress and clutch,
Armed at all points, and ready to defend
Thy splendid blossom from all spoiling touch,

Yet thou art loved. The rose on June's warm breast
Has not so many friends as visit thee.
The bee is but her brief, infrequent guest;
He slights her beauty and her fragrancy

And hastes to thee, with eager rush and boom,
From distant hive or hoard in hollow bole,
And dives and wallows in thy powdery bloom,
Then, white with pollen, seeks his honeyed goal.

Ants creep unharmed along thy prickly stems,
And lady-birds, with shards of black and red,
And small, green beetles, smooth and hard as gems,
Adorn with living jewels thy proud head.

The soft, gray velvet moth, when night is old,
Hugs close thy bayonets, yet no wound receives;
The yellow spider, like a drop of gold,
Loops her light hammock from thy thorny leaves.

Only thy human lovers need to fear
Thy haughty pride, thy self-defensive thrust;
They dread thy ever-ready lance and spear,
And love thee from afar, because they must.

They dare not lift a hand against thy wrath;
But coveting thy beauty all in vain,
Resign to thee the narrow pasture-path,
And leave thee queen of eminent domain.

R. WEIR CROUCH

Justina's Playmate

By Grace Lathrop Collin
Drawings by Ida Dougherty

THE Knowles parlor was in blue because, as any member of the Knowles family would have told you, blue was the color for a parlor. The dogma had originated with one Madam Knowles, who had rendered supportable the protracted solitude of a Revolutionary winter by embroidering in blue and buff twelve squares of tapestry for the twelve claw-footed mahogany chairs set round the wainscoted walls. When her child was born, Major Knowles had taken delight

in making, "with his own hands," a miniature claw-footed chair; and his lady-wife, with languid fingers, had set the stitches of a thirteenth tapestry square. The placid comfort of the succeeding years had the flavor of luxury, in contrast with the contiguous privations. The dozen chairs were drawn about many punch-bowls, or were pressed into service round the lengthened dining-table. To such usage Madam's handiwork yielded up its freshness, and the "parlor set" became faded and frayed, until, in due time, the daughter-in-law of Madam's daughter-in-law had the twelve refurbished in bright-blue reps.

But the little chair had known no such casual treatment. Only stately tribal gatherings, or feminine conventionalities adapted to childish presence, had drawn it from its assigned position beneath the inlaid card-table. The tooth of time had been pleased to spare this small relic, and although the blue and buff of the shield, the ribbon, and the laurel-wreath, had faded to silver and gray, the crossed stitches remained intact. The little object descended like a miniature throne from generation to generation. It was never accounted a toy, and by the time that it was the sole testator to the industry of the Revolutionary Madam Knowles, it was accounted scarcely an article of furniture. It had become the symbol of the reward of the child who was good, and who was, be it recorded, of the Knowles blood.

When Justina Knowles was grown to womanhood, the dozen squares of blue reps had in their turn become faded, although of late they had lived in a darkened parlor, and had served only in the saddest of family rites. As to the little chair, it was thirty years and more since it had been brought out to stand close to the chair of Justina's mother, in order that Justina's stints of sewing—on doll's clothes, by special indulgence—might be duly superintended. Seemingly it would end its days under the shelter of the card-table; for of all the family, root and branch, Justina alone bore the name of Knowles.

Yet Justina had never adjusted herself to that insidious blindness of solitude to which so many New England women adjust themselves. To her thinking—or to her feeling, rather—the house, except as inhabited by herself and her servant, stood vacant. No habitual disuse could render empty rooms other than empty. No names of "store closet" and "spare chamber" could disguise the fact of their lack of occupancy; nor could the tenuous leisure of her days deceive her with a sense of employment. In the morning she realized that with empty hands she faced the day. In the evening she realized that with unexerted energies she faced the night. She welcomed such unforeseen breaks in the routine as a leaking roof or a defective flue. She anticipated such preordained variations as autumn preserving and spring housecleaning.

In one of these grateful upheavals, Justina came upon the linen-swathed bundle of her dolls. It was a domestic dogma held by the Knowles womankind that no little girl should play with dolls after her thirteenth birthday. Justina's devotion to her playthings had recognized no date, and the dolls had never seemed more human than when they were stowed away. She had not seen them for thirty-one years. Now, as she smoothed the crumpled, yellowed garments, and regarded the chipped, staring faces, as unblinking as idols, the impotent childish passion of the day of their banishment came back to her. Then she had consoled herself with the self-made promise that when she was grown up she would "play dolls" as often as she pleased. Again her fingers hovered over a scrap of black-silk apron thrust through by an unrusted needle. Only the Knowles dignity kept her from the folly of taking up the interrupted stitch. Could any justifying aspect, no matter how oblique, be discovered, she would fill out her abbreviated playtime. If only, for instance, there were a thirteen-year-old girl at hand! But neither the family connection nor the neighborhood could furnish forth that variety of childhood. As Justina turned over the creased heap of the puppet wardrobe, the little-girl sensations of being "fairly driven" with family cares woke blissfully. "Play dolls" she must. If herself an outlaw by age, she would regain access to little-girlhood by means of a playmate.

Household tasks forced her to lay

aside the bundle, but she went about in a pleasant day-dream. She conjured up her parlor sweet with sunlight, herself in a mahogany arm-chair, and drawn close to her knee the little ancestral seat, with a child holding up a bit of stitched cloth for her inspection. Years before she had had other day-dreams, which had faded as naturally as night-dreams; but this time no other interests arrived to banish the mood evoked by the toys. And when one morning's mail brought a gray pamphlet, it found Justina ready for decision—a decision demanding action.

The pamphlet was the annual report of an orphanage in a neighboring town. Time out of mind the name of Knowles had stood on the list of trustees. The recurrence in its columns of her family name seemed to sanction her purpose. She set out on a journey to the orphanage.

In coaching days the present orphanage had been the tavern, and thus stood close to the highroad. It had plastered walls, washed to a lavender color, and cinnamon-brown shutters. The windows were small in proportion to the expanse of wall, and gave an effect of gulls' nests on a seaside cliff. Before the entrance, in place of the old swinging sign-board, an arch had been erected, inscribed with the legend that this building, holding a collection of forty children and a matron, was a "Home."

"Come out now, and hold up your head."

Justina waited in the parlor. "I hope the matron won't think I 've come to spy on her," she thought. "Maybe I ought to have sent Mrs. Briggs word that I was coming. Only I started so suddenly, there was n't time. But I 'll tell her how perfectly neat everything is, and how well-cared for the children seem to be." Such an expression would have been no flattery. It was no more than the matron's due. From the moment of opening the front door, the odor of pine floors, damp from recent scrubbing, assailed the visitor. From the hall was added the smell of stewing meat and vegetables. In the parlor there was not a speck on the threadbare carpet. The maps of the township and the county, the sallow engraving of Washington, hung straight and bleak on the walls. The horror of the impeccability of the place weighed upon Justina. "I must speak very warmly of Mrs. Briggs's good management," she warned herself, as she heard the matron's steady, massive step on the stairs.

The matron received the deserved compliments unemotionally. Her matter-of-fact, large, tidy person was as accustomed to approbation as the children were to soup. "Yes, I have two nine-year old girls that could be bound out right now," she said. "I 'll fetch them, and you can take your choice."

Again Justina waited, this time with hands close pressed. On its return, the steady step on the stairs was accompanied by an irregular patter. Mrs. Briggs stood in the doorway, by her side a little girl. Justina looked, and her heart sank within her. She could find no fault: of the orphanage, the child was orphanly. She was all that she should be, and she was insufferable. She was a nice, straight child, with a pleasant color in her broad, polished cheeks, and shrewdness in her snapping black eyes. There was a recommendation in every roll of her smooth black curls.

"Good afternoon," said Justina. "What is your name?"

"Stella, ma'am," replied the girl.

Justina shivered inwardly. She had happened always to detest that name, and Stella's voice! Of course there was nothing the matter with it, but Justina could not harbor the thought of hearing its wooden tones day after day. If only she could devise some means of escape from the matron, still blocking the doorway, she would abandon the whole ridiculous plan, and end her days in fastidious solitude.

"There 's another little girl, you know," said the matron. "Here she is, behind me. She 's so small for her age, I don't know as you saw her. Come out now, and hold up your head."

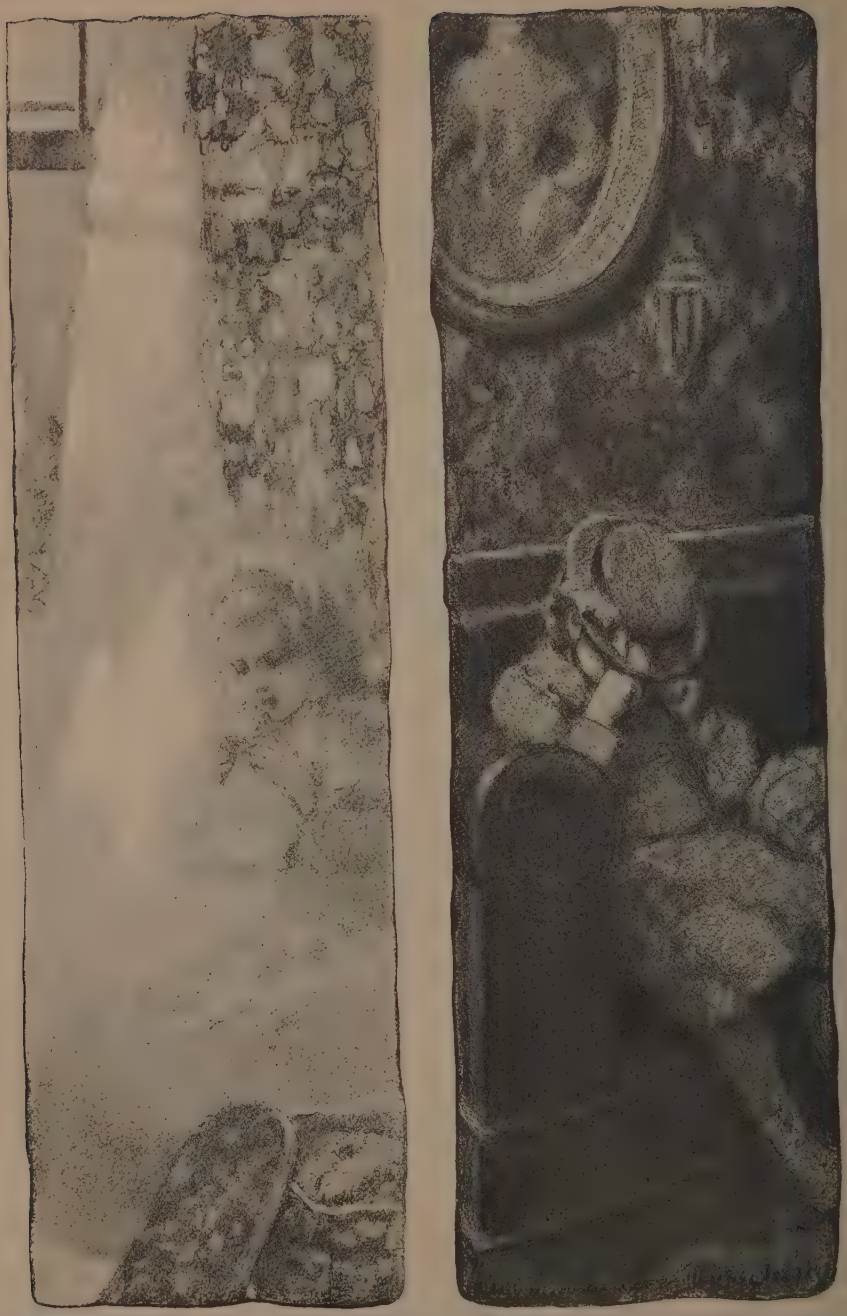
There was thrust forward a second little figure in checked pinafore. She did not return Justina's gaze. Her eyes sought the floor, and a brass-toed shoe traced, in an extremity of shyness, an arabesque on the carpet. Her limp brown hair was pushed behind her ears. Her neck stretched in birdlike thinness from the gingham ruffle. When a whiff of soup that was fairly visible came through the door, Justina noticed that the child's nostril quivered with an innate disgust. Justina's heart went out to her. "And what is your name?" she asked.

"Phebe." Ah, the rare child voice by which some few of the human young bespeak their souls!

"You ought to say 'ma'am,' " prompted Mrs. Briggs, patiently.

Phebe flushed. "Ma'am," she added.

Justina watched, fascinated. For so small a being, with what elaboration was she finished! It was fairly amusing—that little nose, with the pointed tip; the up-curled eyelashes, the precisely cut corners of the lips. Compelled by Justina's continued gaze, the child raised her eyes; and for the first time since her mother died Justina read in another's eyes that she was lovely to look upon. For the girl forgot embarrassment in admiration as she looked at Justina's face, aquiline of feature, mild of eye. Above the parted, waved hair was a bonnet of heliotrope and tiny yellow rosebuds. Her gray-gloved hand, emerging from the black-silk cape, held an ivory-handled parasol. Her cashmere skirt lay in ripples on the carpet. About her was the inexpressible aroma of a parlor, compounded of flower-vases, potpourri-jars of India china, pine-knots behind brass andirons, morocco-bound books. No detail escaped the shy inspection, each of the other. Their eyes met in a smile of mutual appreciation.



"Was not this crying child in as great need as *the other?*"

"You 're going to ask some more questions?" suggested the matron.

"No, no."

"Well, then, if the lady 's done with you, both you little girls can go up-stairs again. First shake hands with the lady."

Stella's firm, solid hand filled Justina's grasp. Phebe's lay like a bird's claw in her palm. She looked down at it. Such a sentimental little hand as it was, flexible and, although tanned and rough, the type of Justina's own. She clasped it affectionately, already with a sense of ownership.

"I suppose you think there ain't much choice, but I wanted you to see all I had. I don't want to do anything unfair."

"No, there 's no question of choice. I 'd like to take her with me to-night."

"Well, now, Miss Knowles, I don't see my way to letting you do just that. There 're records to be looked into, and indenture-papers to be made out. Though, to be sure, as you 're a trustee, that business will be put right through. But her clothes ain't up from the wash yet, and there 's a school treat this Thursday. She 'd be real disappointed, unless I 'm mistaken, to go off now."

"Oh, if it 's a matter of her pleasure, by all means let her wait."

"Now, as it happens, I 'm coming out your way next week. I 'm to address a meeting about the work we 're doing here. I could put the legal forms, all ready to be filled in, in my bag, and bring the little girl, if that would suit."

"That would suit admirably. There are some preparations that I should like to make, too, for the child. Good-by. The trustees are to be congratulated upon the Home, I assure you, Mrs. Briggs."

As the hour drew near for her playmate's arrival, Justina glanced again at the reflection of her radiant face, framed in the oblong of her bedroom mirror. Every piece of furniture in the room seemed to share her eagerness. The high-boy, the bureau, the bedstead, were her confidants. She turned again at the door, to smile indulgently upon the conclusion of their silent supremacy. With whispering silk skirt she descended to the parlor, and flung wide the blinds of the south window, pressing their faded slats among the vivid leaves of the lilac-bushes. In an ancient wall-paper-covered bandbox, hidden in a corner, lay the dolls. Justina had contemplated setting forth the little chair in welcome, but she had decided that Phebe, as well as herself, would prefer a more deliberate ceremony for its installation. It was her fancy that Phebe's first impression should be the scene of the sweet-scented parlor, its sole occupant the lady in the mahogany chair, a shred of sewing held delicately in her white fingers. So she waited, the lilac-leaves of the escaped branches retreating and advancing across the pane. Even when the door-bell rang, she would not step into the hall, and disturb the tableau.

"Well, here we are," said Mrs. Briggs.

Justina raised her eyes. The matron held the child by the hand: it was Stella!

"My! but it 's warm outside," Mrs. Briggs went on. "Seems good and cool in here, though. We've had a real nice journey, too, and ought n't to complain."

Her platitudes continued, while Justina stared aghast. Once her lips moved: that was on the impulse to reproach the matron bitterly for her blunder. Then her eyes fell as she reminded herself that her own management of the affair had permitted such misconstruction. Once her hands clenched strainingly: that was at the thought that she had been froward in the favor of her choice, and that here was the direct rebuke; that in the selection of Stella the matron had been "led." Justina felt the waters close over her. She apprehended that the entrance of this child was already a fact in the family history. But at the memory of that other child face, illumined by devotion, exiled from the Knowles parlor, Justina beat her foot on the carpet. At the sound Mrs. Briggs's garrulity was stemmed.

It was a silence so significant that it penetrated even Stella's sensibilities. The strange reception by this wordless, pale woman, in this aloof room, had an eery effect, and Stella wept aloud.

At the sound of this simple grief, Justina trembled so that her finger-tips tapped the chair. After all, she reasoned, who was Justina Knowles, to set herself up as arbitress of fate? Was not this crying child in as great need as the other? Justina rose stiffly, went to the band-

box, and returned with a doll. "There," said she, "never mind. Don't cry. You may play with this. You can play by yourself, can't you? And you will be careful of this doll? It belonged to a little girl who has—who has died." She laid the roll in Stella's lap, and heard some part of its frail anatomy succumb to the embrace of the broad hands.

"That little girl did n't die of anything catching, did she?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"No."

"I supposed not. Still, it 's my duty as matron to ask such questions."

"Will you tell me about the other little girl at the orphanage—Phebe?"

"Well, now, Miss Knowles, you did come right in the nick of time. At that school treat I told you about, Mis' Brown,—lives up East Weston way, you know,—came and wanted a chore-girl, and seeing as Phebe was the only one I had on hand, why, she took her. But between you and me, Miss Knowles, you got the best of the bargain. Not but what Phebe 's a real good child; but she ain't rugged and never will be. And while Phebe don't mean to, she will get to dreaming off. But Mis' Brown 's such a great hand for work and can train Phebe up into a splendid help."

Those sentimental little hands set to such clumsy tasks! Justina's bosom was consumed with fierce jealousy. But, she told herself, the children had been assigned. It was not her part to tamper with destiny.

Justina watched Stella, awkwardly doubled over the doll, with her feet, swung clear of the floor, toeing in. Then she looked at the little chair under the table, hesitated, and moved to the door.

"I 'm going to leave you and Stella to bid each other good-by," she said over her shoulder. "I 'll be back in a moment."

From the upper hall she saw her room. Giddy with disappointment, she reeled against the door-frame. Then, in a passion of childish loneliness, she flung herself face downward beside the bed.

After a little space she rose, and stood before the bureau. "If I were good, I 'd have given Stella the little chair," she told herself; but she avoided meeting her eye in the mirror, a habit which grew upon her in after years.

BROTHER-SINGERS

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

I

Brave voices of the latter days, sing on!
  Heed not the querulous and scornful cry
  That bids you sing as in the days gone by
Sang the great lordly masters that are gone,
Else, leaving your meek service all undone,
  Prostrate upon the temple-steps, to die.
  It were an offering too cowardly:
Better a withered laurel, hardly won.

O Brother-Singers! patient, eager,—well
  Ye know no man may name the day and hour!
Twilight of eve or morning, who can tell?
  Soft, meek, the late birds in the dewy bower
Chirp after sunset; ay, and softer still
Ere first they greet lord Sun above the hill!

II

Yea, and the golden ages old men praise,—
  And young men, weak with noble youth's distress,—
  Were but the same man in another dress:
Those wondrous days were even as these days.
Wonder walks muffled by familiar ways:
  Much baseness, and a little nobleness,
  Much striving, and a little high success,
Much singing, and a few immortal bays.

But ye, whom love hath chastened, who are ye
  To stand dismayed before the waste of life?
Ye know of old to strive and not to flee:
  Victory 's a guest, but an old friend is Strife;
And Beauty, who forgets no child of hers,
Is tender of her nameless ministers.

III

So the great lords went out to meet their fate:
  Young-eyed, high-hearted, but beset by pain,
  Doubt, fear,—even as the youngest who would gain
The prize, in these our days that seem so late.
Not for them all did Fortune smile and wait.
  Envying another's scope, years spent in vain
  Seemed many years to Shakspere; light disdain
And evil tongues passed the blind Milton's gate.

Ah, brothers! we have sky, and sea, and air,
  And human hearts and faces; there is flame
Still in these living censers that we bear
  Warm in our bosoms; heed not timid blame!
Stand close, and sing! Which one, by God's good grace,
Shall catch the morning on his upturned face?

WHAT AMERICAN MUSEUMS ARE DOING FOR NATIVE ART [1]

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

IT is possible to do something for native art in many different ways—by elevating the standard of taste through exhibitions of foreign masters; by carrying on allied schools of instruction; by putting within reach of the public art libraries, as well as photographs and stereopticons, with slides of important pictures, which may be taken to the home; by holding frequent exhibitions of contemporary work; and by providing public courses of lectures.[2] When the subject of such lectures happens to be American art, we would seem to be in scent of our particular quarry, save for the fact that the lecturer on native art is apt to be chosen because of a capacity to obtain slides rather than because of a capacity to expatiate upon them.

All American museums may thus be said, from one point of view or another, to be doing something for native art. But the aim of this inquiry is to discover to what extent, if any, museums are becoming storehouses of the most representative work of American artists. If this seems to some of my readers a hopelessly narrow or provincial view to take of the subject, let them reassure themselves by glancing at the attitude of the museums of Europe in which there is no hint of apology for evincing a special interest in the work of the painters who have painted within sight of their walls. On the contrary, they seem to feel that something of this kind is expected of them. This question, for instance, was addressed to the director of the Dresden Gallery:

"Do you not recognize a special obligation to collect representative work produced by your own countrymen?"

His answer was an uncompromising "Ja, gewiss."

Furthermore, the statement was made that the Dresden Gallery regarded the encouragement of German art as one of its most important functions. The museum at Prague has special funds always on hand for the purchase of works by native artists. There is at The Hague, besides the Royal Museum, which contains only old masters, a Municipal Museum, which concerns itself chiefly with artists who work in the city, and it endeavors to obtain such canvases as relate to the history or topography of the city. The director puts the case squarely when he says:

"We feel obliged to collect representative works by our countrymen, that work having a special character not only comprehended best and valued most by our visitors, but naturally sought here by foreigners."

The Danish government gives yearly to the Museum of Fine Arts of Copenhagen eighteen thousand crowns (nearly $5000) for the purchase of Danish pictures and fifteen thousand crowns for Danish sculpture. Among six other

[1] This article was finished in November, 1905. While it has been impossible to record all that has taken place throughout the country since then, it was deemed necessary largely to re-write the part dealing with the Metropolitan Museum, owing to the radical changes made in the management during the winter of 1905–06.

[2] Specially admirable are those given in connection with the pictures owned by the museums.

From the painting by Julius Gari Melchers (Detroit Museum). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE VESPERS"

Danish cities eighteen thousand crowns are divided equally for the purchase of Danish paintings and sculpture. Bearing on what might be called racial rather than native art, it is interesting to note that the state of Denmark gives five thousand crowns yearly to the museum at Copenhagen for the purchase of Swedish and Norwegian art. Since 1856, the government of Sweden has annually voted a sum for the purchase of works by living Swedish artists for the National Museum at Stockholm. This year the sum amounted to 15,000 kroner ($4000). Although the paintings at the celebrated Hermitage consist solely of ancient art, St. Petersburg boasts of two other museums formed entirely of native works. One, the Academy, receives from the government twenty thousand rubles (about $15,000) yearly, the other, the Museum of Alexander III receives thirty thousand. At Madrid there is a museum of modern paintings that supplements the collection at the Prado. The Pinacoteca di Brera of Milan is restricted to the purchase of old art, but it is significant that the collection consists almost entirely of works by Italian artists, especially those of Lombardy. The Luxembourg, while trying to mirror all important contemporary movements, whether English, American, German, Spanish, or Scandinavian, sees to it that France is adequately represented, indeed, given the lion's share. In England, besides the splendid old English masters in the National Gallery, there are the National Portrait Gallery, the Tate Gallery of Modern National Art, and, scattered throughout the kingdom, museums that do not hesitate to show what may be called local color in a double sense.

When we turn to America, we are obliged to admit that at the present moment there does not exist one museum from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the gulf, to which one may with a clear conscience direct a student who wishes to gain an adequate idea of the development of American art—its early beginnings with Benjamin West, Stuart, Copley, and Malbone; continuing on through Cole, Church, Doughty, Kensett, Durand, and Colman; then coming down nearer to-day with George Fuller, William M. Hunt, Inness, Wyant, Blakelock, Homer Martin, Twachtman, and Robinson; and finally the best that is being painted to-day.

It is my province to show that we are beginning to wake up to the shame and stupidity of this great lack in our museums. The authorities of the museums and the philanthropists that shower gifts upon them are beginning to see that the future, in so far as is possible at this late date, will retrieve the indifference of the past.

As an earnest of a new interest in home accomplishment may be set down the gift made, in 1905, by Charles Hayden, a citizen of Boston, who bequeathed to the museum of his city one hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of paintings by modern American artists. It is with peculiar satisfaction that one notes such a gift to the Boston museum, for, within the limited means at its disposal, it has always recognized its national obligation. Furthermore, it has felt that this obligation extends to its local environment, and it has endeavored to bring together the finest collection of the work of Copley in the country, because that artist was specially identified with old Boston. The Boston museum has tried to interest the public in contemporary American art by hanging on its walls from time to time temporary loans of such artists as were worthy of a place in a collection the standard of which has always been exceptionally high. In the past, the Boston museum has used its funds in the purchase of many important American paintings, among them the "All 's Well" and "The Fog-Signal" of Winslow Homer, a "Mother and Child" of George de Forest Brush, and the "Caritas" of Abbott Thayer.[1] The examples of colonial American art are peculiarly delightful, the gem of all, of course, being the celebrated "Athenæum" portrait of Washington, one of the two painted from life by Gilbert Stuart. It hangs on the walls of the museum, through the courtesy

[1] For this picture more than half the purchasing price was supplied by the museum, its friends contributing the rest.

of the Athenæum, next to the equally delightful Martha Washington, both "unfinished," and yet both carried to precisely the right point to accentuate the important qualities, to achieve a certain indescribable fascination.

The "Interior" by Sargent is the first painting secured under the terms of the Hayden bequest. It would seem as if in this most interesting picture the clever master of technical difficulties had amused himself with seeing how many objects he could succeed in placing one against the other. At the point farthest away from the onlooker is the wall of the bedroom; nearer comes the bed; nearer than the bed comes the pillow; nearer than the pillow a large picture on an easel; nearer than that, a small picture leaning against the larger one; nearer still, a palette; nearer than that, the hand of the artist who is painting; yet nearer, his strong, bald head; and nearer still, the powerfully modeled arm in a rough jacket; and, finally, nearest of all, the chair on which the artist sits tipped toward the beholder, almost protruding from the frame.

The claim has been brought forward by its late director that the only considerable collection made by an American art institute of contemporary American art is the Temple Collection possessed by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. This is the fruit of a bequest from the late Joseph E. Temple, who, in 1880, left an annual income of thirty-six hundred dollars to the academy, of which eighteen hundred dollars was to be invested in American pictures appearing in the annual exhibitions. Thus far the collection consists of thirty-six pictures. From the fine Centenary Exhibition of 1905, the painting "Old Fields" by Charles Melville Dewey was selected. Other years have been represented by works of Chase, Brush, Eakins, Vonnoh, Alexander, and others. The introduction to the latest catalogue of the Pennsylvania Academy contains these words, written by its president:

"The general collection of the Academy aims to represent worthily all schools and different periods in art, but is especially fortunate in the possession of the works of the earliest American painters, beginning with those of West, Peale, Stuart and Allston, and continuing to the present day.

A collection of American paintings that may accomplish much for the future is the chronological collection of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. Mr. Carnegie has provided by a deed of trust for the establishment of this collection, intended to represent the progress of painting in America beginning with the year 1896, the year in which the institute was founded. For this collection not fewer than two paintings by American painters will be purchased to represent each year. In carrying this out, the trustees offer two prizes, one of one thousand dollars for the oil painting by an American painter, wherever resident, completed in the year of the Carnegie Institute International Exhibit, and which shall, while thus exhibited, be adjudged by the board of trustees one of the works worthy to represent American art of the year. It is disappointing that thus far only four painters have received these chronological awards: Winslow Homer and Benson in 1896; Tryon in 1899; Abbey in 1900. On the completion of building now being erected, the pictures by American artists will hang together. Already these include paintings by Whistler, Shannon, Tarbell, De Camp, Twachtman, Chase, Schofield, Hayden, Alexander, and others.

It is interesting to note in the different terms of their gifts the two points of view as to what really makes an artist American. It will be noticed that Mr. Carnegie specifically says: "American painters, wherever resident," thus providing for those Americans who have their studios and paint their pictures in foreign lands. On the other hand, Mr. Robert Woodward, in giving the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Brooklyn Institute "for the purchase from time to time of paintings by American artists," clearly states that: "The paintings must be by artists practising their profession in America." He does not insist that they must be born on American soil. Indeed, it can scarcely be denied that he who is born in Europe, but has made this his home and has entered into the life of this country, has perhaps as strong a claim to be consid-

From the painting by George de Forest Brush (Corcoran Gallery of Art). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MOTHER AND CHILD"

ered an American painter as he who has exiled himself from his native land and is, in so far as lies in his power, a foreigner. The pictures by American artists belonging to the Brooklyn Institute will hang together when the third section of the building is completed. Among these are Weeks's "Camels Sleeping in the Desert," a marine by Richards, a Florida landscape by Picknell, and landscapes by Joseph Jefferson, Bogert, Dougherty, Warren Eaton, Foster, and Ochtman.

While the Corcoran Gallery at Washington possesses no special fund for the purchase of works by native artists, nevertheless the major portion of its annual income of twenty-five thousand dollars is expended for that purpose. During the last five years, twenty examples by American painters have been purchased. At present two of its largest galleries are devoted exclusively to their work. Besides a fair representation of contemporary art, there are to be found the men of the old school—Stuart, Inman, Sully, Elliott, Kensett, Doughty, and Cole, and the large number of Presidents painted by Healy. The Corcoran Gallery has also two bronzes by Remington, and the splendid "Sun Vow" by MacNeil, which is sufficient to show our progress in sculpture since the days of the "Greek Slave," which is here, together with several other examples of the work of Hiram Powers. Here are also busts and groups by Hart, Rinehart, Galt, and Crawford. One would like to see more of the best gathered here, and while we are on the subject of sculpture, I confess it seems to me strange that no museum possesses a really adequate representation of all the important work done by American sculptors. Reproductions of the original in plaster are much more happy than reproductions of paintings, and now and then it would be possible to enliven the collection by the possession of the original model from the hand of the sculptor, such as that of St. Gaudens's fine Shaw Memorial shown at the Albright Academy, at Buffalo. At that gallery there is also a cast of St. Gaudens's memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson. The Carnegie Institute possesses the models for the Hahnemann Monument at Washington, the work of Charles Niehaus, and for the exquisite "Death Arresting the Hand of a Sculptor," by Daniel C. French. The most important of the modern pieces at the Metropolitan Museum are the beautiful MacMonnies "Bacchante," Bartlett's "Bear-Tamer," Barnard's "Two Natures," and Ruckstuhl's lovely "Evening."[1] The Brooklyn Institute has the "Christ and St. John" and a Madonna by William Ordway Partridge.

The most important feature of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, which is in a period of transition, not yet being entirely moved into its new and beautiful building, the creation of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, is its Sculpture Hall. Here are effectively placed casts of Dallin's superb "Medicine Man," French's "Alma Mater," his "Workingman," and the two equestrian statues done in coöperation with Potter,—"General Washington" and "General Hooker,"—St. Gaudens's "Puritan," Bartlett's "Michael Angelo;" and other important works.

One of the most important pictures of the St. Louis museum is Alexander Harrison's "The Wave."

Of all the museums, the Chicago Art Institute is doing most in the way of representing American sculpture. The two colossal bronze lions guarding the main entrance, the work of Edward Kemeys, do not belie the character and importance of the work shown within. The Elbridge G. Hall Collection consists of full-sized facsimiles of original works of sculpture. This includes not only classical and renaissance periods, but also modern sculpture. The director's claim that it is "the most important contemporary collection of sculpture in America" is surely not too strong. Even if it did not include, as it does, the masterpieces of Dubois, Mercié, Falguière, Chapu, Rodin, and others, the gathering together of so much of the best work of our American sculptors would make good the claim. Here we find the work of Bartlett, French, Elwell, St. Gaudens, Potter, Partridge, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, MacNeil, Dallin, Barnard, and Taft, besides twenty-seven important small bronze figures by Kemeys. Here, also, is the

[1] Since writing this, "The Mares of Diomedes," by Gutzon Borglum, has been presented to the museum.

precious original plaster of Donoghue's exquisite "Young Sophocles" which Lorado Taft has said "stands among the most perfect examples of ideal sculpture yet produced by an American."

One feels as if an apology were due the Art Institute of Chicago for writing of it only from one side of its multifarious activities. It seems a pity not to be able to tell of its admirable art school, the third to be established in the country, comparatively young as the city of Chicago is, with an enrollment of twenty-five hundred students; its library, eagerly used by over twenty thousand annual visitors, exclusive of the students of the school; its almost unbroken succession of exhibitions; and its many courses of lectures. I am obliged to correct, however, its claim to the largest annual attendance of visitors of all art museums in America, as the figures given by the report of the Metropolitan Museum exceeds those of the Chicago Art Institute by over seventy-five thousand.

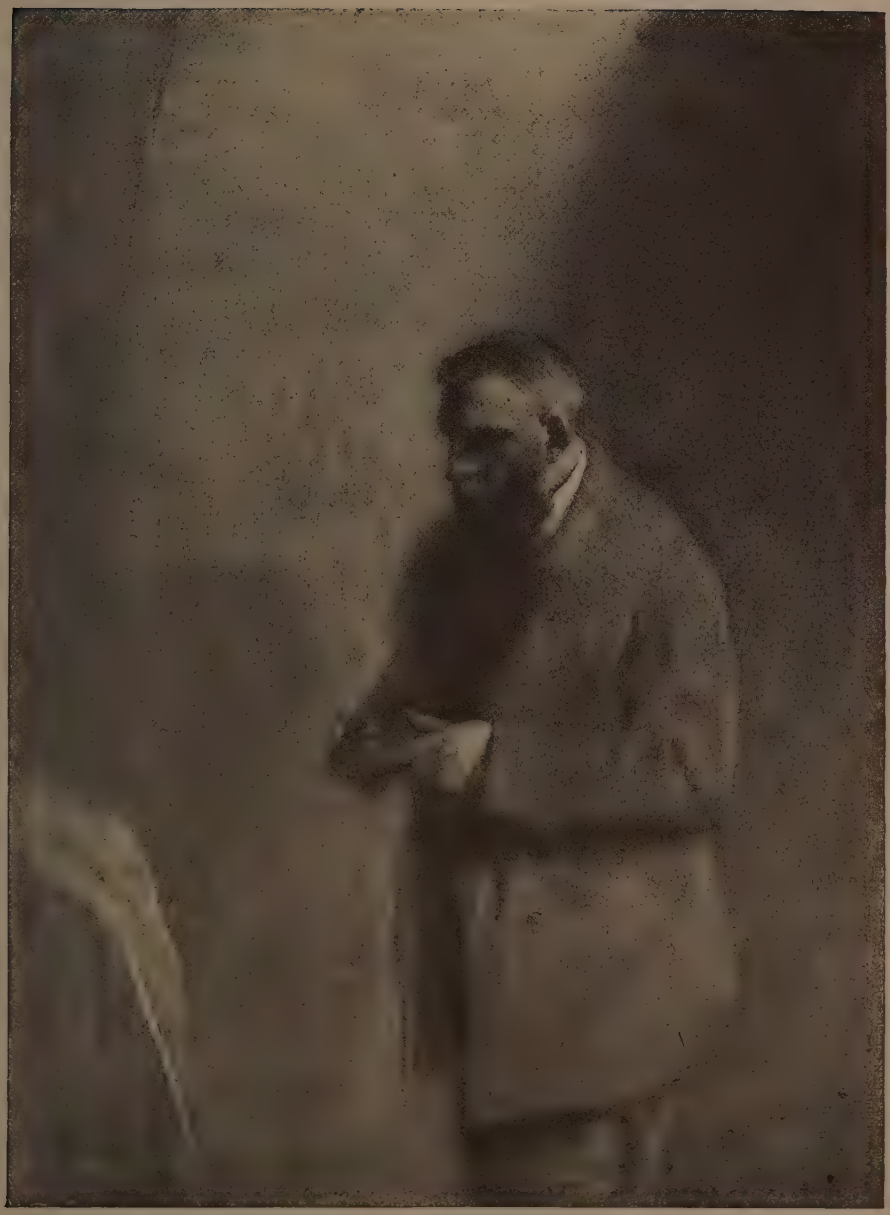
All the art interests of Chicago are focused in its Art Institute. Its annual exhibition confers a prize for the best painting by a Chicago artist, and another is awarded to the best picture painted by an American artist without regard to subject. These exhibitions are not loan collections, but regular exhibitions for the purpose of selling the pictures, such as in New York are found at the Fine Arts Society and at the galleries of the various art-dealers. One of the most interesting of all the annual exhibitions given at the Art Institute is that of works by Chicago artists, which, in 1905, included pictures in various media by seventy-seven men and thirty-five women, all living in Chicago. This exhibition is given under the joint management of the Art Institute and the Municipal Art League of Chicago, which is a unique association, receiving the coöperation of forty-six Chicago clubs. These clubs are by no means art clubs alone, but represent varied activities. They not only subscribe to present to the Art Institute annually a work of art by a Chicago artist,[1] but they individually purchase works from the exhibitions, hanging them in their own club houses, or very often presenting them to various public schools. In 1905 the Municipal League purchased "In an Old Gown" by Martha Baker.

One of the most interesting bequests ever left to a museum is that of Benjamin Ferguson, a lumberman who in his lifetime had never given any evidence of special interest in art. Mr. Ferguson left his entire estate of one million dollars to the Chicago Art Institute, the interest of the fund to be expended in the "erection and maintenance of enduring statuary and monuments in the parks, along the boulevards or in other public places within the city of Chicago, commemorating worthy men or women of America, or important events of American history, the plans or designs for such statues or monuments and the location of same to be determined by the Board of Trustees of the Art Institute." As the income amounts at present to twenty-four thousand dollars and will, on the death of some annuitants, amount to forty thousand dollars, the Chicago Art Institute has thus a unique and happy opportunity to render great service to its city. Indeed, the inhabitants of a larger and wealthier city than Chicago may well look with envy upon such an outlook for civic embellishment so wisely safeguarded.

The report of the director of the institute asks for a representative historical collection of American paintings, of which it already owns forty-nine pictures, which may form a nucleus for such. One of the latest purchases by the institute is a fine landscape by Redfield, and among others of the best known modern paintings are Chase's "Alice" and a "Nocturne" by Whistler.

Placed in the ideal condition of being housed in the most beautiful and satisfactory art building in the country, and endowed with adequate provision for its maintenance by its generous giver, Mr. J. J. Albright of Buffalo, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has, under its able and active director, a future of great importance. While at the moment there is no specific fund for the purchase of American art, on the other hand, only one of its funds is specifically for the purchase of foreign pictures. The latest painting purchased by the academy was Tryon's exquisite "Evening in May," which is re-

[1] These pictures go to form the Municipal Art League Gallery of Paintings.



From the painting by J. W. Alexander (Cincinnati Museum). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

AUGUSTE RODIN

From the painting by Winslow Homer (Boston Museum of Fine Arts). Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE FOG-SIGNAL"

garded as one of the academy's most important possessions. The academy also owns a particularly fine Wyant, a superb Inness, a strong Horatio Walker, and several other canvases representative of the best that is being painted today. It is exceedingly interesting to note here a number of pictures by Buffalo artists. It would be pleasant to be able to go to the birthplace or residence of an artist with a certainty that there would be found the best collection of his work. It seems natural to do that sort of thing in Europe; but as yet the museums of America, with one or two honorable exceptions, have shown themselves rather afraid of being too local. Detroit, the birthplace of Gari Melchers, for instance, should be the place to study him, yet its museum owns only two of his paintings. Nevertheless, the Detroit Museum has just begun a movement full of promise for American art. One hundred members have been secured to contribute annually ten dollars each, the entire sum to be expended each year in the purchase of paintings by American artists. This same admirable policy is also pursued by the Cincinnati Museum, which, by the way, has a special opportunity in the direction of local color through the fact that Cincinnati has given to the country many well-known artists. Of these, the museum owns one painting by De Camp, two by Mosler, two by Twachtman, all of whom were born in Cincinnati, one by Kenyon Cox, one by Whittredge, and one by Wyant, who, though born in another part of the State, began their careers in Ohio's chief city. A great many students of the art academy are represented on the walls, and it is interesting to see the portrait of Rodin by Alexander, who is a pupil of Duveneck, one of the instructors in the art school. Of Duveneck's work both in painting and in sculpture there is a fair representation. If all the American paintings which are now loaned to the museum ultimately come into its possession, the painters having special local interest will be far more adequately represented. There are here interesting groups and busts by the sculptors who are identified with Cincinnati—Hiram Powers, Ezekiel, Barnhorn, Niehaus, and Solon H. Borglum.

The most complete representation of a Cincinnati painter is the memorial collection of the work of Robert Blum. I presume it is the most complete collection of an artist in any American museum. The contents are varied, including paintings in oil, water-colors, pastels, etchings, drawings of all sorts, and even studies in modeling for small figures in a decorative panel. The Japanese books and prints and other objects of interest from his studio have also been given to the museum. To complete this delightful memorial, the sculptor Niehaus was commissioned to model a bust of Blum, which has been cast in bronze.

In fulfilling what I might call the obligations of locality, the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis rises nobly to its opportunities. And why should not the people of Indiana be particularly interested in the paintings of what is called "The Hoosier Group"—Steele, Adams, Stark, Forsyth and Gruelle? It would be nothing short of pitiable if the fine work of the gifted Indiana painter Charles Conner, who died just as recognition was coming to him, were not found here. It is peculiarly fitting that the institute owns Sargent's portrait of the Hoosier poet James Whitcomb Riley. Although the institute is very young, even waiting the construction of a building of its own, it already possesses examples of many well-known American painters, for instance, Duveneck, Reid, Shirlaw, Chase, and Tryon. While several admirable canvases by Europeans have been purchased, the active young director writes: "The policy of the association[1] is a steady recognition of American art, and constant additions will be made from this source in the future."

The most important possession of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum is undoubtedly a peculiarly lovely unfinished portrait of Mrs. Perez Morton by Gilbert Stuart. Last year the museum purchased, in all, three paintings, of which

[1]This association was started through the efforts of some public-spirited women in a very modest way. Quite without any previous intimation of interest on his part, the late John Herron of Indiana bequeathed to them the sum of $260,000 for the purpose of erecting a museum, conducting an art school, and otherwise enabling the association to carry out its purposes.

From the painting by Edwin A. Abbey (Carnegie Institute). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1902, by the Carnegie Institute

"THE PENANCE OF ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER"

two are by Americans, La Farge and Blakelock. The museum also owns the beautiful "Venetian Blind" by Tarbell. The L. J. Knowles Art Fund of fifteen hundred dollars a year, "to be expended, as occasion offers, in the purchase of one or more paintings by American artists," is expended under the direction of the authorities of the museum. To the Worcester Museum has recently been left a sum estimated at between $2,500,000 and $3,000,000 by the will of the late Mr. Salisbury of Worcester.

The town of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, boasts of a new and very beautiful art gallery, the gift of the Honorable Zenas Crane of Dalton, Massachusetts, to whom it is also indebted for the larger part of the contents of the building. One of the latest purchases of the museum is "Mid-Ocean" by Charles H. Woodbury. It is a satisfaction to note hanging on the walls the "Maiden's Revery" by Douglas Volk, who was born in Pittsfield, and who therefore deserves a fuller representation. The paintings belonging to the Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design at Providence are all the work of modern painters, those by Americans forming a very large proportion of the whole. In 1901 Mr. Jesse Metcalfe of Providence gave $50,000 for a fund the interest of which is used to purchase paintings hung in the museum's annual autumn exhibition of works by American artists. Among the more important paintings owned by the museum are Alexander's "The Blue Bowl," Mary Cassatt's "Mère et deux enfants," Chase's "Woman in Pink," and a still life, figure-pieces by Tarbell, Childe Hassam, and Alden Weir, and landscapes by Wyant, Inness, R. Swain Gifford, and Winslow Homer.

Portland, Oregon, has just erected a new building for an art museum through the generosity of Mrs. Ladd. The ground was bequeathed by Mr. Corbett, who also left an endowment of fifty thousand dollars. Here hung the water-colors and drawings of the art department of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The aftermath of such expositions is not all dreary wastes, disheveled parks, deserted hotels, and collapsed real-estate booms. It is impossible for a world's fair not to exert a great influence on the art interests of its immediate neighborhood. The future of the Portland Museum will be watched with interest.

In speaking of New York's Museum of Art, it is more profitable, on the whole, to keep one's eyes upon the promise of the future rather than upon the lapses of the past. That in the past the Metropolitan Museum fell far below its full opportunities as an American museum I think none of its warmest friends would be inclined to deny; that there is slowly rising a policy more sensitive to the claims of American art no one in touch with the present management can fail to realize. Whatever one might be tempted to say of the museum's attitude in the past, and there is much to be said, it is more gracious to be thankful that the tide has turned rather than to be disgruntled that it did not turn sooner. As impatient as one becomes over the failure to recognize great art when it is being produced by one's side, nevertheless, to reflect upon the history of our country is to make some allowance for a habit of mind which was traditional, the sources of which went back to the very roots of our national consciousness.

Certain it is that the thirty-fifth report of the trustees (1905) strikes a new note in the history of the Metropolitan Museum of Art:

> "Among the many directions," says this revolutionary document, "in which extension of our collection is desirable, there is one which has peculiar claims upon our interests and patriotism, that is, the art of our own country. Foreigners coming to America expect to find in the chief museum of our country the evidence of what America has done, and, indeed, the material for full appreciation of the development of American art. Our own countrymen should expect nothing less. The achievement of American art, and the position accorded to it at recent international expositions, warrant us in giving it an important place in our American museum."

From the appeal that follows to the "generosity and patriotism of our private citizens," the inference has been made that American art is considered worthy of acceptance as gifts, but not to justify the expenditure of any portion of the Rogers fund, which yields an annual in-

From the sculptured group by Gutzon Borglum (Metropolitan Museum of Art). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1904, by Gutzon Borglum

"THE MARES OF DIOMEDES"

From a Copley print, copyright, 1899, by Curtis & Cameron, from the painting by Douglas Volk (Pittsfield Museum)
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE MAIDEN'S REVERY"

come of $200,000, for the purchase of works of art. I am glad to be able to state with authority that such is by no means the case. The museum has recently purchased two fine examples of Gilbert Stuart and a delightful landscape by William M. Hunt, and stands ready, I think I may say eager, to purchase any really important examples of our best painters.[1]

One of the pledges of the new régime is the erection shortly of a new wing where is to be installed the contemplated collection of representative American art. The significance of this will be greatly enhanced by the munificent gift of Mr. George A. Hearn of New York, who, in January, 1906, gave a hundred thousand dollars, "the income to be expended for paintings by persons now living, who are, or who may be at the time of purchase, citizens of the United States of America, or by those hereafter born, who may, at the time of purchase, have become citizens thereof." Furthermore, to guard against possible errors in the judgment of contemporary art, a highly suggestive provision empowers the authorities of the museum "to exchange or sell any painting or paintings purchased with the income of a hundred thousand dollars; such paintings to be exchanged for, or proceeds of paintings sold to be expended for, another painting or paintings by citizens of the United States of America."

Naturally the significance of the relations of the museum to the art of the country depends upon the character of the purchases to be made. There is no doubt that unwise or indiscriminate buying really, in the end, serves the cause of American art less well than not to buy at all. The people of America have every right to expect a great deal from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for doubly, triply conspicuous it stands today: first, from its position in the metropolis of the Western hemisphere; second, from its magnificent endowment, of which M. Monod, Curator of the Luxembourg, writes me, "No museum in the world possesses such a purchasing power"; third, from the distinguished position in the art world held by its admirably equipped officers of administration, all appointed during the year 1905-6. The director, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the assistant director, Mr. Edward Robinson, and the curator of paintings, Mr. Roger E. Fry, really form a very remarkable trio. Both the director and the assistant director have had experience at the head of other museums, the one at the great South Kensington Museum, London, the other at the Boston Museum. The director is a man of the broadest possible humanitarian interests, perhaps strongest in that side of art which has direct application to life; the assistant director, too wide in his scholarly attainments to be called a specialist in a narrow sense, yet has specialized in the direction of Greek art and archæology, in which department he served on the faculty of Harvard University; the curator of paintings comes from England under circumstances highly flattering to the good judgment of the trustees, having received a call to the directorship of the National Gallery just after he had accepted the American position. Already during a short stay in America he has conclusively shown that, added to his intimate knowledge of the old masters, he possesses strong individuality and independence in his judgment of contemporary work.

While the Hearn Fund will provide the museum with a certain number of paintings by living American painters, yet the general policy of the museum is to purchase the work only of deceased painters. In this I can readily sympathize. There are so many opportunities in New York for seeing the output of living men that there is really no occasion for a New York museum to do anything in this direction. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that the holding of loan exhibitions of contemporary work is a very important part of the duties of the museums situated in

[1] This statement may need modifying to this extent: some important canvases have been refused because of the very large price asked for them. On the one side is the difficulty of appraising high enough work which has barely come into its own; on the other hand, perhaps there may be a desire—quite human, one must admit—to make the museum realize the extent of its lost opportunities. There is no doubt, however, that it is growing increasingly difficult to acquire at any price the very best examples of our best painters.

From the painting by John S. Sargent (John Herron Institute, Indianapolis). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

From the painting by George Inness (Metropolitan Museum of Art). Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE DELAWARE VALLEY"

smaller towns, not only away from the great art dealers of the country, but without any other halls or galleries where such pictures may be hung.

Yet, on the whole, it would seem an unwise policy to refuse to purchase the work of living painters, while accepting it as a gift. It is by no means the worthiest painter who possesses sufficient vogue to have wealthy patrons who can present his pictures to the museum. I think more and more the authorities of the museums scattered through the country will realize that the standard by which should be judged the artistic merits of gifts should be, if anything, more severe than that which applies to purchases. After all, the museum is master of what it itself has purchased, and there are always walls not quite so conspicuous as others. Alas! it is not so easy to suppress or judiciously render inconspicuous such art as is presented.

What we really need in New York is a building, perhaps situated near the Metropolitan Museum, but in no way connected with it, which shall become the temporary repository of contemporary work both purchased and given, and from which the best canvases may be selected from time to time for the permanent collection of the Metropolitan, perhaps according to the methods of the Louvre—ten years after the death of the artist. In other words, we need a Luxembourg, where the work of the living may be studied under conditions which, while thoroughly dignified and outside any possible suggestion of the mercantile spirit, yet will not confer what may possibly be a meretricious éclat from juxtaposition with the work of the world's masters.

THE PERFECT WOMAN

BY EDITH WYATT

Author of "Every One His Own Way"

"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are."

AMONG the lifelong attachments of Mrs. Norris was her affection for a friend engaged in the profession of letters, Mrs. Helen Waters Hersey.

For a well-established weekly magazine, "All Around the World," Mrs. Hersey had originated and edited an enormous correspondence department, "The Perfect Woman."

Mrs. Hersey was herself a remarkably handsome woman, fair, large, and practical, with a wordy, advisory style of high pecuniary value, and a thoroughly sweet disposition of astounding complacence.

Entirely in harmony with her own destiny, she was far too apt either to madden her acquaintance by quiet, helpful suggestion for the modulation of theirs, or to estrange them by constant description of the brilliant transpositions she had made in the lots of others by inducing them to wear small instead of large hats, to drink buttermilk, or to live in the country. On the occasions when the Perfect Woman dined with Mrs. Norris, other members of her family and other dinner-guests were far too apt to speed away after dessert—speed away on errands of light up-stairs or to a small, cold drawing-room across the hall, where ordinarily they never went except in search of some lost article.

Only Mrs. Norris and Elsie would remain in the library—Mrs. Norris because she had a loyal and courteous heart, and

because she and Helen Waters had been girls together in Pittsburg; Elsie because, like the wedding-guest by the eye of the Ancient Mariner, she was mesmerized by the speech and manner of the Perfect Woman, and because from childhood she had loved Mrs. Hersey—loved her large, fair surfaces, her pretty white hair, her well-fitted black cloth tailor-suits, with admirable cuff and collar pins, and her goddess-like, nerveless nature, as good as gold, and of some composition quite as dense.

Once on a cold winter evening, as the ladies were settling themselves comfortably, coffee-cups in hand, in corners of the long sofa opposite their fluent guest, a cousin, Mr. Bertram Fotheringay,—ordinarily known as young Bert, to distinguish him from his father of the same name,—unexpectedly entered and took his place between them.

Young Bert was a good-natured young man, clean-shaven, with close-clipped tan hair and very clear light-blue eyes, a graduate of Yale, now employed as the foreign agent of the family house of Fotheringay & Fotheringay, importers of coffee, tea, and spices, and recently returned from a trip to Japan. Unaware that he had entered the presence of a monologue artist, he had thought to spend an evening of social communion and sympathetic pleasure, narrating the impression and adventures of his entrance into the circles of commerce, and hearing the histories of his cousin and his Chicago friends in his absence.

It was a blow to young Bert when Mrs. Hersey, gravely fixing him with her eye, said almost instantly: "To go back to the question of cereals for breakfast. We were speaking of it, Mr. Fotheringay, before you came in. Now, I once knew a man—a man of brains who used to work at night, late. The work was competitive, demanding unremitting, keen intellectual concentration—the advertising of a great new skirt braid. Hooker Briggs's fellow-craftsmen have repeatedly said to me that for years the man came down to the struggle every morning worn, moody, despondent. It told on his wife, a bright, charming young society-girl. She, too, became worn, moody, old before her time."

"Why did it tell on her?" asked young Bert, restively, with literal masculine curiosity. "I don't understand that."

"Neither did I," said Mrs. Hersey, impressively. "I did n't understand it, either, at first. I was attached to both the young people, and I thought it over and over—thought it over and over." An unconscious sigh of impatience escaped unnoticed from young Bert. "I said to myself: 'Why are n't they happy? They ought to be. Why are n't they?' "

Mrs. Hersey stopped impressively, and drank a little coffee.

"The mother came to me at last—came to me personally while she was visiting them, and said: 'Mrs. Hersey, may I stay with you for a little while, temporarily? I will confide in you; I will tell you the reason why I ask it. Frankly, I cannot,' she said, 'remain at Teen's for the present. It is simply so very unpleasant at breakfast. Hooker is so irritable.'

"Now, I knew Hooker Briggs was not naturally an irritable man. The man is big, fine in every respect." Mrs. Hersey slightly drew in her nostrils and inflated her chest, apparently in momentary histrionic assumption of Hooker Briggs's size and refinement. "And yet he and the young wife were drifting apart. And why? Why?" Mrs. Hersey looked about with lifted chin. "Then suddenly I thought: 'A-a-a-h! I have it!' So I turned to the mother, and I said quietly: 'What does your daughter have for breakfast?'

"Well, there was a hesitation—a little hesitation. I thought for a moment her pride was affronted—natural womanly pride in her daughter as a housekeeper, you know. You know the feeling."

All hastily implied that they knew,—Mrs. Norris, with the dazed, attentive eagerness of one who has nearly dozed; and young Bert, his head upon his hand, with the heartfelt agreement in which the wedding-guest discerned the tone of god-speed to the traveler.

"Then she said, 'Mrs. Hersey, Teen has the European breakfast—coffee and rolls.'

" 'Coffee and rolls,' I repeated—"coffee and rolls?" Mrs. Hersey seemed to be going into a trance over these words

and syllables, which she repeated with glittering eye, shaking her head dreamily. She leaned forward and added softly: "I said to her: 'Coffee and rolls,—an excellent breakfast; but—but—Mrs. Johnson, what coffee, what rolls?' A-a-a-h! that was the point! The woman's pride—the mother's pride—broke down then, to let in reason. 'Mrs. Hersey,' she said, and she put it strongly and frankly—when the truth came, it came with a rush—'the coffee is—poor; the rolls—are—atrocious.'"

Mrs. Johnson had apparently uttered these blighting revelations in a ferocious, sibilant whisper, clapping her mouth together like a trap at their conclusion.

"Then I saw it all," continued Mrs. Hersey. "Not literally; I have never breakfasted with them. Do you know how I saw it, Elsie? By the imagination. I made a little mental picture. I saw the husband, worn after the late hours of keen intellectual effort, the weak coffee, the few cold, heavy rolls—I saw it all, just as though it had passed before me," said Mrs. Hersey, triumphantly. "And then had come the drifting apart—the separation between those who still care, still care—in their hearts, though they deny it."

"Terribly hard on everybody," exclaimed young Bert, in tones of appreciative and earnest finality.

The young man's voice was as that of one crying in the wind.

"So I spoke wisely and quietly to the mother. I said, '*Do* not—do *not* let this be! Go to your daughter; speak with her; say quietly: "Let me do the housekeeping for the week." Have the table attractive—a cereal, Java coffee, fresh rolls, a simple breakfast, but nourishing—nourishing for the day. Teen's mistake will appear to her.'"

Again Mrs. Hersey paused. Every eye was fixed upon her. It was thought the end must surely be about to come.

"To-day there is not a happier household in America, and, do you know, those people can never thank me enough. Mrs. Hooker Briggs was in my office yesterday. 'Mrs. Hersey,' she said, 'if there is anything on earth I can do for you, command it, and it shall be done. But there is n't. You seem to have everything. How have you managed? How have you done it? My dear, you are simply a queen—an American queen, though you are too modest to know it, much less to mention it yourself.' To go back to the question of coffee for breakfast—"

So the evening sped away.

By the good lady's account, the offices of "All Around the World" frequently resounded with such protestation as that of the admiring Mrs. Hooker Briggs—almost constant popular outcry of astonishment and awe at Mrs. Hersey's own triumphant processional through existence.

The greater part of this existence the Perfect Woman spent in a large, ill-ordered household in apartments on the drive.

The reason why it was ill-ordered was that whenever any one of her step-grandchildren had any contagious sickness, he at once came to stay away from his brothers and sisters with Mrs. Hersey; whenever any of her stepdaughters had a new baby, she came to stay with Mrs. Hersey; and whenever any of her step-sons or step-sons-in-law lost his position, he came to stay with Mrs. Hersey. All these dependents were on extremely bad terms with Mr. Hersey, a gentleman whom his wife had long supported in the manner to which he had been accustomed.

Mrs. Hersey's servants were always leaving without giving notice. Her meals were always cold and badly served, on account of the number of tables necessitated by the constant presence of trained nurses, small children, adult non-professional guests, and Mr. Hersey, who refused to dine or even to lunch or to breakfast in company with any of these groups. When Elsie and Mrs. Norris called on Mrs. Hersey, they usually sat talking with her, or, rather, listening to her on cots temporarily placed in the entry for jobless stepsons or step-sons-in-law. Her front rooms were ordinarily in darkness and occupied by either a baby or a night-nurse taking a nap.

As a young woman, Mrs. Hersey had married a small, ugly, and very cross widower whom she alone supposed to be a journalistic genius. Mr. Hersey had since yielded to a weakness common both to genius and to many persons of more ordinary endowment, and had treated her

very badly indeed. But Mrs. Hersey had always kept intact the memory of the loving admiration in which she held him as a man of superior understanding when she was a girl.

It was on account of this memory that she supported with perfectly quiet respect the helpless wreck he had now been for years.

She was nineteen when she began to take care of Mr. Hersey's children, and she had taken care of them ever since—taken care of them while she bore and lost two children of her own, while Mr. Hersey squandered in speculation the little fortune her father had left her, while her husband drank himself into hopeless incompetence, and while she finally secured, through his friends, her first position with "All Around the World."

"How long have you known this Perfect Woman? How long have you borne this oppression?" said young Bert, in reference to the evening of monologue, as he and Elsie started down his aunt's steps for a walk a few weeks later.

"Oh—I don't know. Always, I guess," said Elsie, vaguely, buttoning her glove.

"And how long shall you continue to bear it?"

"I guess always."

"I feared that would be your natural course. In a quiet manner I have avenged your wrongs as my kinswoman."

"I hope your manner has been so quiet that the Perfect Woman will not know of your vengeance quite yet."

"So quiet that she can never know of it."

"Because we have to stop there a minute this afternoon to inquire after one of her step-grandchildren there, who has diphtheria."

Small is the satisfaction the truly just ordinarily derive from vengeance on the oppressive, meanly subject, like the rest of the world, to mortal ill and care.

With mingled emotions the unfortunate young Bert produced from his pocket a copy of "All Around the World." He handed it to Elsie, with his finger on a blue-penciled paragraph in the "Perfect Woman" column.

TIGER LILY:

I am a small brunette. How can I dress, and what exercises can I take to appear a large blonde?

You mention some stretching motions, I think, in an old number, but I cannot find it. Kindly repeat recipe for good and rapid bleach.

I know of no bleach which is not injurious to the hair. Get out into the fresh air and the sunshine, Tiger Lily. Fill your mind with bright, happy thoughts and with work for others, and you will be content just to be a brunette in this wide, wonderful planet of ours. Many women not divinely tall and most divinely fair have been honored. Witness Rebecca the heroine of "Ivanhoe," Cleopatra, Adelina Patti, and others. Have you ever swept away the mental cobwebs by reading that wise little booklet, "How to Know the World?" Get it in our attractive, new hand-lettered edition, price fifty cents net, uniform with those two other little classics, "How to Sleep," and "How, Where, and When to Breathe."

"You see, all I have asked in return for an evening of ruffianly, boastful suppression is a little unobtrusive pleasure of my own. Don't you call that a quiet revenge?"

"Either that or a great public insult."

"The quiet revenge of an obscure, bullied gentleman on one so constructed that she can say she is simply an American queen, though she is too modest to know it, much less to mention it."

"But she takes no credit to herself for her *real* goodness, you know—only for her exasperating qualities."

Young Bert groaned deeply, and Elsie was unable to refrain longer from a glance of sympathy with the brunette correspondent, especially as the Perfect Woman's maid just then called down the speaking-tube that the step-grandchild was better.

All he could now do toward appearing to advantage, young Bert said, would be to comply with Mrs. Hersey's suggestion to procure the classics, fifty cents net. He would give to Elsie "How to Sleep" and "How, Where, and When to Breathe," though the latter would have been his own favorite.

THE TRAINING OF THE NEGRO[1]

BY ROBERT BENNETT BEAN

THE negro in America may be classified in four racial groups: the true negro, of which there are several types (Guinea coast, Hottentot, Bushman), constitutes the majority in the South; the Hamitic negro (Bantu, Zulu, Kafir), is found in small numbers throughout the whole country, particularly in Virginia and the Carolinas; the Semitic negro (Sudanese, Dahomian), is also found in small numbers scattered over wide areas in the United States; the Caucasian negroes (sambo, mulatto, octoroon, etc.) are found in large and constantly increasing numbers both North and South, but predominate specially in the North.

In any training of the negro, cognizance should be taken of these elements in the colored people, as well as of the natural endowments and qualifications of the race. In order to obtain a just estimate of the different factors, it may be well to trace the origins of the peoples that make up the present negro population of America.

Mankind may be grouped primarily into two classes, the black and the white. The yellow, the red, and the brown races are secondary classes. There are several distinct types of the black race: the Australian, the African, etc., only one of which, the African, concerns us. There are three types of the white race: Hamitic, Semitic, and Caucasian. The Caucasian is the white race of Europe and America, although this has become mixed with the prehistoric Hamitic of Europe. The Semitic comprises the Jews, Arabs, and Gipsies. The Hamitic stock in prehistoric times peopled the region of the Sahara and the great lakes of Africa. This was then a habitable area, with an altitude of several thousand feet, three great rivers, a salubrious climate, and probably abundant vegetation. From this primitive home the stock spread in all directions. To the east, the fair-skinned Libyans settled on the upper Nile and assisted in founding one of the most flourishing civilizations of antiquity. The most recent exhumations in Egypt point to this fact. To the west, prehistoric men were Hamitic, being represented to-day by the Berbers of northern Africa, as well as by the fair-haired, blue-eyed, white-skinned inhabitants of the Atlas Mountains. To the north, they crossed the land bridges of the Mediterranean, which existed at Gibraltar, Italy, and Crete; and as the late prehistoric man of Europe they settled in the south, west, and north, as well as in the British Isles, and assisted in founding Grecian, Roman, Carthaginian, European, English, and American civilizations, through combinations with other peoples. To the south, the Hamitic race peopled the land of Sheba and of King Solomon's mines, as well as Madagascar, where Mongolian, negro, and Semitic elements, have been added, and are represented in the Madagascar negro of America.

In the course of many centuries,—many thousands of years, perhaps,—there has been an interminable intermingling of the Hamitic and negro stocks in Africa, while at present the pure negro is found only in isolated places along the west coast and in the jungles. This is indicated by the color map of Africa. Elsewhere the Hamitic negro prevails, and many of the relics of a previous civilization may be determined in the existing institutions, arts, and industries of the natives. Starting along the eastern

[1] See the article by Dr. Bean in the September CENTURY "The Brain of the Negro"

coast, this element has fought its way to the southern extremities of the continent, then up the western coast to the region of the Congo, virtually exterminating the Bushmen and the Hottentots. The Dutch, German, and English are continually harassed by this warlike people, who are just at present engaged in a general uprising throughout South Africa.

More recently, in the last fifteen hundred years, the Semitic element has pervaded the north and west of Africa, conquering and proselyting, subduing and mingling with, the natives. The Semitic negro is more inclined to domesticity, and many states south of the Sudan are found where culture abounds, trades flourish, and laws are made and obeyed.

Before the negroes reached America, then, we see that two divisions of the white race had mixed with them for centuries. Since their arrival, the third has become more intimately incorporated with them, until now it is fair to say that perhaps two thirds or three fourths of the negroes in America have white blood in varying proportions.

Thus are evolved the four classes of negroes previously mentioned. The members of these four classes are so diverse in their characteristics and capabilities that it would be unfair and unjust to demand the same treatment, training, and education for each class; and in the processes of development and evolution, through natural selection, economic selection, and competition, the different classes are shifting to various levels, according to their capabilities and limitations. The Hamitic negro has been warlike and dominant in Africa, and he is warlike and dominant in his own race in America. The Semitic negro is inclined to peace and domesticity wherever he is found. Because of faulty perspective, the Caucasian negro is of too recent origin to be judged fairly; but many noted men of this class indicate great possibilities, although their longevity is questionable and their stability doubtful. The characteristics of the true negro have been briefly outlined in a previous consideration of the negro brain,[1] fundamental racial differences having been shown, with their consequent characteristics. These may be elaborated, in order to understand better the negro character.

The anterior association center, which was found smaller in the negro brain than in the Caucasian, is designated by Flechsig, the great German anatomist, as the seat of apperception, the ego, the personality, self-control, reason, and ethical and esthetic judgment. Wundt, the German psychologist, considers this center to be the seat of apperception. Professor Pillsbury of Ann Arbor declares that attention disappears or is affected when the frontal lobes are diseased. Dr. Allen Starr denotes the result of lesions of this center as follows: loss of interest in environment, loss of memory, of reason, and of spontaneity of action. Goltz, Hitzig, and Fritsch demonstrated virtually the same facts in monkeys. Cunningham, the foremost English anatomist, indicates the size of the frontal lobes to be the great and distinguishing difference between man and the lower animals. Broca, the eminent French anthropologist, considers skull formation to be due to brain development in a general way, stating that when a lobe of the brain increases in size, it tends to dilate the whole skull, but the dilation produced is at its maximum where the lobe is found. The frontal region of the negro skull has been repeatedly shown to be much smaller than the Caucasian.

Considering these facts, the conclusion is reached that the negro has a smaller proportion of the faculties pertaining to the frontal lobe than the Caucasian. The negro, then, lacks reason, judgment, apperception, attention, self-control, will power, orientation, ethical and esthetic attributes, and the relations of the ego (of personality, of self) to environment.

On the other hand, the posterior association center and the adjacent areas are slightly larger in the negro brain than in the Caucasian. This center is concerned in the rudimentary connections of the parts of consciousness, in the coördination of the sense centers (sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell), in the complex reflexes, and in the coördination of the perceptions of language (seeing,

[1] THE CENTURY for September, 1906.

hearing, or, as in the blind, feeling the words). The posterior association center coördinates the perceptions of the senses, but without relating them to the personality, which is affected by the anterior association center, where they are allied with all previous experiences of the individual, and made effective in the processes of reasoning. The rudimentary connections of the parts of consciousness establish complex reflexes by uniting two or more widely separated areas of the brain, enabling a person to react to stimuli. Thus one dodges a ball or catches it when it is seen coming, because the seat of sight in the brain is coördinated with the seat for controlling the muscles, probably through the medium of the posterior association center. Each one of the senses reacts similarly. On hearing a sudden noise, one starts and listens with attention; on smelling a bad odor, one holds the breath and draws away. On the prick of a pin, one jumps aside.

Destruction of the posterior part of the brain results in a loss of the senses, a loss of the perception of language, in a confusion in the relations of time and space, in a lack of recognition of objects or persons, and general trouble in the complex reflexes and in the connections of ordinary association. Concrete perception is impossible. The objective conditions of consciousness are affected, but subjective control remains normal as long as the frontal lobes are normal. There is no confusion of the individuality in relation to environment; there is no loss of power of spoken or written language. Reason, will, judgment, apperception, attention, and the ethical and esthetic faculties are normal.

The indications are, then, that the negro is equal to the white in the development of the special senses (sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, pain, heat, cold, muscle and tendon sense, thirst, hunger, and the sense of equilibrium of the body); in the perception of concrete objects, facts, ideas, and a good memory for them; in a ready response to stimuli (simple and complex reflexes), resulting in good automatic power; and in love for music and appreciation of art.

His vocabulary is generally limited to concrete terms, more or less, and is mainly monosyllabic, as witness the description of the game of "prisoners' base" by a colored boy sixteen years of age. "The way you play is to have equal numbers on each side of the street, and one has to show a lead; if he get caught, he has to hol' out his hands; and if he falls, he will say 'broken bones.'"

Individual observations have determined that certain concrete terms have the following associated ideas in the mind of the negro, the latter being readily obtained on mentioning the former, as: pole, north; boots, black; pencil, lead; paper, reading; fire, place; hat, white; horse, brown; and bear, grizzly. Abstract terms are largely lacking, although the simple ones may be understood. After repeated trials, the following may be obtained: strength, man's; time, piece; courage, dogs; dear, not; love, he.

Abstract terms and difficult words are either not known or seldom used, or misapplied when used. The negro readily grasps single ideas, retains one idea to the exclusion of others, or else fails to correlate the various ideas when more than one is grasped. The negro is a good laborer under compulsion, or a good soldier with white officers, where his one idea is to work and obey.

In automatic power and in reflex response to stimuli, the negro exceeds the white, especially in youth, as every one will admit, this having been repeatedly demonstrated even in the laboratory. The negro also had a good memory for concrete facts, learning readily by repetition. The sense of color, of form, of rhythm, of melody, and of tactile impressions is acute, as is the sense of taste and of smell. Their aptitude for rhythm and melody appears in their remarkable dancing and singing, and in their playing of certain kinds of musical instruments. Their acuteness of taste and smell and of tactile impressions is shown in their relish of savory viands and in their sensitiveness to heat, cold, and pain.

Experiments have shown that the negro surpasses the white in the detection of shades of color, as in rearranging color cards that had been examined for half a minute, and then shuffled, the test be-

ing to replace them in their original positions.

Their rough carvings and drawings show no mean artistic skill, and their ability in the trades adds strength to this assertion. Should all these natural aptitudes be properly controlled and directed, much value might be made of them as assets in the struggle for existence. As they now exist, many of them are only phantom wiles that lure the child of color to a visionary and fleeting satisfaction of sensory impulses in unrestraint.

Moreover, the negro is lacking in apperception, faulty in reasoning, and deficient in judgment. A negro youth nearly twenty years of age called the Malay race the "malaria race," and could not be made to realize his error. This was told to a white girl of about ten years, who immediately exclaimed, with evident amusement, "Oh, he mistook a disease for a people." This example illustrates well the concrete perception of the negro as contrasted with the abstract reasoning of the white, and shows the lack of apperception in the one and the ready application of apperception by the other.

The negro has not become adapted to his new position or conditions. Lack of the proper appreciation of environment, or failure to become *en rapport* with surroundings, is continually evident in a particularly characteristic peculiarity of the negro which has been termed "bumptiousness." For instance, one evening coming home late on the trolley, four Germans were singing such songs as "Tannenbaum," "Die Lorelei," etc., in German, when a negro student entered the car. Presently the negro (a mulatto) blurted out a very indecent and inelegant expression of opprobrium relating to cowherds and aimed at the Germans. They immediately stopped singing, and one by one they cautioned the youth that sometimes one said too much. Needless to say the negro remained quiet after that, and the Germans resumed their singing, to the delight of the other occupants of the car. Bumptiousness continually embroils the negroes with one another and with the lower classes of whites, and embitters all sects and sections wherever there is contact between the races.

As the brain is divided into two parts, anterior and posterior, so the mind may be divided into two faculties, subjective and objective, active and passive, intellectual and sensory, voluntary and involuntary, or, better still, that which depends upon external forces and that which depends upon the mental attitude or interest. The negro has a well developed posterior brain, and good objective faculties, which are passive, sensory, involuntary, and depend upon external forces; and he has less of the frontal brain and subjective faculties, which are active, intellectual, voluntary, and depend upon the mental attitude.

A mind well organized, as in the Caucasian, is a mind in which the lines of demarcation of the experience are nearly effaced, and in which each bit of knowledge is founded on a unity equally effective at any moment to control the course of the mental life. When the parts of the mind are limited and rigidly distinct, as is apparent in the negro, a great part of the knowledge of the person is almost without value, and necessarily this person takes a narrowed and partial attitude toward all questions.

These generalizations all relate to the true negro, and not to the Hamitic, Semitic, or Caucasian negro. The object to be attained in training the true negro is to cultivate his natural endowments and to fit him for positions that he can fill. The training should be in manual labor of various kinds, useful in the industrial development of the South, and in intellectual pursuits for the production of men of affairs among their own people. But the true negro is capable of learning in only one way—objectively, by concrete perception, by repetition, and by memory of individual facts. He should be taught practical subjects in a practical way. His sensibilities may be controlled and guided, and his musical and artistic tastes may be directed into channels of usefulness to himself and pleasure to others. Hampton and Tuskegee are the schools in the South that teach the true negroes in the proper way and fit them for such occupations as they are properly qualified to conduct. Many Hamitic, Semitic, and Caucasian negroes, however, have good minds, and naturally become the leaders of their race. These men are

trained in scores of colleges North and South, and are rapidly becoming an important factor in the negro problem. They control the religious and secular press of the race; they are rapidly acquiring the balance of financial power among their people; and they practise medicine, teach, and preach among those of their color. Many of their efforts do harm. It is expedient that this class be properly trained in order that they may exert a right influence over their fellows. Neither the rudiments of education nor the classics can alter the negro's brain, change his mental capacity, create a reform, or cure his diseases.

But one thing of signal service may be done. Since ingnorance, immorality, and disease are the besetting evils of the negro, it behooves us to improve his mental, moral, and physical condition. This may be done by three groups of properly qualified men—teachers, preachers, and doctors. That these men may reach the home-life of the people and exert the greatest influence, it is necessary that they be negroes who have a consecrated zeal to devote their lives to the service of their fellows for the elevation of their race.

In order that such men may be impressed with the condition of their own people and their needs, they should study the problem in some large city like Baltimore, Washington, or New Orleans, where the negro is at home in large numbers. They should study disease at first hand among their own people. They should learn the social evils of their race. They should be brought face to face with the mockery of religion practised in many of their churches—a mere emotionalism. In order to avoid gross evil, they should know the practices of their own clergy. They should learn to teach practical subjects in a practical way. It would be well if a university for the higher education of the negro could be established in Baltimore or Washington, with the three departments of pedagogy, theology, and medicine. The requirements for entrance should be, first, maturity, morality, and mentality; second, determined purpose and consecration to the uplifting of the race from their threefold plague of ignorance, immorality, and disease; and, third, the possession of a degree equivalent to that of A.B. at the recognized American colleges. The chairs of the departments should be filled by white male teachers of the highest moral caliber, most earnest zeal, and greatest mental ability obtainable. The courses given should be mainly objective, so that the students may learn well the lessons of practical experience by concrete perception in the use of eyes, ears, and fingers. Life, and not books, should be read. Facts, as well as ideals, should be learned. Morality, and not emotionalism, should be encouraged.

A strong body of negro men so trained and at work leavening the race would do much good. This should be done not only for the good of the negro, but as a matter of self-protection. The negro is being educated by the thousand to-day, and it would be better to direct that education in the proper way rather than to allow it to breed mischief, as it has done in the past.

Out of the hundreds of negroes who are being graduated each year, there are surely some who would do well thus to consecrate their lives. The negroes in the South prepare our food, and in this way tuberculosis, or worse contagious diseases, may be transmitted. They tend our children, and not only convey the great white plague, but, worse still, by intimate contact they affect the morals of the young. As washerwomen, they contaminate our clothes. They are foci of infection in any community. For our own preservation and purity, then, we should foster such education as tends to the cleansing of the nation. It would be easier to change the ignorance, immorality, and diseased condition of the negro than to alter his brain or mental capacity, remove his past, eradicate race prejudice, change the attitude of the races, eliminate the mulatto element, perfect the habits of the negro, or provide the administration of justice to all alike. In alleviating the three great evils of the race, we ameliorate the other evils.

Taking a dip into the future, one sees the gradual forcing of the true negro, by competition, into the most degraded and least remunerative occupations. The large cities, with their inevitable blight of squalor and disease, will destroy great multitudes. Pitiless competition, merci-

less corporations, disease, and other afflictions will cause a constantly decreasing negro population. Continual youthful aberrations and intermarriage will keep the ranks of the mulattoes recruited until they form a very considerable proportion of the colored people. The cross-breed negro will probably find a place in the economy of commercial life in the future. An ever increasing proportion of them are learning agriculture and the trades. A great many are becoming doctors, lawyers, and teachers among their own people. The negro business man is yearly increasing in numbers. Natural traders, they take to business like a horse to grass. The number of negro landowners is rapidly increasing.

Here, then, is opportunity for stability, something to build on, and hope for the future. Much depends on the guiding hand and the brain behind it. Mr. Alfred H. Stone has demonstrated on his plantation in Mississippi that negro labor can be made as efficient as white labor in the cotton-fields, although other Southern planters have offered proofs to the contrary. Many prefer negro labor to white in large undertakings, because the negro is more effective than the white under compulsion.

An intelligent physician, on being called to a patient, will do three things: make a diagnosis (if possible), locate the primary cause of the trouble, and prescribe a remedy. In the case of the negro, the diagnosis is the three-fold evil in the race—ignorance, immorality, and disease. Among the most evident causes are the past history of the race, present racial antipathy, resulting in the dominant attitude of the Caucasian and the servile condition of the negro throughout the world; a difference in the brain and mental capacity of the two races; a difference in the administration of justice to the two; the habits of the negro (laziness, licentiousness, and unrestraint); the mulatto element; and lack of proper education. The remedy is legitimate restraint; an attitude of sympathy and altruistic guidance on the part of the white; a responsive effort to improve on the part of the negro; and proper education for him. The white man occupies the relation of physician toward this patient. Faith in the physician is a prime requisite for a cure. The attitude of the negro toward the white is all-important.

The differences of the brain and mental traits as fundamental conditions may be the primary cause of everything relating to the race question, other causes being secondary or merely symptoms resulting from this elemental condition. If this be true, the remedy should be applied to the brain and mind of the negro. But is the condition hereditary and fixed, or is it due to environment and alterable? Is it capable of change or is it stable? Is the negro capable of mental development in the same way as is the Caucasian? Time alone can answer these questions. History, investigations, experiments, and existing conditions indicate that the traits are hereditary and stable, and that the negro is not capable of mental development in the same way that the Caucasian is. The remedy should be to develop the negro along the lines of natural inclination and fitness, which lines must be established scientifically, not sentimentally.

Happily, whatever may be the final outcome, our duty lies in the present. Facing actual facts, seeing conditions as they are, we should endeavor to improve these conditions for the sake of our ideals, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of the negro, and for our own sakes. Our efforts must be directed in a different way from that heretofore pursued. We have viewed the race question in America as extremists: the North has been idealistic, the South realistic. The North has consistently claimed for the negro all the so-called inalienable rights of man, while the South has as persistently denied them. It is high time to unite on a common middle ground.

The negro needs restraint, moral and physical. As a child, he must learn to crawl before he can walk. Moral restraint may be made serviceable by a body of earnest and honest negroes, trained to a realization of the evils of the race and the means of eradicating them, and working from within toward an uplift. Physical restraint may be made effective by a body of rural police, such as the mounted police of Northwest Canada, keeping order in sparsely settled districts, or where the negro is

preponderant. The police may be whites, but there can be no objection to negroes, allowing them jurisdiction over their own race. Such a thoroughly organized body would be a safeguard to rural communities and a conservator of peace, as well as a great relief to anxious absentees from home.

Local conditions are such that the attitude of the two races cannot be the same in all parts of the country. There are four or five States and many counties in the South where it is a matter of self-preservation, and not of ideals, in dealing with the negro. Suppose there were 5,000,000 negroes in Boston: would the attitude of the white inhabitants be the same there, I wonder? Or if New York City had 30,000,000 negroes, would there be no difference? And suppose that instead of the refined and intelligent negro, many of whom at present live in these cities, the millions were common laborers, with uncouth habits and uncultivated ways would that make any difference? Even then the conditions would not reach the extremes encountered in some of the counties of the South. However, even with such extremes, justice, tempered with mercy and administered with a kind heart and a firm hand, may do good.

Two things are essential to a peaceful solution of existing difficulties. The attitude of the white man toward the negro must be one of restraint and control, combined with humane interest, sympathetic and altruistic guidance, and a good example, while the negro must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling; for he is at the bar of public opinion, and, if tried and found wanting, is in imminent danger of losing all.

A VOICE FROM THE DARK

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD

Author of "The Cook and the Convict"

THE rainy season was well under way, and the late afternoon shower had made a shallow, ribbed water-course out of the military road, and was roaring on the roof of the trolley-car which ran within two feet of our suburban front gate, and therefore within fifteen feet of the piazza. Of a series of white posts which indicated "stops," one stood a hundred yards above the gate and the next two hundred yards below; hence, under the circumstances and a new pith helmet, with no umbrella, I felt justified in stepping to the platform and interviewing the Porto Rican motorman on the subject of slowing up at the gate. He, being a recent acquisition and still possessing some degree of human feeling, promptly shut off the power, with a cheerful "Con gusto, Señor."

I covered the space between car and piazza with three elongated jumps, but came to grief on the step over something alive and black, which the gray wall of rain had prevented my taking into consideration, and consequently tumbled headlong through the screen-doors into the *sala*,—our bungalow boasting no vestibule,—whereupon Jane rose from her desk in the corner with a severity of expression not unjustified by my method of entrance.

"Another friend from the States at tiffin?" she inquired, with frigid intonation. "I had not understood that any steamer was due to-day."

"Not at all, my dear," said I, getting up and ruefully inspecting the previous white knees of my linen trousers. "But if you will have black creatures on the steps when I come in, what can—"

"Black creatures on the steps!" re-

peated Jane, on her way to the door. "Well, George, if you have reached *that* stage—oh, it 's only Juanito!"

"And who is 'only Juanito'?" I inquired, after recovering my helmet from under the table. "I 'm glad he 's only; if he had been two—"

"Juanito is our new servant," replied Jane, complacently. "I 've engaged him at a dollar and a half a month and his board, to scrub the floors. He began today, because, you know, I really could n't ask Cristina to do it, and the fleas and cockroaches are becoming simply unendurable. I accidentally squashed two cockroaches in that book the Bishop lent me, on the dedication page, and they went clear through the contents and list of illustrations."

"I see. And just now he is scrubbing the piazza step in a trade-wind deluge heavy enough to wash paint from a fence," said I, still ruffled over my bumped knee.

"Well, I told him he might do the piazza after the study," said Jane, reflectively. "That was about one o'clock, and it had n't rained a bit all the morning. And I forgot all about him after lunch. Dear me! it 's after five now, and I suppose the poor child has been scrubbing ever since. How conscientious!"

The poor child was told to stop his conscientiousness for the time being, and he immediately vanished around the corner of the house in the general direction of the kitchen. He was apparently about thirteen years old, and, I learned, hailed from St. Thomas, being one of the waifs and strays of English-speaking black humanity who drifted by hundreds, Heaven knows by what means, into Porto Rico after the American occupation. Cristina, our black cook, had picked him up somewhere, and had succeeded in enlisting Jane's sympathies; hence his being employed as scrubber of floors at the not stupendous salary mentioned, which he certainly earned. After the first day I do not remember once finding him in an upright attitude. He seemed to be always on all-fours in unexpected places, wallowing in soap-suds, and I suppose I fell over him on an average of four times a day. A cot was provided for him in the lumber-room, but he usually preferred the hen-house or some equally unconventional bedchamber; and his recreation generally took the form of impishly ingenious tricks for the benefit of Cristina, who, in return, damaged kitchen utensils on his somewhat impervious person.

One evening not long after Juanito's appearance on the scene of our domestic peace, Jane remarked over after-dinner coffee: "Do you know, George, I think Juanito's being here has had a very good effect on Cristina. She has been perfectly sober for three weeks, and has taken to singing so beautifully."

"Singing!" I exclaimed. "With her voice!"

"Yes, really singing. She told me once that she used to sing, but had grown out of the habit. You know, Juanito comes from her village in St. Thomas, and I dare say he has recalled old memories and things. The Bishop told me that these full-blooded West Indians often have superb singing voices, no matter how harsh they seem when speaking. At any rate, it is a perfect pleasure to hear her sometimes when she is at work, though she does sing the most awful—'Sh! Listen! She 's beginning now!"

I resignedly laid aside my week-old paper and obediently prepared to listen. But in a moment or two I sat up, with all my sense of hearing alert; for through the narrow passage which led to the rear of the little one-storied house came the chorus of "The Bowery" in a low, sweet soprano, with every note and measure perfect, and as clear as a silver bell, the crudeness of the words being vastly softened by the liquid drawl peculiar to the English-speaking darkies of the tropics:

"De Bowree, de Bowree,
Dey say such t'ings and dey do such t'ings,
Ah 'll neber go dere any mo'!"

Before I had recovered sufficiently to speak this was followed by "There 'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," which had held sway as a popular air throughout the island ever since the bands on the transports had played it while the invading army landed at Guánica. Detestable as it had therefore become, it now seemed almost dignified in the splendor of that perfect voice.

"My dear," I whispered excitedly in the midst of it, "this is remarkable. We should do something about it at once."

"I knew you would be surprised," replied Jane. "Oh, dear me, there 's that Juanito joining in!" as a harsh, rasping, and utterly unmusical voice took up the refrain in a series of hideous yells. "I wish he would n't; he often does, but I have never dared to interfere, because they both seem to enjoy it so much, and Christina says she is 'bashful' about singing to people, and would probably stop for good if she thought we were listening."

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" was next in order; but as a duet it was more than we could endure, and I was forced to bring the entertainment to a close by the banging of doors and bolts incidental to closing up for the night.

Jane and I loved music for its own sake, but neither of us performed to any extent, and thus a piano had not been included among our household goods. But after a few more evenings in which we reveled in angelic sounds from the kitchen, occasionally diversified by others of a diametrically opposite description, we were simultaneously inspired by an impulse to hire a piano and to give a small musicale, with Cristina's voice as the main attraction. No such civilized form of entertainment as a regulation musical evening had been thought of in our tiny colony since the occupation, and certainly none with a black cook as the star performer.

Jane held a diplomatic interview with Cristina, and reported results after my return in the afternoon. "She was rather silly and giggly about it, and I suppose she blushed; but she finally agreed to sing one or two songs, if she could stand out of sight. We could put the piano where the book-case is now, close to the bedroom door, and she could stand just inside."

"Well, but what can she sing besides 'The Bowery' and so forth?" I asked. "We certainly can't inflict things like that on people."

"Oh, she knows 'Suwanee River,' and 'Old Kentucky Home,' and 'Marching through Georgia,' and lots of others, she says. Everybody likes things like these when they are away from home, especially if they are sung by a darky, even if the darky has never been within a thousand miles of Kentucky or Georgia. I asked her to sing one or two for me, but she was 'bashful' again, and said she had rather not, and I did n't think it really necessary, when her voice is so perfect."

"But," I persisted, "why has she displayed this perfection only so recently, and how did a St. Thomas native happen to acquire such a peculiarly American repertoire?"

"Why, it seems that this wretched little Juanito made two or three trips in some capacity or other on a trading-vessel to New Orleans, and there he picked up a few songs, of which he has taught her the words; others she used to know herself. She says she has not sung before because she lived with Spanish families for years before she came to us, and none of them cared for music in the least, and they would never allow her to sing a note. She seems really to appreciate being with people who enjoy it, and of course such a voice should be encouraged."

The day was set, and the guests, carefully chosen with regard for their musical proclivities, consisting of the Governor, the Bishop, with their respective helpmates, and Captain Haulaway of the naval station, with his eldest daughter, were invited, with something of an explantation of what was in store for them. All accepted with enthusiasm.

An upright piano, in fairly good condition, was borrowed after some difficulty and installed in its place with vast labor, necessitating a complete re-arrangement of the sala furniture. The fame of our kitchen song-bird had already gone far and wide throughout the English-speaking colony, and Jane was showered with requests for opportunities to hear her, until, in a burst of somewhat premature enthusiasm, we determined to give a repetition of the forthcoming choral feast.

"It means that, in the end, we shall lose the best cook in Porto Rico," said Jane. Somebody will be sure to persuade her to go on the stage or something. However, we shall have done our duty in bringing her into notice; and per-

haps when she is famous she will send us complimentary tickets."

A dinner to the chosen few was the initial feature of the evening, given partly with the object of doing the thing well while we were about it, and partly to make sure of Cristina's being on hand and sober; for she was justly proud of her somewhat unusual skill as a cook, and loved to display her talents to others than our immediate selves. She was always to be depended upon when there was to be "comp'ny"—especially "quality comp'ny"—in the dining-room.

The dinner was a perfect success as usual, and of course music was the chief conversational topic. The Governor, himself a singer of exceptional talent, who before his entry into public life had been a critic of some note, seemed thoroughly interested in our experiment, as did also the Bishop, who had already made up his mind to secure Cristina for the church choir; while Captain Haulaway, whose violin playing was famous throughout the service, discoursed learnedly on the possibilities for the colored race in the direction of the fine arts.

Just before dessert, in the midst of the unavoidable clattering from the culinary department, there burst forth suddenly, and as clear and sweet as ever, the opening words of "Annie Rooney," which, however, ceased with an abruptness evidently caused by some deviltry on the part of Juanito, to judge by a sound as of sheet iron in violent contact with a woolly head, followed by a doleful wail.

"A specimen of what you are to hear," said Jane, smiling on the slightly startled guests, "without the finale. Really George, you must speak to Juanito."

After the coffee, Miss Haulaway, who had also consented to accompany Cristina on the piano, gave a few selections while the latter was arraying herself for the occasion—an operation which Jane judiciously decided to superintend. She returned in a few minutes and whispered to me: "Just go and see her, to encourage her. She is perfectly superb to look at."

I slipped out, and found Cristina in the bedroom, grinning broadly and consciously smoothing her shiny black Sunday skirt. Over her ample shoulders and bosom she wore a snow-white kerchief, and on her head the gaudiest of red-and-yellow turbans, intricately folded, with flowing ends behind. She was fully six feet tall and proportioned like a goddess, and after a few words of a complimentary nature I urged her to stand directly in the doorway, where she could be seen and appreciated. After a few protesting giggles, she finally agreed, and I returned to the sala, convinced of the wisdom of our somewhat risky undertaking. The applause following a perfect rendering of "Loch Lomond" was just subsiding as I nodded in response to Jane's look of inquiry, and she vanished again, to act as master of ceremonies behind the scenes.

"Cristina is all ready," she announced, returning. "Miss Haulaway, will you accompany her in 'My Old Kentucky Home'?"

Miss Haulaway began the prelude to that most beautiful of Southern songs, while Jane tiptoed to her seat, and Cristina, in all her magnificence, appeared in the doorway, where she stood, with hands on hips, smiling cheerfully at the expectant guests, the lines of her splendid figure set forth by the glare of electric light behind. The Governor crossed his legs, folded his hands, and leaned back in enjoyable expectancy; Captain Haulaway and the Bishop laid aside their cigars, and settled back in their chairs; and the ladies, after a few exclamations of delighted admiration, prepared themselves to listen in the manner of their kind. Miss Haulaway, having played the opening bars, glanced up at the black face towering beside her, and nodded a signal to begin; and Cristina, drawing herself up with the air of a Zulu queen, closed her eyes, opened her generously proportioned mouth, and began.

There are moments, to be platitudinous, when one wishes to be alone; there are also occasions when one would like to burrow deep into the earth, replace the soil removed in the process, and remain thus, oblivious of past, present, or future obligations to society and of immediate personal discomfort until the Day of Judgment. So far as my individual feelings went, this was one of the latter. I found myself sitting in a state of semi-paralytic coma, only realizing that Miss

Haulaway, after one horrified glance upward and a hopeless attempt to continue playing, had risen from her seat, and was backing across the room with both hands over her ears; that the Governor had fled through the screen-doors, and was somewhere out in the garden; that the Bishop was rigidly grasping the arms of his chair and glaring at the vision in the doorway; that Captain Haulaway was turning black in the face; and that the ladies were rapidly becoming hysterical. For of all unearthly noises which ever issued from human lungs, the raucous whoops and roars and yells with which Cristina was giving her rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home" were the most diabolical. Where, oh, where, were the silvery notes we had heard from the kitchen? A battleship's siren whistle; the latest automobile tooter; a load of coal pouring through an iron shute; a caged beast howling for his prey; any or all of these, with a few others of a like nature, slightly reduced in volume, but not in hideousness, may give some idea of a few of the noises our song-bird made at her début. Perfectly obvious of the accompaniment having stopped and of the effect on her audience, she continued to whoop, bellow, and yell without regard for time, measure, or tune, until Jane, with the courage of desperation and tortured hearing, seized and literally hauled her into the dining-room.

"Th—that will do nicely, Cristina," I heard in faint tones. "You were very kind, indeed, to sing; but you must n't—er—strain your voice, you know."

Later in the evening, his Excellency having been brought in from the garden, with his patent-leather shoes full of mold, and the outraged feelings of our guests soothed to some extent by the contents of the side-board and a highly successful welsh rabbit, I extracted an explanation from Cristina, which cast a broad light on the situation.

"Folks mostly acks dat a-way when Ah sing," she said complacently. "Mah voice 'm too rich for de house, dat 'm a fac'. No, sah, Ah don' sing 'De Bow'ree' an' such trash. It 'm dat ar black limb Juanito you 's a-heard screechin' dem t'ings wid he mean pick-'ninny pipe. An' Ah just whacked he haid good wid de waffle-iron for 'sturbin' yo' comp'ny at dinnuh."

A SONG OF YOUTH

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

IN the heart of the winter day
Is hidden the hope of May,
And somewhere under the snows
Awaits for June the rose.

In the heart of a glad old age
Is folded a lyric page,
All golden with youth, and bright
With yesterday's delight.

O Beloved, ere winter's grief
Shall shadow life's sunny leaf,—
Ere ever our spring depart,—
Bind love fast in the heart!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

VIOLENCE

THE trades unions of America are, on the whole, looked upon as permanent institutions that have already accomplished enough good to justify their existence. A friendly critic, like Dr. Slicer, may point out what he believes to be fundamental errors in their management; but even he would not abrogate, but would reform, them. Certain occurrences of late have, however, again raised against them, or some of them, criticism and opposition of a very serious character. We refer to certain conspicuous outbreaks of violence and cruelty by their members and sympathizers which, while they have not the direct official support of the unions, are far from being condemned by them with the wholesome frankness and firmness that prove complete sincerity of action—which, indeed, have at times the appearance of being supported sympathetically by the organizations themselves.

Those most sympathetic with the legitimate aims of these bodies, if intelligent in their sympathy, will be the quickest to understand the gravity of a situation in which force, and even homicide, are looked upon by workingmen as legitimate and ordinary measures for the accomplishment of their purposes. It is not enough to point to the cruelty of "capital" as an excuse for the physical reprisals of "labor." The more clearly we appreciate whatever of inequality and injustice may still exist in the industrial world, the more we feel the necessity that the great debate should be carried on under the conditions of peace. It will be a long time before the affairs of humanity are so adjusted that there will be no public complainants. Meantime we must send our children to school; we must be permitted to come and go to our places of worship and business without danger from brickbats and dynamite hurled by industrial contestants. Meantime the laboring man,—every laboring man, whether he belongs to an "organization" or not,—must be permitted to go to his work without fear of sudden death at the hand of a fellow-workman. It will not be worth while living in this world if the law is to be taken into any angry or crazy hand. Moreover, this is a state of affairs with which the great majority of our people, including the decent and unmurderous members of the trades unions, will not put up. The mass of our people believe in "live and let live," and not at all in "kill and let kill."

We have a great deal of sympathy with and liking for many of the labor leaders in this country. We know something of the heavy burdens on their shoulders, of their devoted service, and of the good that they have often done in stemming the tide of insensate and demagogic misrule. There is a sentiment among those who have at heart the best interests of the workingmen that these leaders should be appealed to to be more explicit and mandatory in their condemnation of violence. There must be no ambiguity, evasion, apology, or weakness in such condemnation. It must be absolutely frank and obviously effective; otherwise there may be, throughout the country, a most disastrous reaction.

HOW TO AID AMERICAN ART

THE paper in the present number of THE CENTURY on "What American Museums are Doing for Native Art" will be both a surprise and an inspiration to those who have at heart the progress of the country in this department of civilization. It is matter for congratulation that our institutions are awake to their opportunities and responsibilities in the collection of work by our best painters and sculptors, and Mrs. Meyer's cumulative record is sure to stir the generous

emulation of the cities named to make their collections more complete, and the pride of those cities which have not yet arrived at artistic puberty, to look about for the fairy-godfathers who are to make it possible for them to establish similar collections.

It is an encouraging theory that all important art epochs have been preceded by epochs of great wealth, and it may well be that the present multiplication of large fortunes will be the foundation of a more ideal condition of society, affording, as these fortunes do, the support of extensive artistic undertakings, as did those of Florence and Venice. While it would be insensate folly to fill our museums exclusively with work by Americans, it is more and more to be expected that our artists will profit by the showing they make in such collections as the Comparative Exhibition of a few years ago, in which they held their own with foreign masters of the same departments.

The first way, therefore, to help American art is to buy worthy pictures by American artists. Our rich men—particularly our new recruits in this class—should bear in mind that an exhibition of, let us say, the Society of American Artists has as high a standard of admittance as the Paris Salon, and is likely to contain less trash, and that, purely as a matter of investment, to urge no higher motive, it pays to buy the best American work.

Another way for those who wish by their wealth to add to the pleasure of their countrymen is to give or bequeath a portion of it to a museum for the encouragement of native art; and, to be of the highest efficiency, such a benefaction should be without condition. It is said that in Boston it is not respectable to die without making a bequest to Harvard University or the Museum of Art. Certainly that city has an enviable reputation for the unceasing, ever-vigilant civic pride and solidarity that made Emerson exclaim of it, "Thou darling town of ours!"

But one need not have large means to be of use in the encouragement of American art. Every one should covet an intelligent acquaintance with what is being done in this field, as shown at regular and loan exhibitions and in museums, and the aggregate of such knowledge, though it may not constitute an unerring taste, does make a sustaining public opinion, which is to taste what a volunteer army is to its trained leaders. In these days of traveling the uses of great art to a new country need hardly be dwelt upon; but no doubt, in a period of years, the increased number of American visitors to Europe would be found to be immediately related to the increased interest in American art.

But a further and very important way in which one can be of use to American art is to assist in breaking down the obstacle which the tariff places in the path of the importation of foreign masterpieces. If he who reads this is a convinced protectionist, then he should desire free art in conformity with his theory that the object of a tariff is to encourage the best production, whereas we are assured by the artists that in this instance it does nothing of the kind. Nearly all the great art of Europe now in this country is accessible—and sooner or later will be permanently accessible—to the public, and to mulct Mrs. Gardiner or Mr. Morgan or John Doe for bringing a work of art into this country is as though one should tax the light of the stars. The senator or representative from the interior who does not see the interest which his country, nay, his own State, has in our acquisition of the best purchasable foreign pictures, ought to have his eyes opened by a trip to Europe, where the value—even the money value—of art to a country, in its education, in its manufactures, in its happiness, has long been jealously recognized.

The reader of these lines can help to hasten the better day by gently insisting that in the coming effort for free art his representatives at Washington shall take the enlightened and not the antiquated view.

ELECTION DAY: A RECURRING DAY OF JUDGMENT

EVERY election day is a sort of judgment day for the individual voter, as well as for the country. Every election is a test of our institutions; it is also a test of our intelligence, our characters, and our souls. Now is the

time when local and national policies are determined, and now is the time when men are made conspicuous fools of by others and by themselves.

If one could detach himself from all interest in an election except a psychological one,—could be indifferent to results, from a patriotic point of view,—the study of character and of personal peculiarities would be vastly entertaining. For instance, it would be amusing to behold the fatuity with which certain well-meaning souls manage to be made tools of by the most patent demagogues and charlatans. As sure as an election approaches wherein some grotesque adventurer is to play his game, one sees certain of one's acquaintance preparing to walk straight into the trap prepared for them. Sometimes the dupe has a half-consciousness of his position, and puts forth explanations and apologies which make his conduct only more ridiculous, or, rather, more pitiful and mischievous.

But detachment of criticism is impossible when one takes one's citizenship to heart. A voter little acquainted with history, a man ignorant of the traits which have marked the demagogues of all ages,—especially the demagogue who uses money lavishly,—may have ample excuse for being misled, finding the demagogue's money actually in hand and hearing the promise of a prompt change for the better in all the conditions of life. But for the man who has had the opportunity of learning from books and from life the traits which mark the brazen, self-seeking, self-advertising, sensational, mischief-making demagogue,—for such a man to ratiocinate himself into the position of an apologist and supporter of a charlatan there is no excuse.

One may well ask why sincere believers in a cause are often so reckless in the choice of leaders; why they let the leaders, in fact, choose themselves, then feebly acquiesce. After acquiescing, they soon become advocates, repeating by rote the phrases that the adventurer has put into their mouths, and lending their influence to the creation of standards which demoralize the community.

For it is right standards, and these alone, which save the community. There were noble standards in the minds of the generation that created the new republic of the New World, and there were noble standards in the minds of the generation that brought us through the Civil War. There were standards of high principle, and standards of high character, in the chief upholders of those principles. Doubtless neither era was without its demagogues, but the leaders were not of these.

Every citizen, every voter, who takes a part in advancing the selfish career of a charlatan is doing irreparable harm to the country in his day and generation. Let such a citizen not excuse himself on account of his devotion to some particular cause, which also the charlatan pledges himself to support. The good citizen should think too highly of his cause to wish to see its sacred banners borne by impure hands. He ought to be aware that the charlatan's support of some cause or other is absolutely necessary to any sort of success at the polls. For the political adventurer most free-handed with his money knows well enough that votes cannot be secured by the distribution of cash for "expenses" on a large enough scale to carry elections over a wide territory, without adding to the influence of money the influence of a cause.

A citizen with any desire to be counted among the good elements of a community should make himself felt before the election, as far as his influence may extend, in the selection of candidates of character, and on election day he should discriminate among the candidates with the same standard in view. Above all, he ought to do his best endeavor to keep from being made either a tool or a fool of.

OPEN LETTERS

Orlando Rouland's Paintings of Edward H. Sothern in Shaksperian Rôles

(SEE FRONTISPIECE AND PAGE 856)

ORLANDO ROULAND has accomplished the interesting task of painting Shakspere's best-known characters as they are seen in the vesture of Mr. E. H. Sothern's personality. To reach this end, the artist not only studied Shakspere himself, but steeped his conceptions in Mr. Sothern's interpretations. Then he made his effort to reproduce in *Petruchio*, *Malvolio*, *Romeo*, and *Hamlet*, with as few accessories as the nature of the subjects permitted, the characters capable of the actions they perform, rather than the men in the actions themselves. The rôles least adaptable to this method are *Petruchio* and *Malvolio*. Yet, despite an extravagant head-gear, *Petruchio* is the man of the whole play, not of any one scene. For since *Petruchio* consists of his accessories, the artist has taken pains to see to it that the character is made a part of them. Accordingly, the gesture of the raised whip only expresses *Petruchio's* mentally aggressive attitude that he clings to through the whole comedy. He is his swagger, his half-frown that terrifies his wife, his half-smile that wins the confidence of the audience, his assumption of look and dress. Take these attributes away, and nothing remains for his friends to recognize.

Malvolio's clothes and pose also make his character. His elderly conceit, his serious self-satisfaction, can betray themselves only in his adornment, in his yellow garters. Therefore the artist accomplishes his purpose when he expresses through the clothes the egotist whose consequential gravity could be gulled instantly by the forged letter, without introducing that bit of paper which would turn attention to the anecdote, and take the spectator's mind from the painting.

With *Romeo* the underlying effort of Mr. Rouland makes itself more evident. The seat, the green mist of the distance, the feathered cap, and the dandyish suit, do not intrude themselves after the fashion of the crude red and blue colors of *Petruchio's* garments, or the vagaries of *Malvolio's* make-up. This *Romeo* is the man of thought and dreams, the philanderer who, up to this time loving love, now loves *Juliet*, not the gallant of the masque, or the hot-head who kills *Tybalt*, or the youth who, bent on suicide, bribes the apothecary. Upon provocation he could do any of these things, just as *Malvolio* could play the petty tyrant, or *Petruchio* the shrew-tamer; but just at present he is not taking any such cue.

The *Shylock* exhibits even more strongly the development of this method, for the dull brown-and-gray costume sinks into the background, while the light, centered on the face, exhibits first the dirty rascal, then the dirty Jewish rascal, and lastly the dirty Italian Jewish rascal; while the compressed lips, the bleared but steely eyes, the prominent jaw, the hands crossed above the cane in a clutching gesture, express the usurer of all time, not the villain of the moment with bond and knife. But naturally, most of all, *Hamlet* typifies these attempts to grasp the inner rather than the outward show. Mr. Sothern aims to produce in *Hamlet* a super-refined soul, lacking will power, driven nearly to frenzy by cross-acting thoughts and accumulated personal shocks, all compassed in a body of irresistible charm. The mystery of this concrete man, blinded in his attempts to fathom the abstract, has proved as fascinating to the artist as to the actor. So here Mr. Rouland finally expresses his wish to bring out lasting rather than momentary perceptions of these characters of Shakspere as they are portrayed through the medium of Mr. Sothern's person.

Homer Saint-Gaudens.

Goya's "In the Balcony"

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 911.)

I WAS told by a Spanish painter whose father had known Goya personally, that the great man was wont to declare that he who aspired to the name of artist should be able to reproduce from memory, with brush or pencil, any scene or incident in all its essential features, after having once beheld it. His own power of working from memory was simply phenomenal, and his best and most spirited productions were done "out of his head," as they say. In "In the Balcony" we have a pretty instance of this. True, there is something in the drawing of the figures—in their unsubstantial bodily structure—that reveals his want of probity in this respect; but the spirit of the scene, its pleasant surprise and freshness, its glamour of light and color, its flutter of lace and movement, are the essentials that caught the

artist's eye. There is rapid execution here—passionate haste to give expression to the scene as he was impressed by it. There is little that he has done that can rival the excitement with which he dispatches the background, or the consummate ability and play of his brush in the rippling surface of the lace.

These are lassies of Seville, and the scene is a familiar one in that gay town, especially at carnival time. All Spanish houses have balconies; the girls could not exist without them. We have in the background of this picture two male figures. It may cause wonder that the standing figure should be so muffled up, but one of the most ludicrous customs in Spain is that strapping fellows on the first breath of winter bundle themselves up to their eyes, while young girls go about no more warmly clad, apparently, than in the heat of summer. Goya has not failed to hit off this peculiarity in some of his "Scenes of Madrid Life." This painting was at Aranjuez when I had access to it, through the instrumentality of Señor Beruete of Madrid. It belongs to the Duke of Marchena, and is now in his collection at Paris. It is apparently painted in three colors, brown, black, and white. The figures are life-size, and the canvas measures six feet five and a half inches high, by four feet two inches wide.

Goya is the direct forerunner of the modern school of Impressionists, among whose characteristics are displayed an impatience of drawing and an eager haste to compass the essence of the thing. In the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris may be seen a canvas by Manet (the recognized head of the Impressionists) of a couple of belles at a balcony almost exactly similar to this one by Goya, and plainly an outcome of it in its treatment and inspiration. *T. Cole.*

Mr. Woolf's Portrait of Dr. Finley. The Century's American Portraiture Series—XIV

IT IS rare that the portrait of a college president is placed in the institution of which he is the head during his lifetime, or, at least, until he has attained a ripe old age. This distinction is enjoyed, however, by Dr. John H. Finley, one of our most eminent educators, known also as a poet and critic, and now and for three years President of the College of the City of New York. The portrait, reproduced in the present number, was painted by order of a number of the alumni of that institution, and was presented to the trustees at the commencement exercises of 1906, and is to be placed in one of the new buildings in which the college is to be installed during the present autumn. Mr. Samuel J. Woolf, who painted it, is a graduate of the college, in which his uncle, Solomon Woolf, was Professor of Art. Another uncle, Michael A. Woolf, will be remembered for his pictures of child-life in the tenements, many of which appeared in this magazine, and which were admired for their humor and for the sympathy they awakened with the children of the poor. The painter was born in New York city in 1880 and was a pupil of Kenyon Cox, George deForest Brush, and Joseph De Camp. He has made portraits of Mark Twain, David Warfield, and others. He has exhibited at the Society of American Artists, the National Academy, the Carnegie Institute, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Chicago Art Institute, the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition and elsewhere, and was awarded the Hallgarten Prize of the National Academy in 1904 for his painting entitled "Finale."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Half-Truths

(FOR DOMESTIC OR FOREIGN USE)

A SMALL brain that works is of more use than a massive intellect that balks.

Rest assured that most of your stray ideas have come over a neighbor's fence.

A naked truth offends the most sacred prejudices of society.

The domestic service problem is the pig in the clover problem—first to get the domestics into the circle, then to keep them there.

The family is a despotism governed by the meanest member. It is not the strongest, but the worst-tempered, who rules.

Louise Herrick Wall.

Willard's Tactics, for the Use of the Navy

THE squadron had anchored in the Bay for the first time.

That very day mother, daughter, and son gingerly mounted one of the gangway ladders. The courtly captain took Mrs. Ethelridge in charge; Mr. Ethelridge disappeared below in search of his friend the ensign; and Lieutenant Willard begged to offer Miss Ethelridge his escort over the ship.

She was a shy little thing, but after the first glance upward she felt reassured. The lieutenant had a comforting air about him, she thought; and where had she seen that dark, pleasant face, that fetching crooked smile? Or was it that she had read of it somewhere—did not one of Barrie's characters have a crooked smile? At any rate, the slanty smile was all the more charming that the lips were perfectly straight in repose.

The lieutenant did his duty as a guide to the best of his ability.

"You see, this is the revolving double turret, the first one of its kind. Watch it go round—now! All this is moved by electricity, involving the most intricate mechanism. The thirteen-inch guns upon it are counterbalanced by this weight as the turret revolves. You see, Miss—"

"Ethelridge," she quickly said.

He turned and looked full in her face.

His eyes danced as he gravely retorted, "I know."

"Yes! You *do* remember me?"

"Remember you? Why, the queen's handkerchief— "

She smiled so radiantly, and, meeting his somber eyes, she blushed so prettily, that he was struck silent.

"You have a good memory," she murmured. "That was long ago."

"Very long to me. No doubt you 've forgotten the incident I refer to. Now, have n't you?"

"I—I— " Her eyes wandered to the sailboats skipping over the blue water of Pensacola Harbor, wishing in her confusion to avoid his look.

"It was this way: We met during the Mardi-Gras in New Orleans. You did n't seem to like me half as much as I liked you," he said boldly, his dark eyes twinkling with ill-suppressed merriment. "And—correct me if I am wrong—I think I was foolhardy enough to—to— "

"Yes, yes," she said very nervously indeed.

"At any rate you refused me point-blank, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Willard, I— ".

"I understand. At any rate, it was a good lesson. Yet you did me the honor of accepting my escort on several occasions. And one night, at the Momus Ball, I think it was— "

"Please, lieutenant, don't— "

"Oh, very well."

An officer came along just then, and the lieutenant very glibly began:

"Steel decks were found not entirely practicable, and so wood especially prepared for the purpose is now used to cover the steel. It is guaranteed to be thoroughly fire-proof, Miss Ethelridge."

His flashing eyes were laughing as he recited the rigmarole.

Miss Ethelridge burst out laughing as the officer disappeared. Yet it had been a welcome interruption.

She turned to Pensacola, saying: "You are anchored at the loveliest port I have ever seen."

"It was at the Momus Ball, Miss Ethelridge," he continued with amazing coolness, —all of which was very rude of the lieutenant, and also very characteristic. It delighted him to see the timid, apprehensive look in her pretty face. She was even prettier than she had been that year in New Orleans; her perfect oval face was a trifle fuller and perhaps a bit more delicately tinted. His admiration of her had returned at the moment of recognition. Miss Ethelridge was his ideal woman still. "I think you were lovelier at that ball than even at the admiral's reception the week before. I could n't help it, you know, when—"

"Yes, yes."

"I asked you for a souvenir, and you gave me—"

"Grace!" It was mama's voice from the companionway,

"Yes; presently, mama dear."

"You gave me your handkerchief—a beautiful lace affair."

"Yes; and I said you would lose it or cast it aside before the week's end.

"I promised I would keep it and ever remember its donor. I asked you, if I should keep it long enough, would it be a recommendation to mercy from you."

"I did n't think— "

"You were so sure that I would not remember, or that I would be careless with the handkerchief, that— "

"You know, we called it just a Mardi-Gras affair, lieutenant."

"*You* called it a Mardi-Gras affair—there are many such, I believe. I did not call it that, Miss Ethelridge. But let 's return to the handkerchief. You were so sure that you laughingly promised me all sorts of pleasant things if I ever came back with the handkerchief."

"Yes; à la Queen Elizabeth—only she had a ring, they say."

"I asked, should I propose again some

day, and with the handkerchief in my possession, would you give me hope. You were so sure of my inconstancy that you answered: 'Yes, lieutenant; all the hope, and, even more, the assurance.' You laughed; it was a great joke for you."

"You laughed also."

"I? Not in my heart. You grieved me. I was determined to— "

The same officer was returning in his afternoon promenade.

"We have a crew of five hundred and sixty men—one of the largest in the navy, you know. We have several marines on board. They have daily shore drill over there," pointing grimly to Santa Rosa Island, and thinking of the Momus Ball.

"It must be very interesting," Miss Ethelridge replied demurely.

"Then, we have sailing practices once a week while we are in port. All this involves a great deal of work upon the officers. But it is very necessary—that goes without saying."

He smiled that crooked smile of his as the dignified officer turned on his way to the quarter-deck.

"I hoped the day would come when I could make you understand how much I loved you. I carried a heavy heart away from New Orleans that time, I assure you."

"I thought you were jesting; navy men are rather incomprehensible to me."

"Grace, have you seen the torpedoes?" It was mama's voice again from the depths.

"No; in a minute, dear. The lieutenant is explaining something important to me just now."

Mama's voice was heard in answer to the captain's engaging talk. The captain had merely remarked that Miss Grace would see the torpedoes later, and would Mrs. Ethelridge step into his state-room while he told her of the time they had at Santiago? Wise captain!

Lieutenant Willard said something under his breath about promenading officers and senseless torpedoes; then, loudly enough for Miss Ethelridge to hear, he began:

"Navy men are no different from others. They love and hate like the rest of mankind. They have hearts which know love and sympathy, hearts that suffer in disappointment, just like the others. You distrust me on account of my uniform. Was that right—was it just, Miss Ethelridge?"

"No, no," she faltered, extending one little gloved hand to him.

He took it, crushing it passionately in his own.

The footsteps of the dignified promenader were heard once more.

Miss Ethelridge smiled faintly. The lieutenant hastily kissed her hand, then frowningly dropped it. Miss Ethelridge thought that solemn officer an awfully tiresome man. The lieutenant was speaking:

"Yes; almost all the battle-ships are named after the States of the Union. The cruisers are named after the most important cities, although this rule is being changed lately. The protected cruisers now under construction are to be named after the States as well. It will be two years or more before they are commissioned, I think. There has been some hitch in building them, I hear. Everything is going nicely now, though."

Miss Ethelridge's shoulders shook with laughter. The intruder had gone when she looked up into the lieutenant's face again.

The lieutenant dropped his official-guide tone. Indeed, he did a very unofficial thing, which took Miss Ethelridge's breath away. Before she knew it, she was in the lieutenant's arms.

"You promised, dearest—say yes before that idiot comes back!"

She withdrew forcibly from his embrace, all stammering and trembling.

"You have n't the handkerchief," she cried, to gain time.

"Here it is." He drew it from his breast and kissed it.

"I love you, dear; will you be my wife?"

She shook her head protestingly, following with her eyes a steamship slowly entering the harbor. A fussy little tug seemed to amuse her.

He grasped her hands and compelled her to look at him.

"Grace, you don't mean to say that— " His voice failed at this critical moment.

"It was a Mardi-Gras affair, lieutenant," she said poutingly.

He did not catch her meaning, and stood gazing at her most appealingly.

Therefore he was very much astounded when she put her two arms about his own, whispering:

"Don't you know that it is Mardi-Gras now, you silly boy? What is our affair if not a Mardi-Gras one?"

"That will last for all the Mardi-Gras to come," he fervently replied.

In the midst of a very interesting embrace, Miss Ethelridge started, exclaiming:

"That horrid man is due here in a second."

Before she had finished the sentence they heard his tramp, tramp, and the lieutenant was saying officially:

"This has been a very satisfactory cruise. We have had exceptionally fine weather, for one thing. In fact, we 've had the best luck all around. Coming to Florida just at this time was particularly happy, I think," he added, giving her a significant glance and the crooked smile she deemed so fascinating.

When the "horrid man" had gone, Lieutenant Willard said:

"And if this is n't the happiest event of all, then—then—"

At that moment young Mr. Ethelridge and his friend Ensign Watson came arm in arm toward them.

"Say, sis, come down, and I 'll show you the funny little printing-office they 've got on board."

"Yes; and we must look at those torpedoes mama mentioned. Everything is perfectly lovely, is n't it?"

She slipped her dainty hand through her betrothed's arm, and the gallant youngsters were content to bring up the rear, arm in arm, as they had come.

Anna Cosulich.

Good Gunnery

A-SMOKING a pipe of tobacky
On a water-logged wreck of a spar,
I met an itinerant Jacky,
A wondering, pondering tar
Who said: "Ye 'd be blowed, if ye guessed, if ye knowed,
What a wonderful person I are.

"When I went to work for the navy,
Ther' was n't none better nor me.
I sent forty vessels to Davy,
And scart all the fleets from the sea,
The trick bein' done with a forty-pound gun
On the battleship *Lily McGee.*

"The capting was proud o' me prowess,
And I wa'n't *ashamed* o' me skill,
Fer some tricks I done I allow is
The talk o' the water-front still—
Such as shootin' the eye from a bluebottle fly
Miles away on a kingfisher's bill.

"And oncet when a battle was ragin',
(We fought about three times a day),
The capting in accents engagin',
Said, 'Willum,'—that 's me,—'step this way!
Be so good as to snipe out the admiral's pipe
On the bridge of his flagship *Bombay.*'

"So I answered, 'Aye, aye!' fresh and breezy,
Then aimed forty pound o' cold lead,
Which whizzed by the admiral easy,
And sniped out 'is pipe as it sped;
But I 'm loath to repeat that the shot was *too* neat,
For it blowed off the admiral's head.

"Then the capting took paper and wrote it,
'Soorender—acknarlidge defeat.'
This I put in me gun, and I shot it
Straight into the enemy's fleet—
I landed that note in the commodore's boat,
Where it lay at the commodore's feet.

"So the enemy, pale with emotion,
Immejut the'r colors they lowered,
'For,' they says, 'we 've the greatest devotion
To war; but we could n't afford
To fall in the grip of a murderous ship
With Willum the Gunner aboard.'

"Then the capting he wished to promote me,
But, 'No,' I replies, with a sob;
'Ambition would only denote me
A selfish, ongenerous snob.'
And this, as you see, is the reason I be
A-loafin' here out of a job."

Wallace Irwin.

A Ballade of Heroes

TARKINGTON'S bucks are of courtly stuff;
Major's knights, at a pinch, will do;
Howells's heroes are well enough;
Hopkinson Smith's have a healthy hue;
Barrie's Scots are a kailsome brew;
Parker's Canuck very likely drinks:
Give *me* the man with his mind in kinks,
(Benedict be he, or squire of dames)
Who tells what he thinks he thinks he thinks—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

Wister's cowboys are slightly tough;
London lands but a truculent crew;
A little too much inclined to bluff
Is Harding Davis's civilized Sioux;
Hall Caine's sufferers wear their rue
With little indifference. Each one slinks
Away, and the dazzled reader blinks,
When some psychic problem *he* tackles and tames—
From mental muddles he never shrinks—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

Garland's grangers are gritty, if gruff;
Hope's smart bachelors wittily woo;
Weyman's worthies are up to snuff,
Conan Doyle's never lack a clue:
But, alas! at a glance you can look them through!
No matter in what gay clothes he prinks,
Who cares for a character full of chinks?
Such transparence, *his* make-up shames;
Cards and spades he can give the Sphinx—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

ENVOY

Ho! Sir Critic, with eye of lynx
That sleeps not ever, nor even winks,
Scan me the field with its clash of claims;
Then take your choice: as for me, i-jinks!
Give *me* the hero of Henry James!

Frank Preston Smart.

A Morning Call

(ON THE FRONT STOOP)

"AM-ZI-AH MAR-TIN'S oldes' son?
Ol' Amzi Mar-tin, thet used to run
Th' gris'-mill over to Medder Brook?
Why—whar 's my specs—waal, now 't I look,
Ye kind o' favor yer mother's kin—
Got her mouth to a T, an' chin.
But my! to think on 't—doos seem queer
Th' way time flies—there, take a cheer.

"Livin' in Portlan' be ye? sho!
Thet 's a stirrin' taown, or they tell me so:
But I reckon th' aint much pastur' nigh,
An' fodder an' firewood mus' come high.
I 'd hate to be livin' whar sass was dear,
An' could n't git greens in th' spring o' th' year;
But we can't th' hull on us pick an' choose—
Waal, haow 's yer folks, an' what 's th' noos?

"Not dead? What, both on 'em? Mother, too?
Yes, she was weakly, I allus knew;
But yer father, he used to be 'mazin' spry—
Goin' on eighty? Why, so be I.
None o' my faculties failed a grain—
Got my hearin', when folks speak plain;
Help at plantin', an' rakin' hay,
An' eat my vittles three times a day.

"Hear 'd our minister? Waal, I s'p'ose
Th' ain't no limit to what he knows.
Takes with th' young folks mighty well—
This gittin' red of the devil an' hell;
But mother 'n' me, we kinder cling
To the reg'lar, old-fashioned, ortherdox thing.
Narrer, but did n't they use to say,
The safest road was th' narrer way?

"Lawyer be ye? Waal now, no doubt
They 's honest lawyers a-goin' about.
I sort o' sized ye fer one of these
Nursery fellers, a-sellin' trees.
Slick 's a whistle; ye better believe
They 'd beat th' sarpint a-foolin' Eve.
He hed a genooine tree, ye know;
They do the trick with a catalogue show.

"Must ye be goin'? Waal, good day:
Drop in ag'in when y' 're daown this way.
Give my best respec's to yer folks—
My! but yer father was great for jokes!
Ever happen to hear him tell
'Bout tradin' a heifer to Deacon Snell?
You ask him— Mother! did that feller say
Ol' Amzi Mar-tin hed passed away?"

E. H. M.

Drawn by J. M. Condé

RECRIMINATION

THE HARE: You 're so slow, you 're always looking forward to the day before yesterday.
THE TORTOISE: That 's better than continually regretting the day after to-morrow.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK